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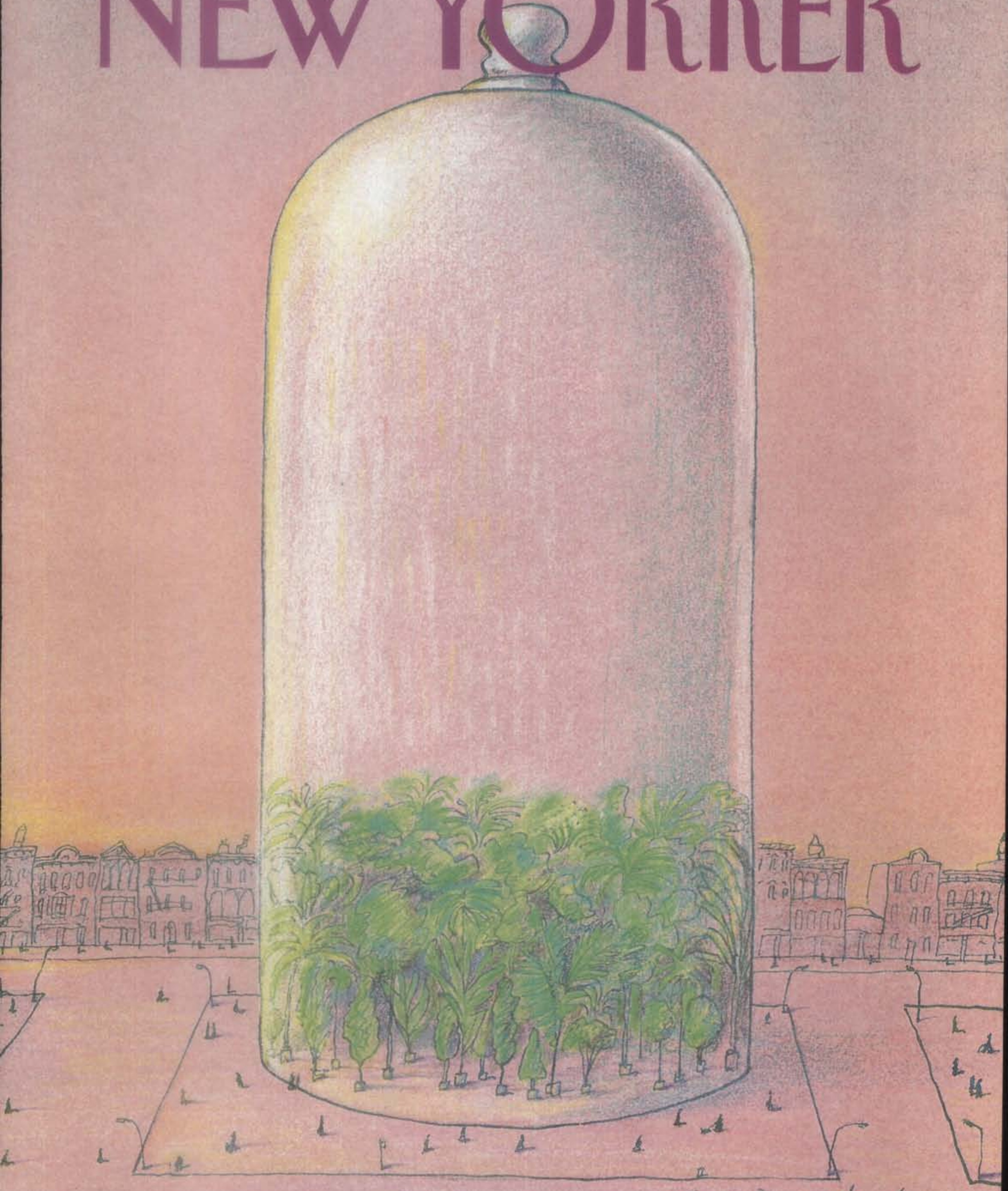

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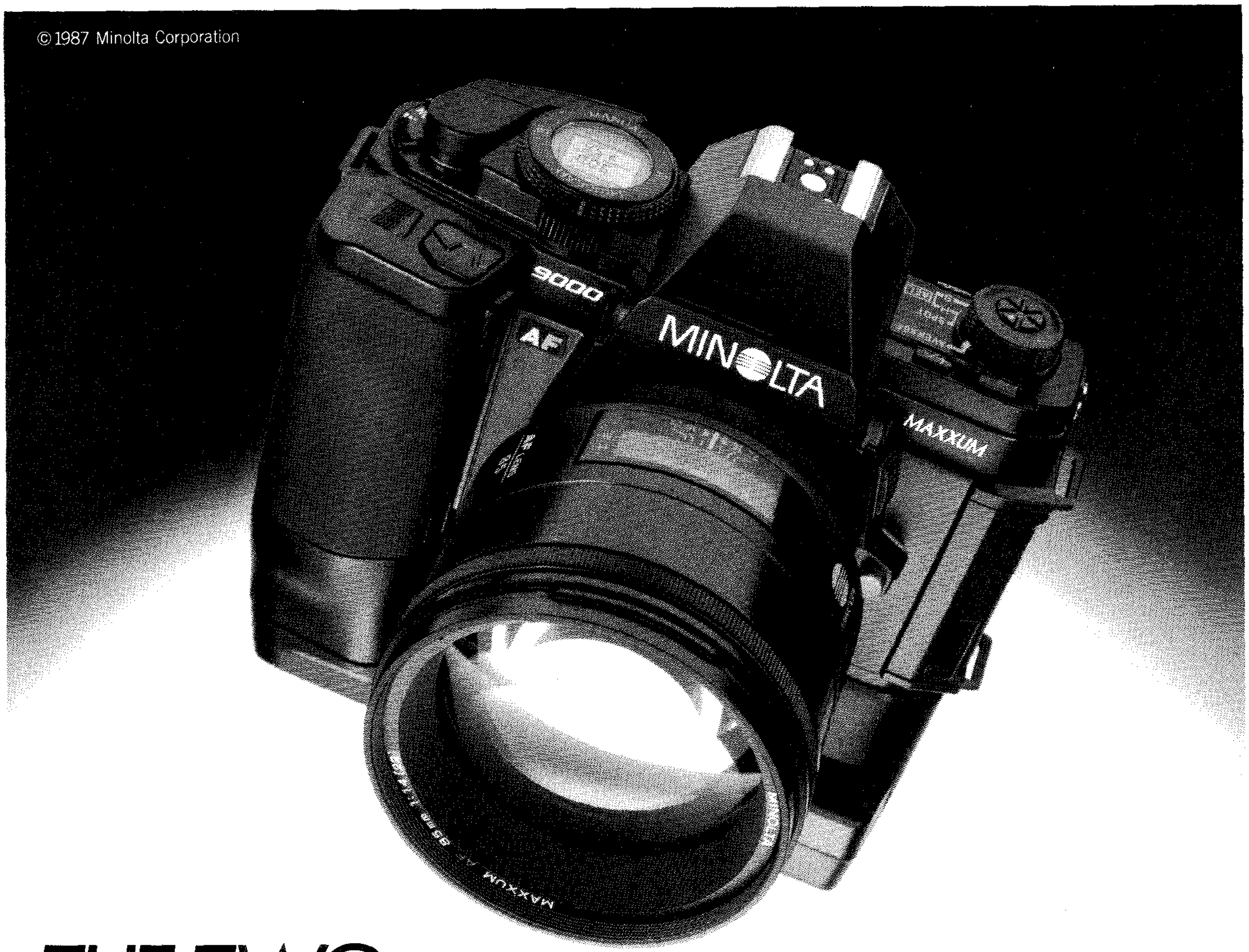

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Theatre Exchange—A festival of four productions by American regional theatre companies which will run through Saturday, Aug. 29. The opening play, from New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre, is **self defense,** by Joe Cacaci. It runs through Saturday, June 27. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Beirut—A play by Alan Bowne. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Bigfoot Stole My Wife—The collective title for a series of six monologues written by Ron Carlson. With Darren McGavin. A production of Manhattan Punch Line. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays and Sunday, June 21, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blithe Spirit—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Blythe Danner, among others. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/13/87.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Jonathan Silverman, Philip Sterling, John Randolph, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Claptrap—A farce by Ken Friedman. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters. The move from a tiny theatre at the Public to a larger one allows the show to spread out a bit, without in any way diminishing its force or dimming its brilliance. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Comedy of Errors—Shakespeare's treatise on identical twins and mistaken identity has become the occasion for the extraordinary juggling of the Flying Karamazov Brothers and the clowning of many another gifted hand. Robert Woodruff directed. (6/15/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

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The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Copperhead—A play by Erik Brogger. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Educating Rita—Austin Pendleton plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Laurie Metcalf the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. The good production is by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company; Jeff Perry was the director. (5/18/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of a heavenly theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and

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the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

La Mama E.T.C.—Presenting **WRECKED ON BRECHT,** a play written and directed by Diana Son. With video by Mr. E. There is a preview on Thursday, June 18. The show opens officially on Friday, June 19, and will run through Sunday, June 28. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Life of the Land—Edward Sakamoto's play is a sequel to his delightful "Manoa Valley" of a couple of years ago. This time, we again spend a day, just as delightful, with the Kamiya family of Hawaii, some twenty years later. A production of the invaluable Pan Asian Rep, with Ron Nakahara, Carol A. Honda, and Mel Duane Gionson, among other good actors. Kati Kuroda directed. (6/15/87) (Playhouse 46, at 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 20.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY,** a musical loosely adapted from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones," by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mabou Mines—Presenting **IT'S A MAN'S WORLD,** a multimedia theatre piece by Greg Mehrten, which tells the story of an actor (played by Mr. Mehrten) whose homosexuality the world of nineteen-seventies daytime television was not ready for. (6/8/87) (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 869-3981. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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No Way to Treat a Lady—A musical about a strangler of women, hateful but with a lively score and some clever lyrics by Douglas J. Cohen, who is also responsible for the nasty libretto. With Stephen Bogardus, Peter Slutsker, Liz Callaway, and June Gable. Jack Hofsiss was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A disappointing revival of Tom Stoppard's play. (6/1/87) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Songs on a Shipwrecked Sofa—A charming musical, based on the nonsense poems of Mervyn Peake, in which a family of four sails to a metaphorical island on a piece of drawing-room furniture. The show is more of a staged medley than a fully realized dramatic event, but worth seeing for the delightful songs and performances by Alma Cuervo, Francisco McGregor, Ann Talman, and Stephen Geoffreys. (6/15/87) (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Nightly at 8. Matinée Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, June 21.)

Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling, seen this spring at the WPA Theatre. Performances begin Friday, June 19. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Run—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,296 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** *Pleasantly old-fashioned* choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

"Happy Birthday, Mr. Abbott!"—An extravaganza that not only celebrates George Abbott's hundredth birthday but also benefits the Actors' Fund. Among the many participants will be Carol Channing, Lillian Gish, Bob Fosse, and Butterfly McQueen. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Monday, June 22, at 8.)

James Thurber Kintypes—John Valentine in a one-man show, based on Thurber's writ-

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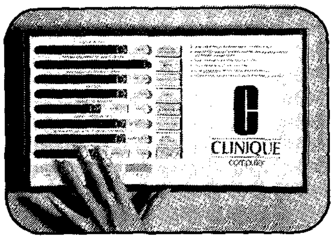

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DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, June 17: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 18: "La Sonnambula," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 19: "Interplay," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Other Dances," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 20: "Interplay," "La Sonnambula," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 20: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Les Gentilhommes," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 21: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 21: "Interplay," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 23: "Interplay," "Other Dances," "Les Petits Riens," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 24: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 25: "Square Dance," "Other Dances," "Concertino," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 26: "Interplay," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 27: "Coppélia." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

Paris Opéra Ballet—Presenting "Cinderella." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Wednesday, June 17, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, June 18-19, at 8; and Saturday, June 20, at 2 and 8.)

Netherlands Dance Theatre—A one-week engagement—Monday, June 22, at 7; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23-24, at 8; and Saturday, June 27, at 2: "Heart's Labyrinth," "Silent Cries," "Six Dances," and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, June 25-27, at 8: "L'Histoire du Soldat," "Stamping Ground," and "Svadebka." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

David Parsons Company—"Around the Corner," "Three Courtesies," "Tightwire," and "The Edge." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Through Sunday, June 28.)

Keiko Fujii Dance Company—A company from Osaka, *appearing here for the first time.* (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, June 19, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **julie wilson,** who is singing here, in the candlelit mead hall known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. On Friday, June 19, Ross Patterson *sails in with a trio, and on Saturday*, June 20, singer **maura ellyn** is here with her backing crew. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Drummer **max roach's double quartet,** a group that includes his daughter **maxine roach** on viola, plays through Sunday, June 21, and starting Tuesday, June 23, **toshiko akiyoshi's new york jazz orchestra,** featuring **lew tabackin,** begins a six-night stint. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people. Wednesday, June 17, **buster poindexter & his banshees of blue;** Friday, June 19, bluesman **john lee hooker** and the Nighthawks; Saturday and Sunday, June 20-21, Gloria Loring and Ron Darian; Monday, June 22, Bagatelle; Friday, June 26, Frank Maya; and Saturday, June 27, the **john cale** band, with guitarist **chris spedding.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

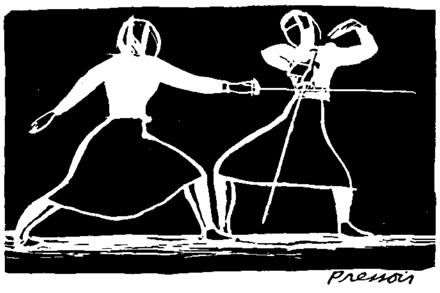
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate duos and trios compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. The musical teams: pianist **larry willis** and bassist **ray drummond** through Saturday, June 20, and pianist **kirk lightsey** and Mr. Drummond starting Monday, June 22. On Sunday, June 21, Mr. Lightsey and bassist **santi debriano** join forces with saxophonist **george coleman.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. The venerable saxophonist and trumpeter **benny carter** and his quartet hold *sway through Sunday, June 21, and starting* Tuesday, June 23, tenor saxophonist **david murray's** trio will occupy the bandstand. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **bucky** and **john pizzarelli.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room; its key personnel (the musicians, the headwaiter) and some of its patrons (key personnel, no doubt, in other venues) wear tuxedos, but you needn't. **bobby short,** the room's favorite son, sings some of his favorite Porter, Coward, and Rodgers and Hart songs, with expert support from bassist **beverly peer** and drummer **robbie scott,** at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar, you will find singer and pianist **barbara carroll** performing from *nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.*

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Through Sunday, June 21, **carla bley**—pianist, organist, and the composer of many lovely works, including a recent song called "The Girl Who Cried Champagne"—is present with her talented sextet, and starting Tuesday, June 23, lilting, funk-inspired pianist **horace silver** and his sextet will take charge. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **les paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to *mature in and for non-trucking types to eat* and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, Keith MacDonald; Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, **vladimir shafranov;** and starting Tuesday, June 23, **joanne brackeen.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at *seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed* Mondays.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. The jukebox features Joe Williams, Cootie Williams, and Charlie Parker, whose many admirers include an Arkansas-born hipster named **bob dorough.** A bop-rooted pianist and a sly, twangy-voiced singer, Mr. Dorough usually doesn't let a night slip by without singing his ode to Parker, "Up Jumped a Bird," which he says he wrote when he was in Rome, dodging traffic. He's here on Sundays and Mondays, along with his longtime sidekick, bassist **bill takas.** Tuesdays belong to early bop guitarist **chuck wayne's** trio, and Wednesdays through Saturdays Alicia Sherman sings with pianist Peter Madsen and bassist John Arbo. Music from ten.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **hilton ruiz** works out on it, with bassist **jimmy rowser** at his side, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-space-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The lineup, in part: Wednesday, June 17, the **drifters;** Thursday, June 18, the **gadd** (as in drummer **steve**) **gang** and Sweet Liss & the Swells; Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, True West; Wednesday, June 24, Highway 101, a country-rock outfit; and on Saturday, June 27, blues guitarist and New School instructor **jorma kaukonen.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub, Englished-up with pictures of lions and monarchs and with mirrors *that double as advertisements for vintage* whiskeys. The Master, **dizzy gillespie,** performs here through Saturday, June 20. Starting Tuesday, June 23, **nellie lutcher** and **ella mae morse,** two singers who made it big in the forties, will share the bill. Shows at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. Pre-cotillion activities include watching videos, milling around, and showing the bartender the plastic wristband you have to wear if you want to drink. Saturday, June 20, guitarist **adrian belew** and his group, the Bears; Wednesday, June 24, Bad Company, the Bon Jovi of the seventies, plus Blackfoot, Lynyrd Skynyrd-ish Southern rockers; Thursday, June 25, **edgar winter** and **leon russell;** Friday, June 26, the Saints, from Australia; and Saturday, June 27, hard-core groups MDC, D.R.I., and the Exploited. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, South African singer Letta Mbulu and Nigerian singer-percussionist **baba olatunji;** Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, **loremil machado & the sarava bahia band;** Tuesday, June 23, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, British reggae man Dennis Bovell and his Dub Band; Friday, June 26, saxophonist **mario rivera & the salsa refugees;** and Saturday, June 27, **pé-de-boi.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **VON AND CHICO FREEMAN,** a father-and-son team of saxophonists, lead a quintet through Saturday, June 21, and on Tuesday, June 23, hard-bop drummer **ART BLAKEY** arrives with his current crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Monday, June 22, belongs to **THIRD KIND OF BLUE.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek soul-and-jazz room. Pop-and-soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON** performs Thursday through Saturday, June 18-20. The vocal group Main Ingredient comes in on Tuesday, June 23, for a five-night stay. Music after nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Thursday, June 18, Ritual Tension, the Lone Cowboys, and Of a Mesh; Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, blues singer and guitarist **FENTON ROBINSON;** Tuesday, June 23, guitarist **VERNON REID'S LIVING COLOUR** and the Deed; and Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, bluesman **MAGIC SLIM** (née Morris Holt) **& THE TEARDROPS.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Adept salsa bands perform in the refectory-like downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty; on June 22, **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his orchestra, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE,** and trumpeter **CLARK TERRY,** the guest soloist, will all be on board. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist **MIKE LONGO** and bassist Ben Brown collaborate through Sunday, June 21. Starting Tuesday, June 23, pianist Jack Wilson and bassist **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON** provide the music. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** Bach-to-blues trio is also present. Music from around ten. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, at the Top of the Gate, Kentucky native **GAIL WYNTERS** sings on Tuesday, June 23, at eleven, and on Sunday, June 28, at ten and midnight.

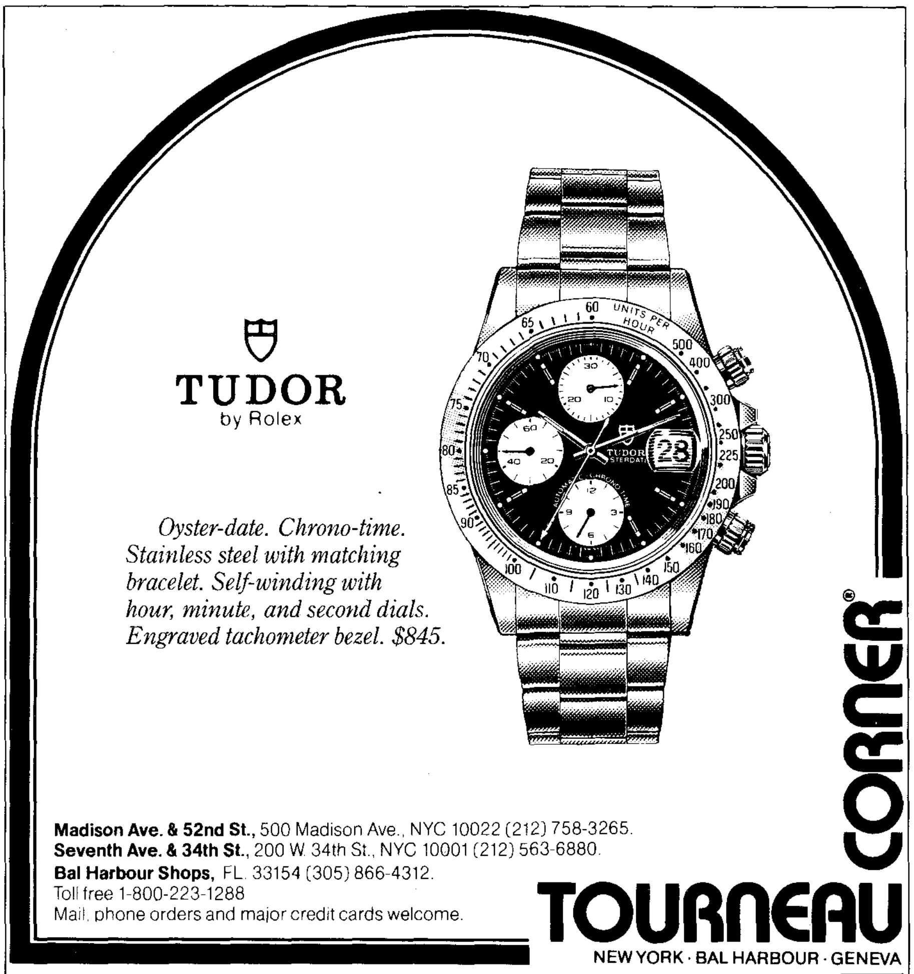
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** directs a quartet of mainly West Coast musicians through Sunday, June 21, and starting Tuesday, June 23, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** and trombonist **AL GREY** co-pilot a quintet. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA,** bopping along though temporarily Mel Lewis-less, has the floor on Mondays. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Through Sunday, June 21, Norman Mapp sings with accompaniment from pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** bassist **GENE TAYLOR,** and guitarist Bill Wurtzel, and starting Wednesday, June 24, boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** leads a group. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. Pianist **JANE JARVIS** and bassist **MILT HINTON** play nightly, except Sundays, and on Fridays and Saturdays they are joined by guitarist **JOE BECK. MICHAEL MOORE** substitutes for Mr. Hinton on Thursday, June 18. On Sundays, **GENE BERTONCINI** and Mr. Moore play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JVC Jazz Festival—A ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city;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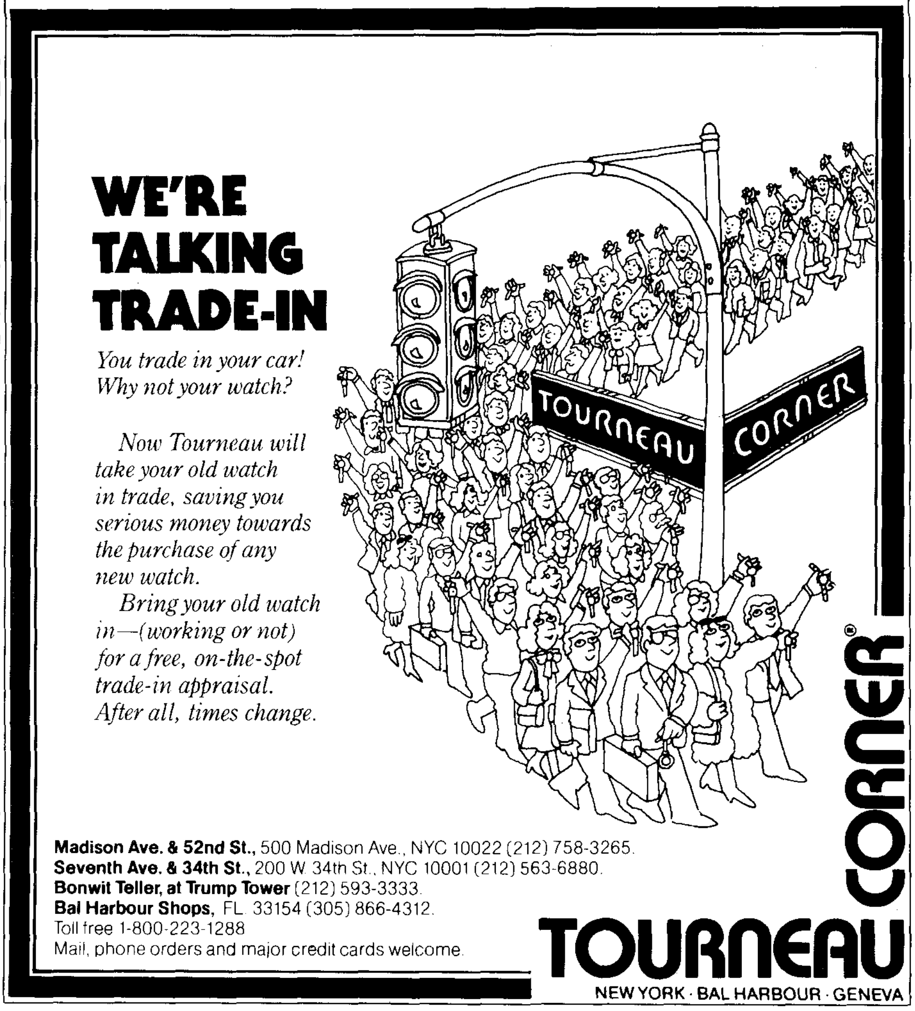
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

on a Hudson River Day Liner; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; at the Stamford Center for the Arts in Stamford; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga listings, see page 11, under "In the Country." For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First performance on Friday, June 19, at 5: Marian McPartland. (Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 7 and 11: The Miles Davis band and Kenny G. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8: Sarah Vaughan and Bobby McFerrin. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8: Albert Collins & the Icebreakers, with David (Fathead) Newman. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8:30: The Bob Wilber Orchestra in a tribute to Benny Goodman. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8:30: Rockin' Dopsie & the Cajun Twisters and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. (Stamford Center for the Arts.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8:30: New Winds and the Dewey Redman quartet. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 5:30: Joanne Brackeen. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 7 and 11: The Chick Corea Elektric Band and the Crusaders. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8: Oscar Peterson. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8: The World Saxophone Quartet and the Branford Marsalis quartet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8: The McCoy Tyner trio and the Ahmad Jamal trio. (Stamford Center for the Arts.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8:30: The Williamsburgh All-Stars, with Reggie Workman. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 21, from noon to 8: Red Richards' Jazz Aces, Derek Smith's All-Stars, Dick Wellstood, Bucky and John Pizzarelli, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 21, at 5:30: George Shearing. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 21, at 7:30: The Stan Getz quartet, the McCoy Tyner trio, and the Michael Brecker band. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 21, at 8: The Modern Jazz Quartet, with the New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 21, at 8: The John Scofield band, John Blake, and Jamaaladeen Tacuma. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 22, at 5: Sun Ra. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 22, at 8: Shadowfax and Alex De Grassi, with Mark Egan. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 22, at 8: George Shearing, with Dizzy Gillespie, Ron Carter, and others. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 23, at 5: Dick Hyman. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 23, at 8: Dizzy Gillespie's big band and the Wynton Marsalis quintet. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 23, at 8: The Charlie Watts Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 23, at 8: The Ornette Coleman quartet and the Prime Time Band. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 5: Dave McKenna. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 7 and 11: The Herbie Hancock trio and Stanley Jordan. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 7:30: Ramsey Lewis, Roy Ayers, Jane Ira Bloom, and others. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 8: Ella Fitzgerald and a trio. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 8: The American Jazz Orchestra. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 8:30: Anthony Davis's Episteme and the John Carter octet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 5: Cedar Walton. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 7 and 11: The Ray Charles Show '87 and the Grover Washington, Jr., band. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 8: Joe Williams, Nancy Wilson, and the Count Basie Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 5: Monty Alexander. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: Mel Tormé and his trio; Lonette McKee; Stan Getz, with Diane Schuur; and the Mel Lewis Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: The Tania Maria group. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8:30: Leroy Jenkins' Sting and the Gerry Hemingway Ensemble. (Greenwich House.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 5:30: Roger Kellaway. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 7 and 11: Spyro Gyra and Larry Carlton. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 7:30: Tony Williams, the Bennie Wallace band, and others. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8: Rubén Blades y los Seis del Solar. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 9:30: Craig Harris & the Tailgaters Tales and the Amina Claudine Myers quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 8: Hank Jones, with George Mraz, Michael Moore, Kenny Barron, and others. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 8: Films of live performances of the Miles Davis quintet (in 1967), Sonny Rollins, Louis Armstrong, and others. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.)

George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, June 17, at 8.

Liza Minnelli—Final performances of the engagement. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, at 8.)

Bryan Adams—With the Hooters. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, June 18-19, at 8.)

David (Fathead) Newman Dance Band—With Michele Hendricks. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, June 20, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the performances.)

Duran Duran—*Madison Square Garden.* Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23-24, at 8.

Kool & the Gang—With Klymaxx. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, June 26, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 27-28, at 7:30.)

Henry Street Settlement Jazz Festival—Final performances. Friday, June 19, at 7 and 9: Carmen McRae, with the Henry Street Settlement Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 7: Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 7: The Frank Gordon sextet. (466 Grand St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts. Tickets are available in advance for the June 19 performances; for information, call 598-0400.)

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 10 and midnight: The Barry Harris big band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 10 and midnight: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

Jazz Center of New York—Saturday, June 20, at 9: James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 21, at 8:30: Rob Schneiderman, with Michael Formanek, Akira Tana, and Slide Hampton. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

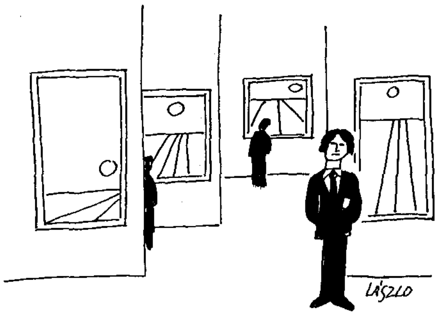
Benefit Concert—Performing on behalf of the Beacon Theatre will be Peter Yarrow, Tom Chapin, Judy Collins, Ronnie Gilbert, Marvin Hamlisch, and Tom Paxton. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, June 25, at 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Joby Baker—Figurative paintings and monotypes. Through Friday, June 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)



Carlo Carrà (1881-1966)—Fifty paintings and drawings from the early nineteen-hundreds. Through June 30. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Leonardo Cremonini—Large paintings of beach scenes with solitary figures. Through July 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

William Garbe—Watercolors and charcoal drawings of crabs, lobsters, swans, and other aquatic animals. First one-man show in New York. Through July 10. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Aquatints at Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, and drawings at Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Bronzes completed in the artist's last two years, at Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, June 20.

John Stockdale / Marianne Engberg—Abstract grid paintings. / Color photographs of masks used in the Basel Fastnacht, a Lenten festival. Through Saturday, June 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, June 27. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Selina Trieff—Recent works on paper. Through Friday, June 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such American artists as Saul Steinberg, Gregory Gillespie, Marina Stern, and Chaim Gross. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings by Therese Oulton and Joan Snyder, and drawings by Norbert Prangenberg. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LAFAYETTE PARKE,** 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists Kirchner, Pechstein, Macke, Feininger, Nolde, and others. Through July 11. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and drawings of landscapes by Louisa Chase, Freya Hansell, Richard Kalina, and others. Through July 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MAZOH,** 13 E. 76th St.: Twenty works, including thirteen oil panels representing a color spectrum, by Ellsworth Kelly, and a figure in graphite on paper by Georges Seurat. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: A new painting by Richard Estes and miscellaneous works by other gallery members. Through July 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Francis Bacon—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through July 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Beck / Peter Holbrook—Watercolors of still-lifes in interiors. / Realist paintings of Western mountains and Hawaiian seascapes in a new water-soluble medium called Master-Color. Through July 3. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Carroll Cloar—Paintings of small-town life long ago, based on episodes the artist remembers from his youth in the rural South. Through Saturday, June 20. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Aquinas Daly—Paintings of wildlife and landscapes. Through June 30. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

K. H. Hödicke—Eleven paintings from the past ten years. Through Friday, June 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Betty Parsons (1900-82) / **Elyssa Rundle**—Paintings and driftwood constructions. / Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through July 7. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper—Two gallery shows that complement the artist's sculpture exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum. Small sculptures at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through Friday, June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Paintings at Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Through July 2.

Langdon Quin—Still-lifes and landscapes inspired by the artist's travels in Italy. Through Friday, June 26. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sean Scully—Monotypes with stripe motifs. Through June 30. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

William Tillyer—Loosely executed, vibrant watercolors of the English countryside. Through July 10. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 20 W. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by gallery artists. Through July 31. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Seven artists have been invited to exhibit their paintings and sculptures. Through July 2. . . . **DE NAGY**, 41 W. 57th St.: Still-lifes by Fish, Groover, Guston, Thiebaud, Paul Hunter, and others. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **DORSKY**, 58 W. 58th St.: Paintings and drawings by Berlin artists Middendorf, Bach, Penck, and others. Through July 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FRENCH**, 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper of either nocturnal scenes (by William L. Haney and Abbie Zabar, for instance) or scenes evocative of dark moods (Jerome Witkin and April Gornik). Through Saturday, June 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Landscape motifs in abstract paintings by Gregory Amenoff, Robert Barnes, James Conboy, Katherine Porter, and William T. Wiley. Through Friday, June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **GALERIE MAEGHT LELONG**, 20 W. 57th St.: A minimal sculpture and drawing by Roni Horn, a lavish marble piece by Louise Bourgeois called "Nature Study, Pink Fountain," and works by five other artists. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KENT**, 41 E. 57th St.: Assemblages and collages by Cornell, Schwitters, Westermann, Hesse, and others. Through July 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MILLER**, 41 E. 57th St.: A selection from the sixties: paintings by Fish, Ruscha, and others; sculptures by Bourgeois, Sugarman, and others; and photographs by Arbus. Through July 31. . . . **ROSS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings by fifteen New York artists, among them George McNeil, June Leaf, and Agnes Denes. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SIEGEL**, 24 W. 57th St.: Gallery members, including new members Jo Anne Carson, Martin Silverman, and Thomas Bang. Through Saturday, June 20. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Twenty-one contemporary Los Angeles artists displaying paintings and sculptures. Through July 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Four oils by Marsden Hartley, four watercolors by John William Hill, two oils each by Georgia O'Keeffe and Arthur G. Dove, and several other paintings by Americans. Through July 10. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Works by Richard Artschwager, Luciano Fabro, Rebecca Horn, Jannis Kounellis, Claes Oldenburg, and Giulio Paolini. Through July 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John M. Armleder—An installation of paintings and musical instruments—a trio of gleaming French horns, for instance. Through Saturday, June 27. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings. Through June 28. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Bill Barrell—Bright-colored paintings of houses and figures as a child might depict them. Through July 3. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Enrico Castellani—Monochromatic canvases stretched over various patterns of nails to form a slight relief effect. Through Saturday, June 20. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

Michael Chandler—Out-of-the-ordinary landscapes, among them a wood construction of a fish skeleton with small panoramic (fish-eye view?) paintings of New York Harbor between

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its vertebrae. Through Saturday, June 20. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Daze—New paintings. Through Saturday, June 20. (Wood, 127 Spring St.)

Elizabeth Dworkin—Abstract drawings (in paint, pastel, charcoal) from the past fifteen years. Through July 10. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Jud Fine—Freestanding mixed-medium sculptures—one measures more than twenty feet in length and resembles an elongated pig—and several large paintings. Through Saturday, June 27. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Frank Gardner / Yan Hsia—Images from Dutch Masters are recognizable in these large-scale mosaics made from bits of fabric. / Paintings of moving figures seen against SoHo façades. Through Saturday, June 20. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Gilbert and George—New works. Through July 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Joan Goldsmith—Abstract acrylic paintings on paper. Through Saturday, June 20. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

David Hacker / Eric de la Cova—Drawings by a sculptor. / Sculptures. Through July 31. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Eve Ingalls—Recent paintings of Western wilderness areas. Through Saturday, June 27. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

Phyllis Mark—Sculptures meant to move in the wind, which are here activated by fans. Through Saturday, June 20. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Nicholas Pearson—Large-scale sculptures, each consisting of a web of steel rods in which pieces of colored concrete and painted aluminum are caught. Through Saturday, June 27. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Peter Pinchbeck—Recent oils of overlapping geometric shapes. Through July 11. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Martin Schreiber—Hard-edge paintings and sculptures. Through Sunday, June 21. (Pleiades, 164 Mercer St.)

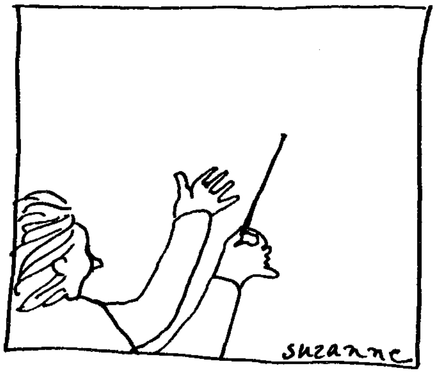
Joan Semmel—Recent paintings of athletes working out at a gym; also, earlier canvases. Through Saturday, June 27. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

David Loeffler Smith and Jonathan Waite—New paintings. Through July 5. (M-13, at 72 Greene St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

Leon Tarasewicz—A forest near the artist's home in Poland is dramatized in a series of large paintings using vertical shafts to represent the forest in snow, sunlight, rain, etc. Through Friday, June 26. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **boone,** 417 West Broadway: Paintings and constructions by Brice Marden, David Salle, Philip Taaffe, and others. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **brown,** 100 Greene St.: Sculptures by Abraham David Christian, Joel Fisher, Erik Levine, and Wade Saunders; paintings by Thomas Nozkowski. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **eno,** 164 Mercer St.: One of several local galleries with West Coast connections. Members of the Orange County Center for Contemporary Art, Santa Ana, California, among them Janet Croul and Arthur Wang, exhibiting works in a variety of mediums. Through Thursday, June 25. (Opens at noon; open Sundays.) . . . **55 mercer street gallery:** Paintings by such colorists as Esteban Vicente, Robert Natkin, Cynthia Gallagher, and others. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway: Four Bay Area artists—painters Squeak Carnwath, Michael Gregory, and Roger Hankins, and sculptor Rick Soss. Through July 24. . . . **marcus,** 578 Broadway: Sculptures, paintings, and photographic constructions by Brigitta Rohrbach, Peter Shelton, the Starn Twins, and Rosemarie Trockel. Through July 3. . . . **rubin,** 155 Spring St.: Mel Bochner, Barry Le Va, Fred Sandback, Troels Wörsel, and Lizbeth Marano all have several works on paper, some of them new. Through Saturday, June 20. . . . **weber,** 142 Greene St.: Works by Alice Aycock, Hans Haacke, Barbara Kasten, Mel Kendrick, and others. Through July 25.



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OTHER GALLERIES

Calvert Coggeshall and Frederick Hammersley—Abstract paintings by two artists with contrasting styles. Through Saturday, June 27. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

Kevin Noble—Paintings of interiors and re-photographed found photographs—all finished in a monochromatic haze. Through June 28. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

Jody Pinto—Freestanding plaster sculptures of arms and legs; also, works on paper. Through June 28. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **avenue b gallery,** 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: "Aspects of Conceptualism in American Work," a two-part exhibit, this first section devoted to precursors. Included are four from a series of so-called *mathematical portraits* by Marius de Zayas, a collage by Joseph Cornell, and prints by Man Ray. Through Sunday, June 21. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **piezo electric,** 200 Avenue A, near 12th St.: New paintings by Jack Goldstein and John Lamka and, printed on the wall, the work by Lawrence Weiner beginning with the words "Back to Back at a Point in Time . . ." Through June 28. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **ryan,** 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St.: American prints, 1900-40—Blanche Lazzell, Charles Sheeler, Robert Gwathmey, and others. Through July 11. (Opens at noon.) . . . **sharpe,** 175 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Nonobjective sculptures and paintings brought together because they all, according to the gallery, "flaunt their materiality." By John Duff, Thomas Nozkowski, Robin Rose, Ruth Vollmer, and Tad Wiley. Through July 18. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Shirley Burden—The Brooklyn Museum has mounted a show of thirty of his prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

James Casebere—Photographs. Through Sunday, June 21. (303 Gallery, now located at *513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon* Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ A sculpture installation. Through Saturday, June 27. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Michael Eastman—Photographs that stress the abstract qualities of façades, stairs, fireplugs. Through July 11. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Sid Grossman (1914-55)—Vintage prints, including a series on Coney Island. Through July 2. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

David Joyce / H. Terry Braunstein—Installations combining life-size photographic cutouts with actual objects; one involves a man (photo) sitting in a chair (real) watching TV (real). / Photomontages made with both published and private photographs. Through Friday, June 26. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Pascal Kern—Tableaux of rusted nails, industrial molds, and architectural elements in rust-colored prints (even the steel frames appear rusted). Through Friday, June 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Gustave Le Gray (1820-82) **and Henri Le Secq** (1818-82)—The Metropolitan Museum has mounted an exhibition of works by these paper-negative pioneers. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **burden,** 20 E. 23rd St.: Prints by contemporary Latin-American photographers. Through July 25. (Opens at 1.) . . . **laurence miller,** 138 Spring St.: Painted photographs by Bayat Keerl, Arnulf Rainer, Thomas Barrow, and others. Through July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Through Sunday, June 21. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. . . . **photography:** Two nineteenth-century French photographers—Gustave Le Gray (seascapes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and other prints) and Henri Le Secq (Chartres and Notre-Dame de Paris before their restorations, and other prints). Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Maria Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Through July 26. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. Complementary shows are at Nathan Silberberg Fine Arts, 16 E. 79th St.; Arnold Herstand & Company, 24 W. 57th St.; and (ending Saturday, June 20) the Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1987 Biennial. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Beverly Pepper's sculptures begins outside the museum's entrance, where four monumental columnar pieces and four smaller works are placed. Through Aug. 3. (Complementary exhibits are at André Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., and Charles Cowles Gallery, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, George McNeil, and Irene Lipton are among them. . . . **photography:** Prints of Ellis Island from the fifties, by Shirley Burden. Through Sept. 14. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The

ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing what he called his "war against the box" philosophy of architecture. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A show devoted to Louis Sullivan, the influential Chicago-school architect who was Wright's mentor. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—The first of a series of exhibits of works by contemporary Japanese. This show features three artists living in New York: painters Akira Arita and Naoto Nakagawa and photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A selection of early-nineteenth-century furniture by New York artisan Duncan Phyfe and his contemporaries. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Homer, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Fake," an exhibit of various works which examines the ideas of authenticity and originality in art. For example, a "painting" by David Cabrera is in fact a piece of printed polyester fabric that is stretched like a canvas and framed. Through July 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Music devotee George Templeton Strong's private journal detailing the New York music scene between 1836 and 1850 is the centerpiece of an exhibit of memorabilia of the period—critics' reviews, concert playbills, sheet music, the constitution of the New-York Philharmonic Society. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—David Mamula (performance), Saturday and Sunday, June 20-21, and Thursday through Sunday, June 25-28, at 9; Ann Papoulis (dance), Thursday through Sunday, June 25-28, at 9.

Note—Richard Elovich's "Faking House." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursday through Sunday, June 18-21, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 7:30. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 19, at 7:35; Saturday, June 20, at 7:05; and Sunday, June 21, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23-24, at 7:35, and Thursday, June 25, at 1:35.

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays and Fridays, at 1. Races begin at 3 on Fridays, and there is no racing on Tuesdays. Through Monday, Aug. 3. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . ATLANTIC CITY RACE COURSE, McKee City, N.J.: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7, from Friday, June 19, through Saturday, Sept. 5.

Trotting—At the MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8, and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, Aug. 2. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

MUSIC

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A benefit program of works by Britten, Brahms, and Mozart. (St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Thursday, June 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Opera Repertory Theatre—Leigh Gibbs Gore conducting concert performances of Conrad Susa's "Transformations," a work based on a book of poems by Anne Sexton. With Phyllis Treigel and Karen Beardslee, sopranos; Douglas Perry, tenor; and others. Staging by David Gately. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 18, at 8, and Saturday, June 20, at 9:15.)

Hannover Boychoir—Heinz Hennig directing a group of thirty-five men and boys from Germany, making their first appearance here. Members of Fiori Musicali, from Bremen, will provide musical accompaniment. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Friday, June 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Bel Canto Opera—Victoria Bond conducting the American première of Schumann's opera, "Genoveva," staged by Kathryn Weyand. (Fashion Institute of Technology Auditorium, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, June 20, at 8, and Sunday, June 21, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Jeanette Kim—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, June 21, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Cantatas and arias of J. S. and two instrumental works by C. P. E. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, June 22, at 8.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, June 23; Thursday, June 25; and Saturday, June 27, all at 8.)

THEATRE
SPECIAL LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
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THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 17, at 8 (rain date, June 18), "La Bohème," with Rosario Andrade, Myra Merritt, Vinson Cole, and David Arnold; conducted by Richard Woitach. . . . MARINE PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 19, at 8 (rain date, June 21), "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Taro Ichihara, and George Fortune; Garcia Navarro. . . . SNUG HARBOR, Staten Island: Saturday, June 20, at 8 (rain date, June 21), "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Knighton, Priscilla Baskerville, and the Messrs. Cole and Arnold; Richard Woitach. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN: Tuesday, June 23, at 8 (rain date, June 25), "La Bohème," with Hei-Kyung Hong, Miss Baskerville, and the Messrs. Cole and Arnold; Richard Woitach. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN, the Bronx: Wednesday, June 24, at 8 (rain date, June 25), "Tosca," with the same cast as on June 19. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens: Friday, June 26, at 8 (rain date, June 28), "La Bohème," with Miss Andrade and Miss Baskerville, Dino Di Domenico, and Mr. Arnold; Richard Woitach.

Music Festival on the Pier—Opening concerts in the Miller beer people's summer series. Thursday, June 18: The Bangles and Hoodoo Gurus. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26: Stevie Ray Vaughan and Gregg Allman. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27: The Kinks. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Central Park Bandshell—Friday, June 19, at 8: Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 3: Sun Ra & the Omniverse Arkestra. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: The Balinese American Dance Theatre, and Stephanie Skura and Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 3: The Microscopic Septet and Wilberforce. (For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

South Street Seaport Music Cruises—Jazz and salsa concerts on excursion boats sailing from Pier 16. Monday, June 22, at 6:30: Bill Evans. (East River at Fulton St. For information about tickets, call 964-9082.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than six thousand rosebushes representing nearly a thousand varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4.)

IN THE COUNTRY

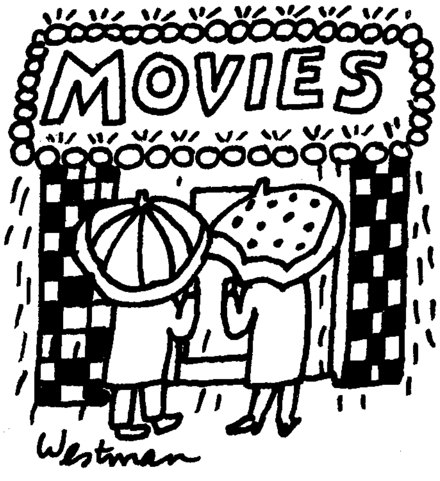
Caramoor Music Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23. Saturday, June 27, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Kathleen Battle, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort, in a program of Elizabethan music. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, trains will leave Grand Central Terminal at 2:48 and 5:48, and will be met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—The first two in a series of six weekly concerts, which will run through Saturday, July 25. Saturday, June 20, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Dylana Jenson, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8:30: Jahja Ling conducting, with Janos Starker, cello. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The NEW YORK CITY OPERA in a one-week engagement, presenting "Tosca" on Wednesday, June 17, and Friday, June 19, and "La Bohème" on Thursday, June 18, and Saturday and Sunday, June 20-21, all at 8:15. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour programs of the JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL. Saturday, June 27, at noon: Sarah Vaughan, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the McCoy Tyner trio, the Branford Marsalis quartet, the John Scofield band, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at noon: The Dizzy Gillespie big band, Rubén Blades y los Seis del Solar, the Wynton Marsalis quintet, the Frank Gordon quintet, and others. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets to the JVC Jazz Festival, call 1-212 787-2020; for all other tickets, call 1-518 587-3330.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 18: (Separate admissions) "Andy Warhol" (1973; directed by Lana Jokel), a documentary; "My Life for Zarah Leander" (Christian Blackwood; in German); and "To New Shores" (1937; Douglas Sirk; in German), with Zarah Leander.
From June 19: (Separate admissions) "Andy Warhol;" and "A Virus Knows No Morals" (1986; Rosa von Praunheim; in German).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 3: Through June 18: "Million Dollar Mystery" (Richard Fleischer). From June 19: "Luggage of the Gods."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 18: "Ishtar" (†).
From June 19: "Roxanne" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 18: "Gothic" (Ken Russell).
From June 19: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ishtar" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 25: "Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †).
From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "River's Edge" (†).
Theatre 2: June 17: "Summer Heat" (Michie Gleason), with Lori Singer and Anthony Edwards. June 18: Theatre closed. From June 19: "Roxanne" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 18: "Radio Days" (†).
From June 19: "Personal Services" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Burke and Wills" (Graeme Clifford), with Jack Thompson. From June 26: "Straight to Hell" (Alex Cox).
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Personal Services" (†). From June 19: "Summer Night" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Mariangela Melato and Michele Placido.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Million Dollar Mystery" (Richard Fleischer). From June 19: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "The Stepfather" (†). From June 19: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche. From June 19: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Amazing Grace and Chuck" (Mike Newell).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 23: "Gardens of Stone" (†).
From June 24: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 18: "Million Dollar Mystery" (Richard Fleischer).
From June 19: To be announced.

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Predator." From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 23: "Chile: Hasta Cuando?" (†); and "Painted Landscapes of the Times" (1986; directed by Helene Klodawsky), a short film. From June 24: "Number One" (1976; Dyan Cannon), and three other short films on the subject of growing up.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "The Puppetoon Movie." June 19-25: "Raising Arizona" (†). From June 26: "Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver).
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Salvation!" (Beth B). June 19-25: (Matinées only) "The Puppetoon Movie;" and (evenings only) "Salvation!" From June 26: "Raising Arizona" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Dances, Sacred and Profane." June 19-23: "River's Edge" (†). From June 24: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" and "Andy Warhol's Dracula" (1975), both films directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro.
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "River's Edge" (†). From June 19: "Roxanne" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 25: "Gothic" (Ken Russell).
From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Ishtar" (†). June 19-25: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche. From June 26: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "Personal Services" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: Through June 25: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†). From June 26 (tentative): "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 25: "Law of Desire" (†). From June 26: "Devil in the Flesh" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Platoon" (†). From June 19: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "The Secret of My Success" (†). From June 24: *"The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with* Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.
Theatre 3: Through June 23: "The Believers." From June 24: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
June 17: "Ishtar" (†).
June 18: Theatre closed.
From June 19: "Roxanne" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through June 24: "Personal Services" (†).
June 25: Theatre closed.
From June 26: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through June 18: Theatre closed.
From June 19: "Withnail and I" (Bruce Robinson).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 25: Theatre closed.
From June 26: "Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 25: "L'Année des Méduses" (Christopher Frank; in French).
From June 26: "Jean de Florette" (Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, and Elisabeth Depardieu.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Raising Arizona" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 23: "Gardens of Stone" (†).
From June 24: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†). From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Predator." From June 19: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 3: Through June 18: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche. From June 19: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.
Theatre 5: "The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 6: "The Untouchables."

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: "River's Edge" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Witches of Eastwick" (directed by George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 2: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).
Theatre 6: "The Witches of Eastwick."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables."
Theatre 4: June 17: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend. June 18: Theatre closed. From June 19: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia. From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Warner Twin, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Theatre 1: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

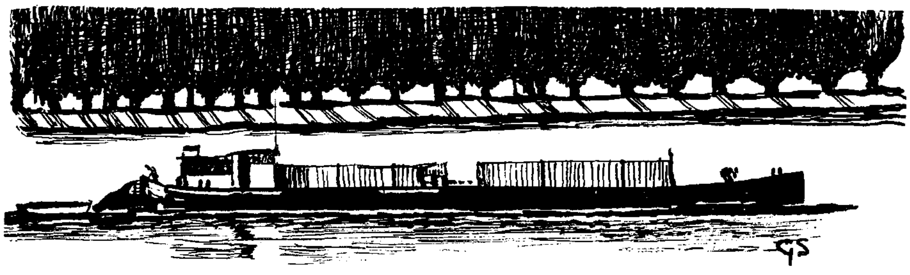
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 18: "Baby, It's You" (1983; directed by John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Smooth Talk" (1985; Joyce Chopra), with Treat Williams and Laura Dern.
June 19-20: "Otello" (1986; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner.
June 21: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
June 22-23: "Mixed Blood" (1985; Paul Morrissey); and "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (1986; Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
June 24-25: "Crimes of the Heart" (1986; Bruce Beresford), with Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek; and "Children of a Lesser God" (1986; Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
June 26-27: "Blue Velvet" (1986; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 17: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish; and "Broken Blossoms" (1919; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and Donald Crisp.
June 18-20: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.
June 21-22: "Whoever Tells the Truth Shall Die" (1981; Philo Bregstein); and "Oedipus Rex" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.
June 23: "The Horse" (1982; Ali Ozgentürk; in Turkish); and "The Wall" (1983; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
June 24: "Queen Kelly" (1929; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson; and "Foolish Wives" (†).
June 25-27: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "The Great Dictator" (1940; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 17: "The Naked Spur" (1953; Anthony Mann), with James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan, and Ralph Meeker; and "The Man from Laramie" (1955; Anthony Mann), with James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Donald Crisp, and Cathy O'Donnell.
June 18-20: "Harvey" (1950; Henry Koster), with James Stewart and Josephine Hull; and "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, Thomas Mitchell, and Henry Travers.
June 21-23: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Bombshell" (1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.
June 24-25: "Hold Your Man" (†) and "Riffraff" (1935 †).
June 26-27: "China Seas" (†); and "The Girl from Missouri" (1934; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, and Lionel Barrymore.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
June 17: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.
June 18: "Blood Simple" (1985; Joel Coen), with John Getz, Dan Hedaya, Frances McDormand, and M. Emmet Walsh; and "Gumshoe" (1972; Stephen Frears), with Albert Finney.
June 19-20: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.
June 21: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "The



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Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow, Jeff Daniels, and Danny Aiello.

June 22: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier.

June 23: "Judex" (†); and "Modesty Blaise" (1966; Joseph Losey), with Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp, and Dirk Bogarde.

June 24: "Panic in the Streets" (†); and "Boomerang!" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, and Arthur Kennedy.

June 25: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

June 26-27: "Something Wild" (1986; Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels, Melanie Griffith, and Ray Liotta; and "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 17: "Lust for Life" (1956; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn; and "The Agony and the Ecstasy" (1965; Carol Reed), with Charlton Heston and Rex Harrison.

June 18: "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935; John Ford), with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson.

June 19-20: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and Raymond Massey.

June 21-22: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (†) and "Muriel" (†).

June 23: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.

June 24: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962; Tony Richardson), with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay; and "A Delicate Balance" (1973; Tony Richardson), with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair.

June 25: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

June 26-27: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (†) and "The Thin Man Goes Home" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: June 18 at 2:30: "Live and Let Die" (1973; directed by Guy Hamilton), with Roger Moore, Yaphet Kotto, and Jane Seymour. . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby, Diana Rigg, and Telly Savalas. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2:30: "The Spy Who Loved Me" (1977; Lewis Gilbert), with Roger Moore, Barbara Bach, Curt Jurgens, and Richard Kiel. . . . ¶ June 19 at 6 and June 20 at 2: "Moonraker" (1979; Lewis Gilbert), with Roger Moore, Lois Chiles, Michael Lonsdale, and Richard Kiel. . . . ¶ June 20 at 5: "The Spy Who Loved Me." . . . ¶ June 21 at 2: "For Your Eyes Only" (1981; John Glen), with Roger Moore, Carole Bouquet, and Topol. . . . ¶ June 21 at 5 and June 22 at 2:30: "A View to a Kill" (1985; John Glen), with Roger Moore, Tanya Roberts, Christopher Walken, and Grace Jones. . . . ¶ June 22 at 6 and June 23 at 2:30: "Octopussy" (1983; John Glen), with Roger Moore, Maud Adams, and Louis Jourdan. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6: "For Your Eyes Only." . . . ¶ June 25 at 6:30: "The All-Round Reduced Personality" (1977; Helke Sander; in German, with English subtitles), with Sander. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30 and 6: "The Wild Party" (1975; James Ivory), with James Coco, Raquel Welch, and Perry King. . . . ¶ June 27 at 2 and 5: "1860" (1933; Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Aida Bellia.

Theatre 2: June 18 at 6:30 and June 20 at 4: "Dear Mother, I Am Well" (1971; Christian Ziewer; in German, with English subtitles), with Claus Eberth. . . . ¶ June 22 at 6:30: A program of short super-8mm works by Michael Brinntrup, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30 and 6: "Follow the Fleet" (1936; Mark Sandrich), with Randolph Scott, Fred Astaire, and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ June 27 at 4: "The All-Round Reduced Personality" (1977; Helke Sander; in German, with English subtitles), with Sander.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through July 2: A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—June 19 at 7:30: "The Face of Another" (1966; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Tatsuya Nakadai. . . . ¶ June 26 at 7:30: "The Map of a 19-Year-Old" (1981; Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yuji Homma.

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—A program of films in which one or another of the seven deadly sins makes an appearance. June 18 at 8: Greed–"Greed" (1924; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gibson Gowland, ZaSu Pitts, and Jean Hersholt. . . . ¶ June 24 at 8: Lust–"Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien. . . . ¶ June 25 at 8: Envy–"All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, and Gary Merrill.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

Angel Heart—There's no way to separate the occult from the incomprehensible in this Alan Parker film set in 1955. Mickey Rourke plays a private eye who is hired by a mysterious client (Robert De Niro) to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared. Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy, although women don't seem to mind. He has a cajoling, intimate manner with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. This is a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—funereal and loony. Parker simply doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive, and he edits like a flasher. With Brownie McGhee, Michael Higgins, and Stocker Fontelieu. Parker wrote the screenplay, based on William Hjortsberg's "Falling Angel." Cinematography by Michael Seresin; music by Trevor Jones. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Criterion Center.)

Chile: Hasta Cuando?—In 1985, twelve years after the military coup that overthrew the Marxist government of Salvador Allende, the Australian director David Bradbury and a small crew went to Chile under the pretext of shooting a documentary on the country's religious and music festivals. What they were really after was an eyewitness account of life under the repressive regime of General Augusto Pinochet—and they came away with this compelling fifty-seven-minute essay in fear and courage. Life in Chile seems an endless succession of street demonstrations (brutally quashed by the military police) and funerals of the General's opponents. The conditions of filming on the run rule out visual elegance, but the movie doesn't need it: Bradbury's film is a remarkably clear and intelligent report on a chilling society. Its anger is unhysterical—mournful, dignified, and precise. In Spanish and English.—T.R. (Film Forum 1; through June 23.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell and Jean Harlow, as tough, hard-drinking China Doll, compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable shipboard melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." With Wallace Beery, in his likable-villain period, and Lewis Stone, in his noble-sufferer period, and Robert Benchley as a drunk. Directed by Tay Garnett. (Regency; June 26-27.)

Devil in the Flesh—Madness, politics, and sexual frenzy: business as usual for director Marco Bellocchio, who has explored his obsessions brilliantly in films like "Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near," and "Leap Into the Void." In this very loose adaptation of the famous Raymond Radiguet novel about an affair between a student and a young married woman (filmed once before, by Claude Autant-Lara in 1947), Bellocchio's work is enervated and uncertain. There are flashes of his audacity and cruel wit, but the movie never quite comes to life. Even the explicit lovemaking scenes that earned this picture its X rating seem, in context, a little academic: most of the time, Bellocchio's movie plays as a kind of structuralist dissertation on the concepts of "in" and "out." With Maruschka Detmers (a powerful sexual presence but a terrible actress) and Federico Pitzalis as the lovers. Cinematography by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian.—T.R. (Plaza; through June 25. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 26.)

Foolish Wives (1921)—Erich von Stroheim wrote and directed, but this is the first time he lost control of a film, and the studio cut it by about a third. What's left is still fairly overpowering in its thick mixture of fetishistic sophistication and sentimentality. This time von Stroheim is the corrupt lecher Count Sergei Karamzin, and he goes after the wife of the American ambassador to Monaco. With Mae Busch, Miss Dupont, Cesare Gravina, Dale Fuller, and Maude George. (Film Forum 2; June 24.)

Gardens of Stone—The period of this Francis Coppola film is 1968 and 1969, and the title refers to Arlington National Cemetery; most of the characters serve in the Old Guard, the Army's official ceremonial unit, and take part in the burials of up to fifteen young men a day. The film is far from being a seamless work of art, but it probably comes closer to the confused attitudes that Americans had toward the Vietnam War than any other film has come, and so its own messiness seems honorable. James Caan gives a sturdy, hypermasculine performance as the sergeant who loves the Army but doesn't believe the war can be won. The movie is too wet when it deals with his fatherly efforts to wise up an eager, gullible young trainee (D. B. Sweeney), but when Caan and James Earl Jones, as the sergeant major who's his best friend, express their profane disgust with the war and the Army bureaucracy they're great together, overacting joyously. With the magical, humorous Dean Stockwell, and Anjelica Huston, Lonette McKee, Mary Stuart Masterson, Dick Anthony Williams, Casey Siemaszko, and, in a scene that's an embarrassment, Bill Graham. The screenplay, by Ronald Bass, was adapted from Nicholas Proffitt's novel; cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (5/18/87) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; through June 23.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—Hushed and hypnotic, it makes you so conscious of its artistry that you may feel as if you're in church and need to giggle. This first full-length film by Alain Resnais has a script by Marguerite Duras that features musical, incantatory dialogue, and a crucial line, "They make movies to sell soap, why not a movie to

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sell peace?" The movie, which opens with the intertwined nude bodies of a French movie actress (Emmanuèle Riva) and a Japanese architect (Eiji Okada), was taken as powerful propaganda against the atom bomb. The lovers are covered in symbolic ash, and when the woman says that she has seen everything in Hiroshima the man tells her she has seen nothing in Hiroshima; then they say the same things over again, and again, and perhaps again. As the film goes on, the woman tells him about her first experience of love: it was with a German soldier, who was killed on the last day of fighting. She was dragged away and her head shaved; she went mad and was hidden in a cellar by her shamed parents. Her lyric, masochistic account lingers in the air. With its doomed romance in the past and its tortured affair in the present, this is a woman's picture in the most derogatory sense of the term, but with a high-cultural tone. Riva gives a remarkably fine performance. Eiji Okada says no more than an analyst might; he is simply a sounding board. And if, being Japanese, he is supposed to represent the world's conscience, he brings an unsuitably bland, professionally sympathetic, and upper-class manner to the function. The images of the two in bed are intercut with what is supposed to be documentary footage of the effect of the bomb on Hiroshima, but some of the footage is from a Japanese atrocity movie. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21-22.)

Hold Your Man (1933)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in a mixture of farce and melodrama that begins in Brooklyn and ends in jail. Anita Loos concocted some raucous bits, and Harlow goes around smacking and swatting people—she has a wonderful left. There's less fun when she shows signs of budding maidenliness and things go lofty in the women's reformatory. Sam Wood directed, and the cast includes Stuart Erwin and Dorothy Burgess. (Regency; June 24-25.)

Ishtar—Written and directed by Elaine May, this must have started out to be a casual, tacky "Road to" comedy about two aging nonentities—singer-songwriters (Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman) who can only be booked into faraway night spots; dreaming of show-business success, they arrive in the Middle East and get caught up in revolutionary politics they don't know a thing about. The picture isn't dislikable, but it has no comic energy. May's directing is limp, passive; she doesn't do the obvious, but sometimes she doesn't do anything else, either. And when Beatty and Hoffman play small-timers it's a reverse conceit, a form of affectation. Besides, they don't have the kind of sketch-humor savvy to goof off gracefully. They do have a great desert scene with a troupe of unusually handsome, well-groomed vultures. And there are performers who bring some charge with them: Jack Weston, as the team's two-bit hustling agent; Rose Arrick, in a tiny role as Hoffman's mother. And, as the C.I.A. villain, Charles Grodin manages to be fairly amusing because of his bland, whiny *lack* of charge. Also with Isabelle Adjani, Tess Harper, Carol Kane, Aharon Ipale, and Herb Gardner. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (6/1/87) (Sutton. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; June 17. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Art Greenwich Twin; through June 18.)

Judex (1963)—An *hommage* by Franju to the great Feuillade silent of 1916. What was a natural and wonderfully gifted expression of the technical limits of cinema in 1916 seems affected in pastiche. In French—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; June 23.)

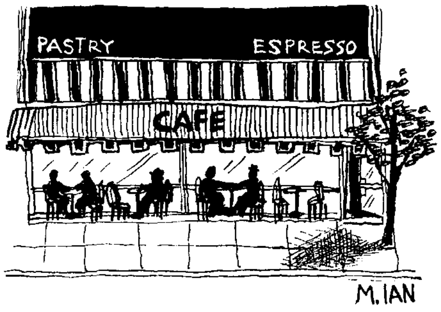
Law of Desire—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema; through June 25.)

Lethal Weapon—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Criterion Center.)

Muriel (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21-22.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Panic in the Streets (1950)—Elia Kazan took a fairly conventional thriller script and made a tense, high-powered movie of it. Seeing this film, one wouldn't know that he had ever worked in the theatre: everything is kept moving, in a nervous, edgy way, yet the performances are never sacrificed to the action. The setting is the New Orleans waterfront; a murder victim is discovered to be carrying plague, and a Public Health doctor (Richard Widmark) and a city detective (Paul Douglas) hunt for everybody who had come into contact with him. Mean Jack Palance and frightened, sweaty Zero Mostel are the thugs they're after. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Tommy Rettig, and Alexis Minotis. (Thalia SoHo; June 24.)



Personal Services—An astonishingly cheerful high and low comedy, starring Julie Walters as a London brothelkeeper. Walters is a human carnival; at times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. When this madam, called Christine Painter, thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality. Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group, and the writer, David Leland (who co-wrote the 1986 "Mona Lisa"). Julie Walters seems to energize the whole film—to give it a rare kind of screwball fizziness—though she actually gets a lot of help from Alec McCowen, Shirley Stelfox, and Danny Schiller (as Dolly, the elderly maid at the brothel). Cinematography by Roger Deakins. (5/18/87) (Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through June 18. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through June 24. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting June 19.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (23rd St. West Triplex; through June 18.)

Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 26, tentative.)

Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (D. W. Griffith; through June 18.)

Raising Arizona—This broad farce is no big deal, but it has a cornpone-surreal quality and a rambunctious charm. It's about baby love—about people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle. When Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—discovers she can't have a child, she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs; then she torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. Everything in the film is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. And the film is storyboarded like a comic strip; it has a galumphing tempo. Joel and Ethan Coen did the writing together, and Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman). With John Goodman and William Forsythe as the escaped-convict brothers who become gaga over the babe, Trey Wilson as the quints' hardheaded father, Randall (Tex) Cobb as the biker, and Frances McDormand and Sam McMurray. Cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld. (4/20/87) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; starting June 19.)

Riffraff (1935)—Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy as cocky working-class people in love, and Joseph Calleia as the wily Greek who runs the tuna fleet and the cannery. Anita Loos was on the script, and the wisecracks fly, but the direction (by J. Walter Ruben) is weak. M-G-M produced, and the corporate hand is clearly visible: the labor troubles are the result of an outside agitator who comes in with bombs. The film might be used as an index to Hollywood-movie social attitudes of the period. (Regency; June 24-25.)

River's Edge—Teen-age anomie and the indifference of selfish, corrupt adults. The subject might suggest a movie made for TV if it weren't for the explicitly sexual pulp elements and the woozy poetry. The script, by Neal Jimenez, which takes off from an incident in Milpitas, California, in 1981, appears to have been conceived as an exploitation melodrama, but the director, Tim Hunter, has a fuzzy, naturalistic approach, and the movie is a slack mixture of "important" and mediocre—a blur that viewers can project onto. Big-bellied John (Daniel Roebuck), a high-school pothead, strangles his girlfriend, Jamie, and leaves her lying nude on the riverbank. Soon all the members of his pack of six or seven stoned kids have viewed their dead friend, but nobody speaks of notifying the authorities, because Layne (Crispin Glover), the high-strung leader of the group, pressures them to believe that it would be a violation of their code to let any adults know about what happened. The movie doesn't deal with the facts of the Milpitas case (where the murderer was black). It tells us next to nothing about why John killed Jamie and shows us very little of how the other kids react to her death. Then this vacancy at the heart of the film is used as proof of the kids' heartlessness. Glover gives a weird, grimacing, hand-waving performance; other garish elements include Dennis Hopper as a one-legged ex-biker dope dealer who waltzes with an inflatable sex doll and Joshua Miller as a malicious twelve-year-old who drowns his baby sister's dolly. Also with Keanu Reeves, Ione Skye, and Jim Metzler as the teacher. Cinematography by Frederick

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Elmes. (6/15/87) (Baronet, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Waverly; through June 23.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival, is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Roxanne—Steve Martin is improbably light on his feet in this airy, modern love comedy based on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He seems to crossbreed the skills of W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. And as the stargazer Roxanne Daryl Hannah gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow. Directed by Fred Schepisi, from Martin's script, this film is unabashedly romantic. It's set in the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built locale, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia). You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie. It has a mellow, dotty charm. With Shelley Duvall, Rick Rossovich, Shandra Beri, and a squad of volunteer firefighters who are like Keystone Cops. Cinematography by Ian Baker; music by Bruce Smeaton. (6/15/87) (34th St. East, Coronet, Waverly, and Ziegfeld; starting June 19.)

The Secret of My Success—The story of how the farm-bred Brantley (Michael J. Fox) comes to Manhattan, is given a lowly mailroom job by his distant uncle (Richard Jordan), and takes over his uncle's wife (Margaret Whitton), mistress (Helen Slater), and conglomerate. The picture is stupid and often perfunctory; at the same time it has a let's-try-it cheerfulness, a knockout performance by Whitton, who's like a Lubitsch vamp, and nonchalant bits of artifice that are like Lubitsch touches. The director, Herbert Ross, seems to take the derivative, jumbled material as a challenge, and he gives the adventures of Fox's polite Yuppie hustler a spinning, light-headed quality. With standout "character" performances by Elizabeth Franz as Brantley's mother, John Pankow as his mailroom pal, Christopher Murney as the boss of the mailroom, Susan Kellerman and Carol-Ann Susi as secretaries, and Mercedes Ruehl as a waitress. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma; the editing is by Paul Hirsch. The movie is painless, except for the music (by David Foster). (5/4/87) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through June 23.)

Shadow of the Thin Man (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving racetrack crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, and many others. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26-27.)

The Stepfather—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamscape"), from a nifty screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With Charles Lanyer, Stephen Shellen, and Jeff Schultz; cinematography by John W. Lindley. (2/9/87) (Gemini; through June 18.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." The high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. But he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through June 25.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

The Thin Man Goes Home (1945)—This came late in the series but it's still fairly cheerful. It features William Powell, Myrna Loy, Asta, and Anne Revere, who, carrying a rifle and wearing a felt hat that looks as if it might have been discarded by a janitor, makes a fascinating lunatic. Directed by Richard Thorpe. With Helen Vinson, Gloria DeHaven, Lucile Watson, and Harry Davenport. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26-27.)

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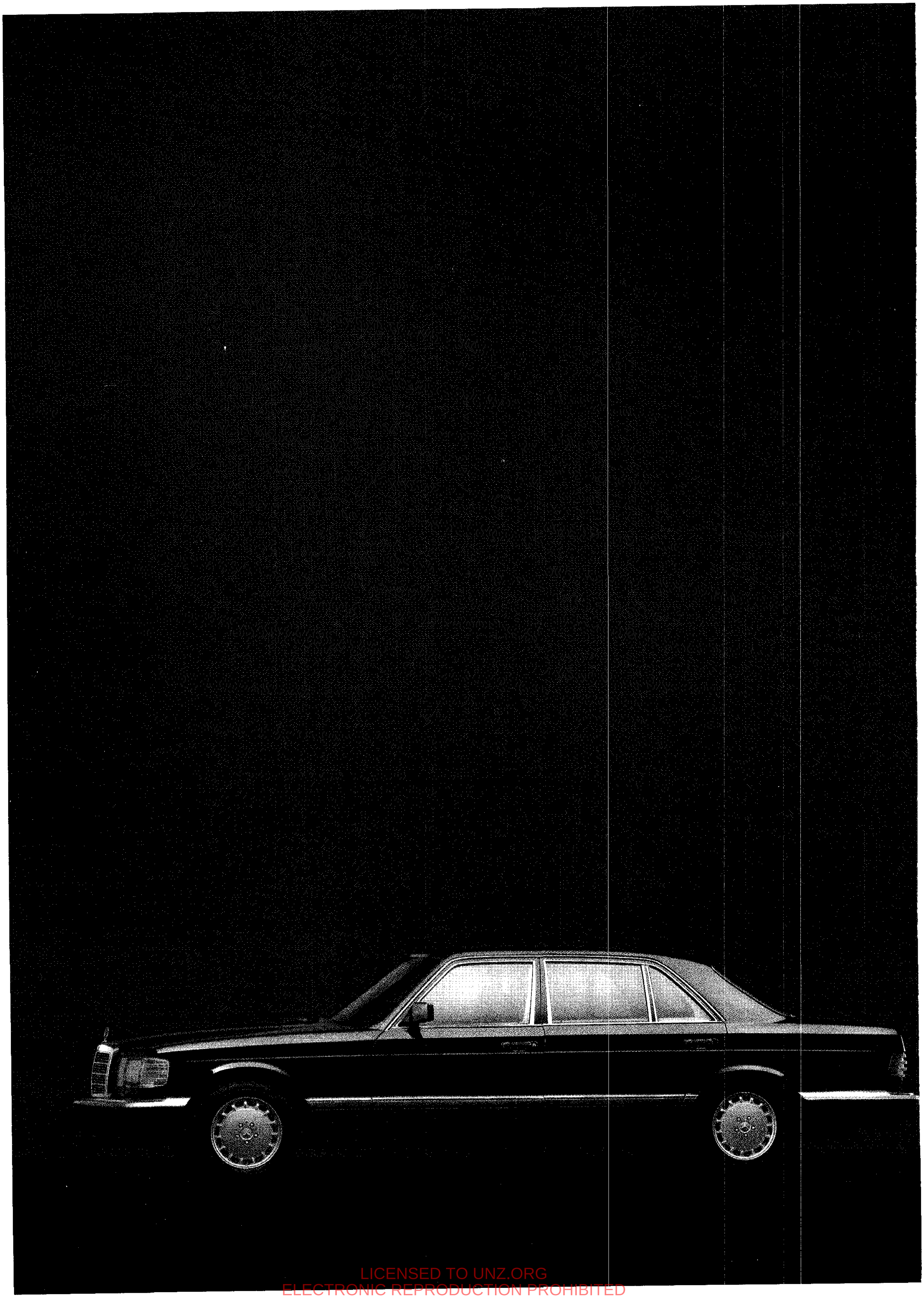

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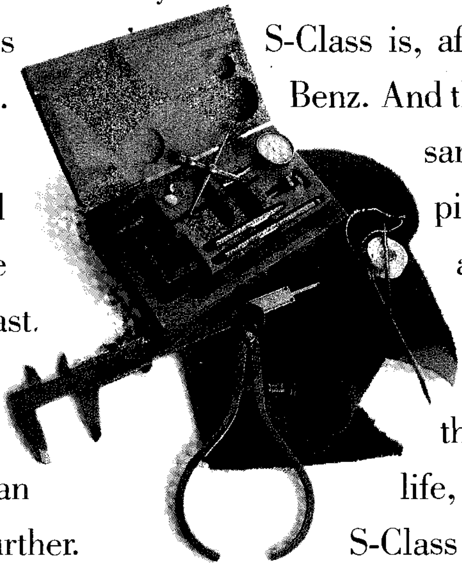

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Ulysses S. Grant, the eighteenth President of the United States, a Republican, and a man who, like many people whose names have come up during the current Iran-Contra hearings, proudly wore his country's uniform, lived the last four years of his life in New York City, and is buried at Riverside Drive and 122nd Street. His tomb is a free-style copy of the towering marble sepulchre of Mausolus, also a renowned general and politician of his time and place, which were the fourth century B.C. and Caria, now part of Turkey. The architectural style of the tomb of the ruler of Caria was so highly regarded—it was one of the Seven Wonders of the World—that it gave us the word "mausoleum."

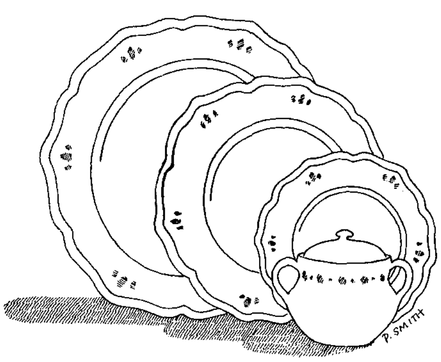
General Grant's name has been cited lately by supporters of Admiral John Poindexter and Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North who are bent on demonstrating—as many of them would not necessarily have been eager to do a few years back—that pleading the Fifth Amendment before Congress, as Poindexter and North did, is not necessarily the action of subversives: President Grant did it during his second term. The General was not famous for attentiveness to his Presidential duties—indeed, he often took care of them in resort areas some distance from Washington. During his last year in office, the Democratic House of Representatives passed a resolution calling upon him for a list of all executive acts in his two terms in office which had been "performed at a distance from the seat of government established by law." Declining to oblige them, Grant asked if they had possible impeachment in mind, and cited "the constitutional guarantee which protects every citizen, the President as well as the humblest in the land, from being made a witness against himself."

Times change. It seems likely that the current occupant of the White House and his advisers—to say nothing of the rest of us—would be vastly relieved if the most serious thing the President had to explain was a fondness for getting out of town.

• •

S. W. G.

The members of the Society of Woman Geographers, a group of energetic women out to see the world for themselves, could just as well belong to the Explorers Club, which began admitting women in 1981, and a few do, but most of them evidently prefer one another's company, and we were privileged to be in their midst one recent weekend, when we attended the society's triennial convention. Founded in 1925, as "a medium of intellectual exchange" for women engaged in geographical work and "its allied fields"—ethnology, archeology, anthropology, astronomy, biology, natural history, sociology, folklore, arts and crafts, etc.—the S.W.G. now numbers some five hundred women, with chapters in New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and with members-at-large all over the country and corresponding members around the world. Its roster has included such illustrious women as Pearl Buck, Margaret Mead, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Rachel Carson, and some who were less well known but no less formidable. Gloria Hollister Anable, for instance, captured a fledgling guacharo, or oilbird, on a trip to British Guiana and Trinidad in 1929 and kept it alive on the boat back to New York by chewing up coconut to feed it. Amelia Earhart carried the S.W.G. flag—a blue-and-white pennant depicting the globe, with the North Star above and the Southern Cross below—on her last flight. And in recent years the flag has been carried by Tanya Atwater to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean in a bathysphere, by Ellen S. Brush to the heights of the Andes in northern Chile and Bolivia, and by Kathryn D. Sullivan into space.



So we were a little surprised on our arrival at the Asia Society, where Saturday morning's meeting was held, to find one Woman Geographer at the front door furtively changing out of walking shoes and into high heels. Inside, her fellow-members, ranging in age from twenty-five "all the way up to the end," as one put it, were wearing smartly tailored suits and flower-printed dresses. Somehow, we had been expecting everyone to look a little more intrepid and weatherbeaten. Sitting down to lunch with them in the eighth-floor galleries, we felt we could have been in a department-store tearoom on a midday break from shopping; the conversation was entirely in the soprano register. But when we listened closely we realized the difference: these women were talking about trips to the South Pole, the Orkneys, the Brazilian rain forest, the Soviet Union's underground caves. They were also talking, with interest that was more than polite, about the morning's symposium. We had attended that, too, and had acquired a good deal of information we might otherwise never have come across.

From Jill B. R. Cherneff, an affable young anthropologist at California State University at Northridge, we learned that when the American governors of the Philippines succeeded in abolishing head-hunting and inter-village warfare in the Bontoc region, the balance of power between men and women there shifted drastically: the men's status diminished, while the women, continuing to supervise the production of rice, the region's primary staple, eventually acquired economic and political control.

From Nancy Hatch Dupree, a round-faced woman with a quiet voice, who is a program associate in Islamic and Arabian Development Studies at Duke University, we learned that eighty-five per cent of the civilians wounded in the ongoing war in Afghanistan are women, and that the Afghan government has set up some programs to train the handicapped in new skills—in tailoring, for example. (Mrs. Dupree added skeptically, "It's not clear to me just how many tailors Afghanistan is going to need in the future.")

We learned from Audrey Brown, a physician with the SUNY Health Science Center at Brooklyn, that the gene for sickle-cell anemia appears to have arisen in Africa and probably moved along trade routes through Sudan and western Saudi Arabia to Mecca.

That evening, the Woman Geographers reconvened for a banquet at the Union Club, in regalia that struck us as strikingly ethnic compared with that of professional societies whose members stay home. Many of the women wore jewelry made of hammered silver or brass, ivory, or leather thongs, and we spotted Mrs. Dupree in an Afghan caftan, to which, she said, her seamstress kept trying to add an inauthentic belt.

Making the rounds of the room during the cocktail hour, we were struck by the firmness of the members' handshakes and the evenness of their gaze. Also by their magnanimity: they were, most of them, quick to sing one another's praises and loath to sing their own. Having presented the evening's five Outstanding Achievement Awards—one of them to Mrs. Dupree—and then the society's gold medal, its highest honor, to Dame Freya Stark, who was at home, in Italy, Mary Vance Trent, the outgoing president, introduced the evening's speaker. This was Fay Gillis Wells, who was one of the founding members of The 99, a pioneer group of aviatrixes, and who is also a member of the Caterpillar Club, to qualify for which one must have parachuted from a disabled aircraft. Mrs. Wells, a tall, distinguished-looking woman with long white hair and lively blue eyes, was a great friend of Amelia Earhart, and Amelia Earhart was her topic. It will be fifty years this July since Earhart disappeared over the Pacific, and the gist of Mrs. Wells' speech—during which we learned that the motto of Earhart's native Kansas is "To the stars, through difficulties"—was that Earhart urged women not to denigrate their dreams, no matter how farfetched.

The next morning, at brunch on the terrace of Ellen Brush's penthouse apartment, on Park Avenue, we talked with Caroline Stanley-Millson, who had come over from Norfolk, England, where she lives for five months of the year; the remainder she spends in the jungle of southern India, where she discovered a tribe of people who until a few years ago lived in the trees. "Nobody outside the region knew they existed," she said proudly. Twenty years ago, Miss Stanley-Millson fell prey to "multiple neurological illnesses" and was blinded and paralyzed. She has regained her sight but not the full use of her legs, and now walks, with difficulty, with a cane. Nevertheless, she has traversed fifteen hundred miles of mountain terrain in the Hejaz region of Saudi Arabia by camel and mule. To get around in the Indian jungle, she rides elephants bareback. "I'm afraid it's bribery and corruption all the way," she told us cheerfully. "In order to coax them into letting me ride them, I have to feed them bananas constantly. Now, for an elephant twenty-five bananas is a light snack. I buy hundreds at a time, and when I'm home I hang them from the ceiling, like chandeliers, so that the rats and snakes can't get to them." Home is a one-room bamboo hut, furnished with a plastic bucket, a mosquito net, and a British Army sleeping bag. Because of her health, which is still precarious, Miss Stanley-Millson cannot be inoculated against diseases. "It's very healthy in the jungle," she said, shrugging. "I feel quite safe there. I've learned its ways."

We were also introduced to Edith Ronne, who in 1947 accompanied her husband, Finn Ronne, on a fifteen-month expedition to the Antarctic. "I went by accident," she said modestly. "I had a good job in the State Department, and I intended to handle all the arrangements on the domestic front. My husband asked me to go as far as Panama, to help with the details, and when I got there he said, 'I think you should come the whole way—you'll be much more useful to us on the expedition than at home.' I had a good dress, a good suit, nylon stockings, and a pair of high heels, and that's what I took with me."

How is it, we wondered, walking home from Mrs. Brush's through Central Park, which suddenly looked awfully small and tame, that so many people have come to see the world as inhospitable, and even menacing, while the Woman Geographers regard it as their own back yard? It was reassuring to recall our conversation at dinner the night before with Patricia Altshuler, an elegant, attractive Englishwoman transplanted to New York, and a recent new member, in whom we sensed a kindred spirit. In a voice too low for anyone else at the table to hear, we ventured the question that had been on our mind all weekend: "Don't you ever get scared?"

"Oh, yes," she told us. "I'm very often scared to death, but I go wherever I want anyway. A few years ago, I went on a safari in Africa. I'd never been on a camping trip in my life, and the only time I'd been in a tent was at a débutante party. Everyone else in the group was the age of my son. Well, I calmly waited till they had all put up their little pup tents in a circle, and then I put up mine in the middle."

Welcome Back

WHO showed up for the fifth annual Welcome Back to Brooklyn celebration last week? Grand Army Plaza and a stretch of Eastern Parkway were comfortably filled with the most people we've ever seen having a good time on a street. There were groups of white-clad nuns holding posters that said "Win a Free Trip to Trinidad & Tobago," middle-aged men in Brooklyn Dodgers T-shirts,

teen-agers with spiked hair and black leather jackets bearing the words "Metal Death" on the back, and an Afro-American dance troupe in full regalia. The Junior League of Brooklyn was represented. There were people selling funnel cakes, the way they do at fairs in Pennsylvania Dutch country; people selling fried catfish, the way they do down South; people selling gyro sandwiches, the way they do on Macdougal Street. Salsa groups, rap groups, gospel groups. Joseph Papp, from Williamsburg and Brownsville, was there. So were David Levine, from Crown Heights, and Betty Comden, from Bedford. Mr. Papp, Borough President Howard Golden, and Robert Catell, the executive vice-president of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, which sponsored the fair, welcomed the crowd from a giant stage in front of the Civil War Arch, at the apex of Flatbush Avenue.

At the side of the stage, we met Alan Smith, the vice-president in charge of special events for the gas company, and he told us that the idea for a Brooklyn day had come to him during the months of planning for the Brooklyn Bridge centennial. "We knew that a great many people would show up for that event who were originally from Brooklyn, and we invited them to come back the following Sunday," he said. "They did, so we made it into an annual thing. Now there's a Brooklyn Day in Los Angeles, in Columbus, Ohio, in San Francisco, and in Tel Aviv. You know, one out of every seven people in the United States has roots in Brooklyn. If they all came back here, the place would sink into the ocean."

The mood of the crowd was buoyant, and it peaked when the actress Connie Stevens, introduced as the former Concetta Ingolia, from Bushwick, was hailed as this year's Official Homecoming Queen. Miss Stevens, who now lives in California, wore a yellow-and-cream chiffon dress with a layered skirt, and, against an overcast sky, her golden hair looked exceptionally bright. She accepted her crown—an unwieldy sculpture of the Brooklyn Bridge, some brownstones, the Arch, and a subway car—and wore it for a few moments to oblige the photographers. Then she told the assembly, "I never forgot Brooklyn. My kids just can't picture me on the streets here. I told them, 'Well, you *better* believe it.' "

The Metal Death teens thrust their fists in the air and shouted "Yeah!"

We wandered out of the plaza onto Eastern Parkway, where dozens of booths had been set up. We were fed (barbecued chicken from Two Steps Down, a restaurant in Clinton Hill), challenged (the Brooklyn Trivia Quiz booth), besought (Save the M.I.A.s, Save the Trees on Third Street), proselytized (Hare Krishnas, channellers, a mystical cult called *Eckankar*), entertained (Daniel Poncé, the fine Cuban percussionist), and fed again (mini-cheesecakes from Junior's, grapefruit juice freshly squeezed by two Muslim men). Finally, we collapsed onto one of a dozen or so folding chairs set up around the BACA/Brooklyn Arts Council storytelling booth. The house doctor at Steeplechase Park, a man who was once the carnival pitchman at the World in Wax Museum, and two other longtime residents of Coney Island were passing a microphone among them and telling nostalgic stories mixed with wise observations not unlike those you'd hear at dinner with old relatives, if you had relatives from Coney Island. We were offered a program by Kathleen Condon, a petite young woman, who introduced herself as a "free-lance folklorist" and told us she had chosen the panels of speakers and storytellers for the booth. "I just kept calling around, and I used my folklorist's good sense," she said. "Everyone's got a few stories to tell, but when I couldn't get someone off the phone, that's when I knew I had a good storyteller."

We listened to Marilyn Singer, from the Coney Island community board, tell a shaggy story about a man struggling to move a grandfather clock along the boardwalk. The punch line was "So you can't wear a wristwatch like everybody else?"

She was followed by Ivan Karp and Lou Singer (unrelated to Marilyn), who turned out to be the Siskel and Ebert of Brooklyn. Each would preface his comments by saying things like "If Mr. Singer would keep quiet for a minute" or "What Mr. Karp doesn't know," and in between the friendly gibes they recounted what it was like to grow up in Brooklyn during the Depression.

Mr. Karp, who is now a prominent art dealer in SoHo, recalled that his family moved every year during his "formative years," but always in Flatbush. "It was a grand adventure to live there," he said. "We had no car, so you got around on foot, on roller skates, on a bike, or on the trolleys. In those days, the trolleys that started in Flatbush reached what were then the outskirts of the city, and it was fascinating to ride on the outside, the way they did in 'Meet Me in St. Louis,' and watch the sparks fly off the tracks as the trolley headed to Williamsburg. We used to have lyrical moments, with all our youthful energy."

Mr. Singer, who used to own the home-delivery routes for the *Times* in downtown Brooklyn and now gives Brooklyn tours, remembered that he took dates to the Loew's Pitkin, in Brownsville, which had a magnificent organ and one of the first air-conditioners.

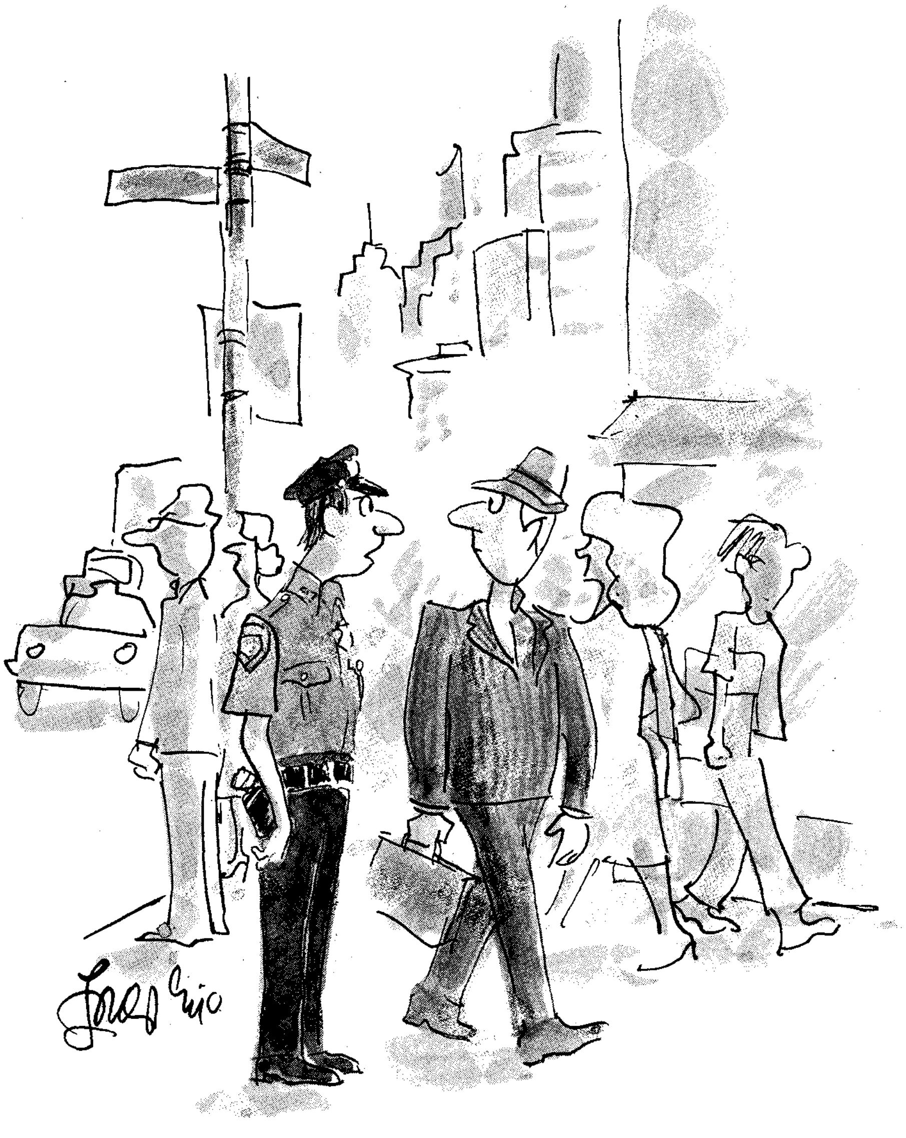
"Excuse me, but the organ at the Pitkin was nothing compared to the one at the Paramount," Mr. Karp interrupted. "*That* theatre was the ultimate in ornamental kitsch. Stars twinkling. Fountains. And they had ushers lined up like Emperor Franz Josef's honor guard."

Mr. Karp went on to tell the audience that he used to make money—good money in those days—shovelling snow for neighbors.

"I used to do better hanging around candy stores and answering the phone for people. No one had a home phone, so people would give you two cents apiece for taking a call," said Mr. Singer, folding his arms across his chest.

After their performance, we spoke to the Messrs. Karp and Singer, who, it turned out, had never met before they shared the platform, and we found them to be in complete harmony in their love for the borough. "I still get the same charge when I come to Brooklyn," said Mr. Karp. "There's an unmistakable sense of well-being that comes from being from here. It's such a rich and complex life—and you've shared it with so many people. Beyond the anecdotes, the speech, the behavior—more than anything, Brooklyn represents the most idealistic socialist sense of democracy. Look around you. If there's one thing Brooklyn's not, it's pretentious."

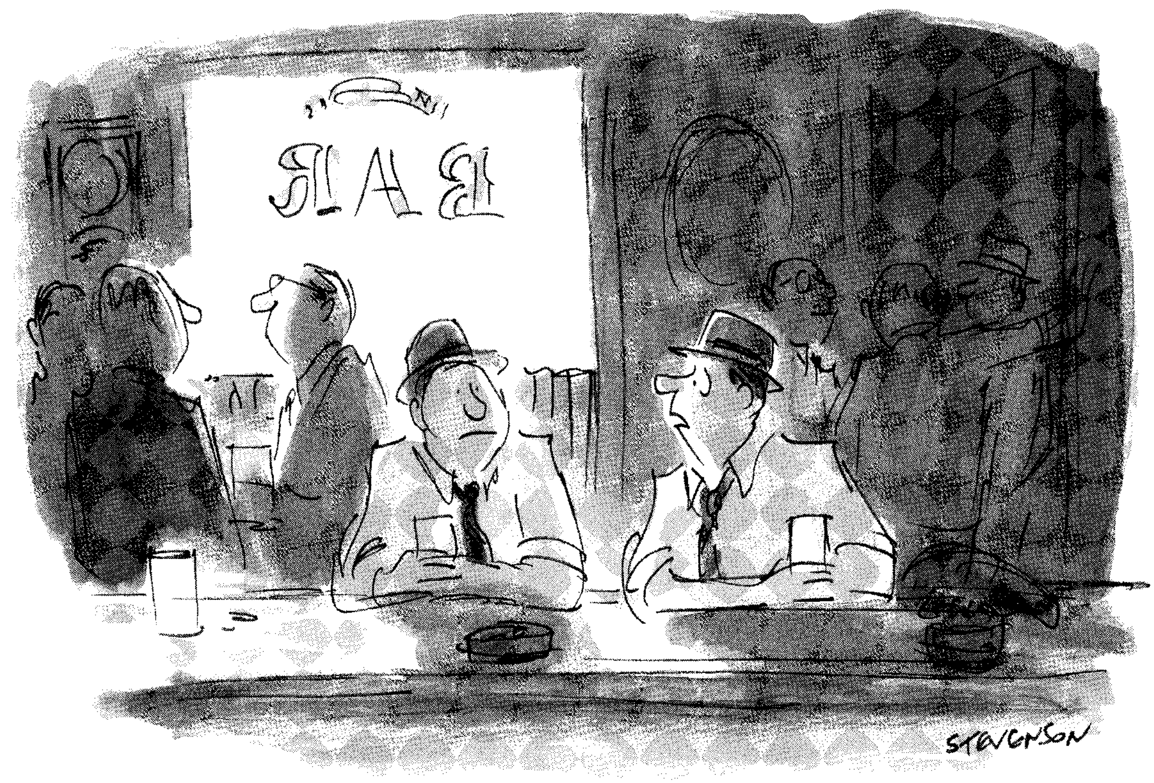
Mr. Singer agreed. "Coming from a Brooklyn neighborhood, you're from a small community and yet part of the world in an enormous way," he said. "Brooklyn was a major city, and yet it had distinctly different communities within it, so it gave you a double view of everything you looked at. And it's still in flux. The Italian produce stand is now Korean. The local Jewish candy store is run by Pakistanis. The German deli is now owned by Arabs. On and on the process goes. For me, it's something beautiful. It's like a cholent or a cassoulet. If you just have meat and vegetables, it's a stew, but if you keep adding spices you have something fresh and delicious. That's Brooklyn to me."



"Excuse me, sir. Which way to Lexington Avenue?"

The World

THE first time we saw The World was in a friend's bathroom in the East Village, and we knew in an instant that we had to have it. It had been some time since we'd thought of ourself as a colonial power, or even a post-isolationist neocolonial power, but once we saw The World, the Gulf of Bothnia and the Strait of Malacca started to look irresistible again. We wanted to own The World. We wanted hegemony. We hankered to expand our sphere of influence globally. The greatest thing about owning The World, which is a transparent vinyl shower curtain imprinted with a pastel geopolitical world map, is that if you hang it with plastic rings on a good strong rod you can exercise expansionism at will. Moreover, by applying proper antifungal treatment you can also control worldwide growth, especially where the curtain hangs against the side of the tub.



"Do I have to take sides between Ed Koch and Donald Trump?"

• •

Ray Faragher, who makes The World, told us over the phone the other day, from his office in Cincinnati, that he hadn't expected to sell many copies of The World at all, and certainly hadn't expected it to become his best-selling shower curtain in New York City. But that is what has happened. The World has supplanted curtains featuring frogs, fish, and parrots as the shower curtain of choice. According to Mr. Faragher, it sells particularly well at the United Nations gift shop.

Mr. Faragher, who is something of an international bath-accessories kingpin, grew up in a house in Kentucky that had no indoor plumbing. "I named my shower-curtain company Saturday Knight, because Saturday was bath night when I was growing up," he said. "Plus I'm an Anglophile. Which reminds me: The World is being very well received around the world. It's quite a conversation piece. After all, how many people have a world map hanging in their bathroom? I'd heard about a survey that showed that most people don't know where Iran is, and I thought that with The World they'd be able to find it in their shower." Mr. Faragher went on to say that he's not always sure what makes one shower curtain work and another not. This year, for instance, he thought that pigs would be big, but pigs flopped—instead, hippos were a hit. As for The World, he thinks some people like it because it transforms their bathrooms into something like the Situation Room of the National Security Council. "I knew it would appeal to people with imagination," Mr. Faragher said, "and to people with young minds."

Margo Warnecke Merek, who has an apartment in the East Sixties, originally bought The World just because the colors—creamy pink, yellow, gray, and light green—looked good in her bathroom. Then the real benefit of World ownership dawned on her. "I had just started doing crossword puzzles," she told us, "and I realized that the curtain would be a good way to check countries."

The apartment in the East Village where we first saw The World belongs to Paula Klausner, who first saw The World when she attended a party on Central Park West three years ago. "The minute I saw it, I knew I had to have it," she told us. "I was enjoying the party, but I spent a lot of time in the bathroom that night just admiring the curtain. I'd never known where Swaziland was. I'd also just heard of Gambia that year, and I liked it that The World had Gambia on it. I even liked the mistakes—the way they spelled 'Manila' just like 'vanilla' on those early curtains."

Beth Shulman, who lives in Morningside Heights, bought The World last winter to cure her wanderlust. "My husband and I used to travel a lot, and then we had our son, and we cut back on our travelling, but we missed it," she said. "We have friends who are on a six-month trip through Asia and Australia, so I've been monitoring their trip on my shower curtain."

Ms. Shulman, like everyone else we know who owns The World, spends a certain amount of her shower time planning imaginary trips and a certain amount trying to figure out whether there's a pattern to the way the countries are colored. For example, the Soviet Union, Ethiopia, and Bolivia are pink; the United States and China are gray; Canada and South Africa are yellow; and Greenland and Kenya are green.

We asked Mr. Faragher to explain The World.

"There's no pattern at all," he said, and laughed. "Pastels are very popular in the market these days, and the design just worked out that way." He then seemed to reconsider, and added, "Of course, I thought we should at least do the Soviet Union pink."

GOOD ADVICE IS RARER THAN RUBIES

On the last Tuesday of the month, the dawn bus brought Miss Rehana to the gates of the British Embassy. It arrived pushing a cloud of dust, veiling her beauty from the eyes of strangers until she descended. The bus was brightly painted in multicolored arabesques, and on the front it said "Move Over Darling" in green and gold letters; on the back it added "Tata-Bata" and also "O.K. Good-Life." Miss Rehana told the driver it was a beautiful bus, and he jumped down and held the door open for her.

Miss Rehana's eyes were large and black and shiny enough not to need the help of antimony, and when the advice expert Muhammad Ali saw them he felt himself becoming young again. He watched her approach the embassy gates and heard her ask the lala who guarded them when they would open. The lala usually enjoyed insulting the embassy's Tuesday-women, but he spoke to Miss Rehana with something approaching courtesy. "Half an hour," he said gruffly. "Maybe two hours. Who knows? The sahibs are eating their breakfast."

The dusty compound between the bus stop and the embassy was already full of Tuesday-women, some veiled, a few barefaced like Miss Rehana. They all looked frightened, and leaned heavily on the arms of uncles or brothers, who were trying to look confident. But Miss Rehana had come on her own, and did not seem at all alarmed. Muhammad Ali, who specialized in advising the most vulnerable-looking of these weekly supplicants, found his feet leading him toward the strange, big-eyed, independent girl.

"Miss," he began. "You have come for permit to London, I think so?" She was standing at a hot-snack stall in the little shantytown by the edge of the compound munching chili-pakoras contentedly. She turned to look at him, and at close range those eyes did bad things to his digestive tract.

"Yes, I have."

"Then please, you allow me to give some advice? Small cost only."

Miss Rehana smiled. "Good advice is rarer than rubies," she said. "But I cannot pay. I am an orphan, not one of your wealthy ladies."

"Trust my gray hairs," Muhammad Ali told her. "My advice is well tempered by experience. You will certainly find it good."

She shook her head. "I tell you I am poor. There are women here with male relatives, all earning good wages. Go to them. Good advice should find good money."

I am going crazy, Muhammad Ali thought, because he heard his voice telling her of its own volition, "Miss, I have been drawn to you. This is fated. I too am a poor man only, but for you my advice comes free."

She smiled again. "Then I must surely listen. When fate sends a gift, one receives good fortune."

He led her to the low wooden desk in his own special corner of the shantytown. She followed, still smiling, eating pakoras from a little newspaper packet. She did not offer him any. He put a cushion on the dusty ground. "Please to sit." She did as he asked. He sat cross-legged across the desk from her, conscious that two or three dozen male eyes were watching him enviously, that all the other shantytown men were ogling the latest young lovely to be charmed by the old grayhair Muhammad Ali. He took a deep breath to settle himself.

"Name, please."

"Miss Rehana," she told him. "Fiancée of Mustafa Dar of Bradford, London."

"Bradford, England," he corrected her gently. "London is a city only, like Multan or Bahawalpur. England is a great nation full of the coldest fish in the world."

"I see," she responded gravely, so that he was unsure if she was making fun of him.

"You have filled application form? Then let me see, please."

She passed him a neatly folded document in a brown envelope.

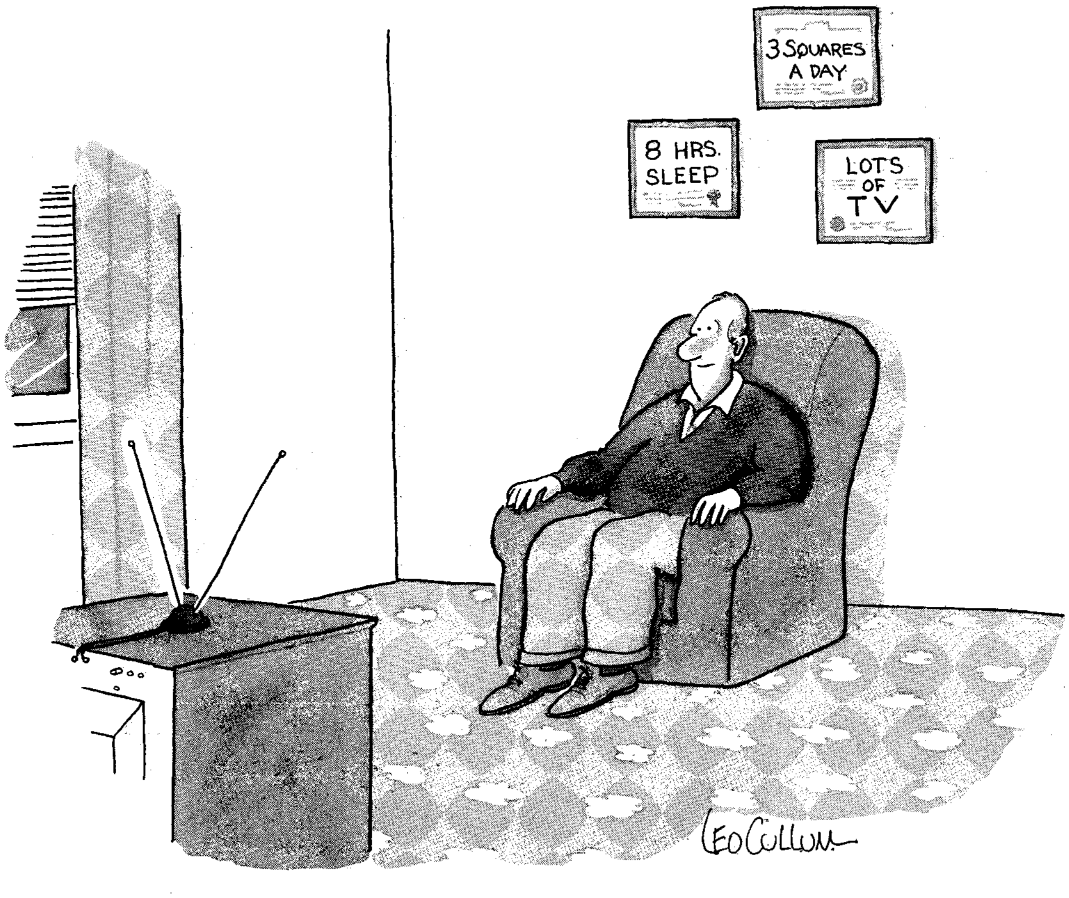
"Is it O.K.?" For the first time there was a note of anxiety in her voice.

He patted the desk quite near the place where her hand rested. "I am certain," he said. "Wait on and I will check."

She finished her pakoras while he scanned her papers.

"Tip-top," he pronounced finally. "All in order."

"Thank you for your advice," she said. "I'll go



now and wait by the gate."

"What are you thinking?" he cried loudly, smiting his forehead. "You consider this is easy business? Just give the form and poof, with a big smile they hand over the permit? Miss Rehana, I tell you you are entering a worse place than any police station."

"Is it so, truly?"

His oratory had done the trick. She was a captive audience now, and he would be able to look at her for a few moments longer. Drawing another calming breath, he launched into his speech. He told her that the sahibs thought all the women who came on Tuesdays, claiming to be dependents of bus drivers in Luton or chartered accountants in Manchester, were crooks and liars and thieves.

She protested, "But then I will simply tell them that I, for one, am no such thing!"

Her innocence made him shiver with fear for her. She was a sparrow, he told her, and they were men with hooded eyes, like eagles. He explained that they would ask her questions, personal questions, questions such as a lady's own brother would be shy to ask. They would ask if she was virgin, and, if not, what her fiancé's lovemaking habits were, and what secret nicknames they had invented for one another. Muhammad Ali spoke brutally, on purpose, to lessen the shock she would feel when it actually happened. Her eyes remained steady, but her hands began to flutter at the edges of the desk.

He went on. "They will ask you how many rooms in your family home, and what color are the walls, and what days do you empty the rubbish; they will ask your man's mother's third cousin's aunt's stepdaughter's middle name. And all these things they have already asked your Mustafa Dar in his Bradford. And if you make one mistake, you are finished."

"Yes," she said, and he could hear her disciplining her voice. "And what is your advice, wise old man?"

It was at this point that Muhammad Ali usually began to whisper, to mention that he knew a man, a very good type, who worked in the embassy, and for a fee all the necessary papers could be delivered, with all the proper authentic seals. It was a good business, because the women would often pay him five hundred rupees or give him a gold bracelet for his pains and go away happy. They came from hundreds of miles away—he always checked this before he tricked them—so even when they discovered how they had been swindled they were very unlikely to return. They went away to Sargodha or Lalu Khet and began to pack, and who knows at what point they found out they had been gulled, but it was at a too late point anyway. Life is hard, and an old man must live by his wits. It was not up to Muhammad Ali to have compassion for these Tuesday-women.

But once again his voice betrayed him, and instead of starting his customary speech it began to reveal to her his greatest secret. "Miss Rehana," his voice said, and he listened to it in amazement, "you are a rare person, a jewel, and for you I will do what I would not do for my own daughter, perhaps. One document has come into my possession that can solve your worries at a stroke."

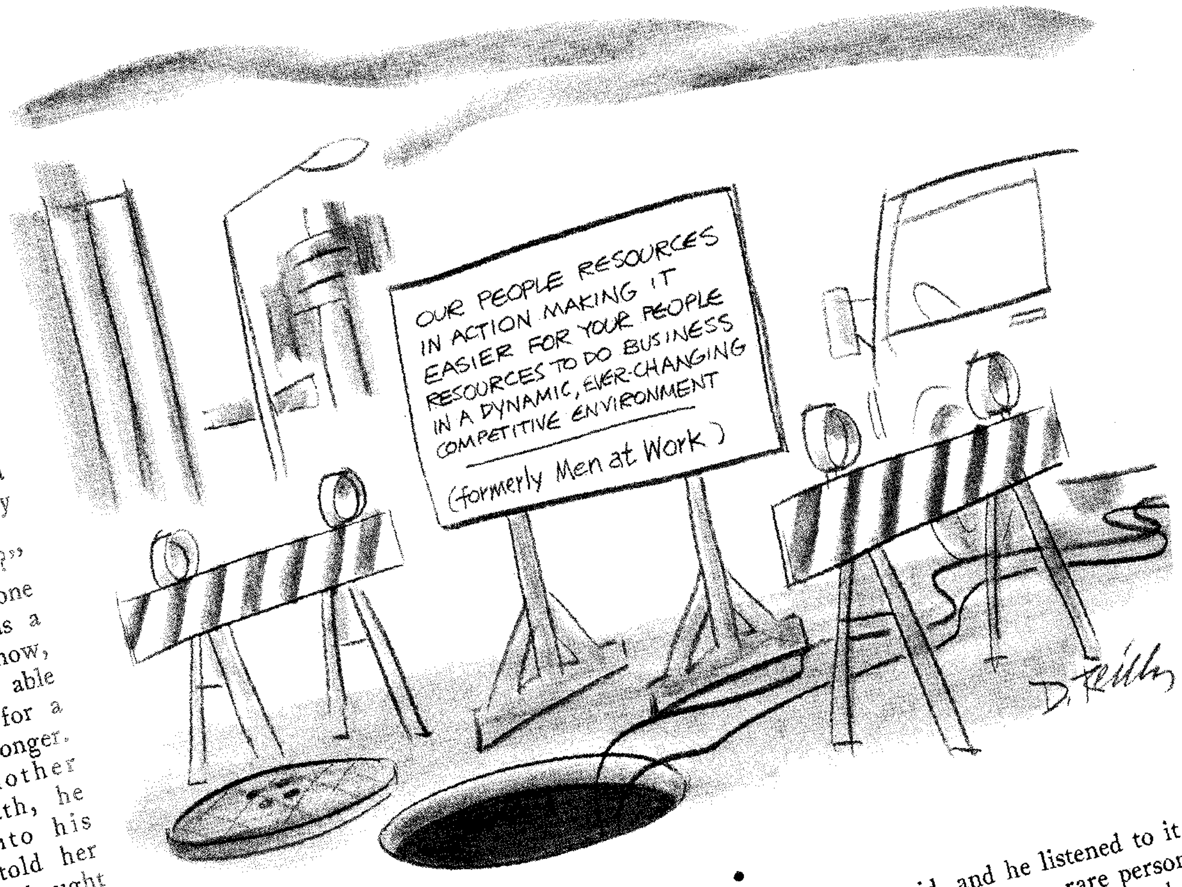
"And what is this sorcerer's paper?" she asked, her eyes unquestionably laughing at him now.

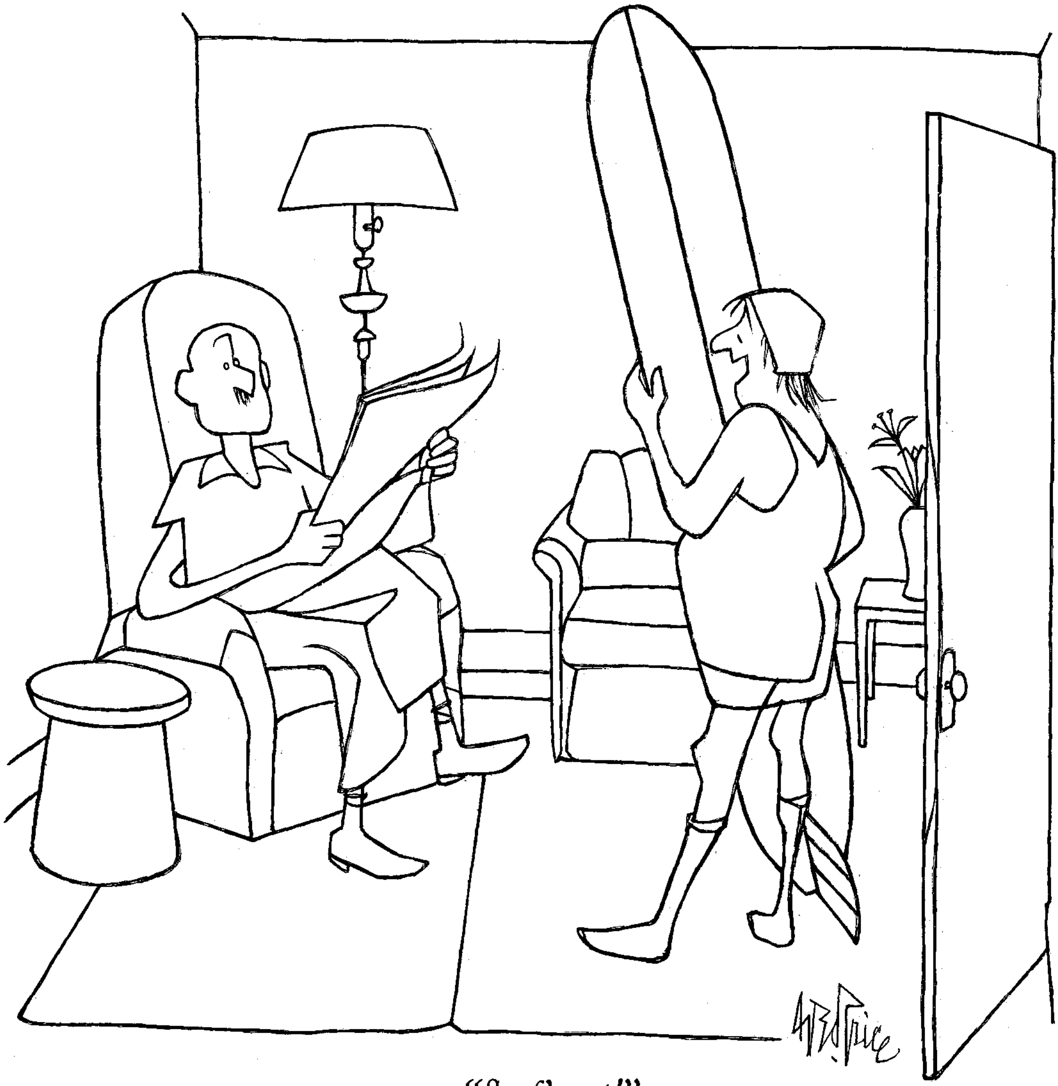
His voice fell low-as-low. "Miss Rehana, it is a British passport. Completely genuine and pukka goods. I have a good friend who will put your name into it and then, hey-presto, England there you come!"

He had said it! Anything was possible now, on this day of his insanity. Probably he would give her the thing free-gratis, and then kick himself for a year afterward. Old fool, he told himself, the oldest fools are bewitched by the youngest girls.

"Let me understand you," she was saying. "You are proposing I should commit a crime, and go to Bradford, London, illegally, and so justify the low opinion the embassy sahibs have of us all. Old babuji, this is not good advice."

"Bradford, *England*," he corrected


OUR PEOPLE RESOURCES IN ACTION MAKING IT EASIER FOR YOUR PEOPLE RESOURCES TO DO BUSINESS IN A DYNAMIC, EVER-CHANGING COMPETITIVE ENVIRONMENT
(Formerly Men at Work)
D. Reilly



“Surf’s up!”

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her mournfully. “You should not take my gift in such a spirit. I am a poor fellow and I have offered this prize because you are so beautiful. Do not spit on my generosity. Take the thing. Or else don’t take, go home, forget England, only do not go in that building and lose your dignity.”

But she was on her feet, turning, walking away toward the gates, where the women had begun to cluster and the lala was swearing at them to be patient or none of them would be admitted.

“Be a fool,” Muhammad Ali shouted after her. “It is the curse of our people. We are poor, we are ignorant, and we refuse completely to learn.”

“Hey, Muhammad Ali,” the woman at the betel-nut stall shouted to him. “Too bad, she likes them young.”

THAT day Muhammad Ali did nothing but stand around the embassy gates. Many times he told himself, Go from here, fool, the lady does not wish to speak with you any further. But when she came out, she found him waiting.

She seemed calm, and at peace with him again, and he thought, My God, she has pulled it off. The British sahibs have also been drowning in her eyes, and she has got her passage to England. He smiled at her; she smiled back with no trouble at all.

“Miss Rehana Begum,” he said, “felicitations, daughter, on what is obviously your hour of triumph.”

Impulsively, she took his forearm in her hand. “Come,” she said. “Let me buy you a pakora to thank you for your advice and to apologize for my rudeness, too.”

They stood in the dust of the afternoon compound near the bus, which was getting ready to leave. Coolies were tying bedding rolls to the roof. A hawker shouted at the passengers, trying to sell them love stories and green medicines. Miss Rehana and happy Muhammad Ali ate their pakoras sitting on the front bumper.

“It was an arranged engagement,” Miss Rehana said suddenly. “I was nine years old when my parents fixed it. Mustafa Dar was already thirty then, but my parents knew they were dying and wanted someone who could look after me. Then two months after they died he went to England and said he would send for me. That was many years ago. I have his photo, but I do not know what his voice sounds like. He is like a stranger to me.”

The confession took Muhammad Ali by surprise, but he nodded with what he hoped looked like wisdom. “Still and all,” he said, “one’s parents act in one’s best interests. They found you a good honest man who has kept his word and sent for you. And now you have a lifetime to get to know him, and to love.”

He was puzzled, now, by the bitterness that had infected her smile.

“But, old man,” she asked him, “why have you already packed me and posted me off to England?”

He stood up, shocked. “You looked happy, so I just assumed . . . They turned you down?”

“I got all their questions wrong,” she replied. “Distinguishing marks, bathroom décor, all. Now I will go back to Lahore and my job. I work in a great house, as ayah to three good boys. They would be sad to see me leave.”

“But this is tragedy!” Muhammad Ali lamented. “Oh, how I pray that you had taken up my offer! Now it is not possible. They have your form on file, cross-check can be made, even the passport will not suffice. It is spoilt, all spoilt, and it could have been so easy.”

“I do not think,” she told him as she climbed aboard the bus and gave a wave to the driver, “I truly do not think you should be sad.”

Her last smile, which he watched from the compound until the bus concealed it in a dust cloud, was the happiest thing he had ever seen in his long, hot, hard, unloving life.

—Salman Rushdie

BOOK OF DREAMS

OF course we asked for a pony. Of course we said we would keep it in the garage. Ours was the sort of family where we didn't get one. We had matching transistor radios, bikes, red wagons, a doll house with attached garage and tiny electric lights. But no pony. Between us, Kate and I had sixty-eight dolls. I had four more than she did, but I was older.

Kate and I are well aware of the rap we take for having been spoiled, but what is this, anyway? Can you blame us because our parents loved us? Our friends have said to other friends that we are too close (unnatural love between sisters: check out page 103). They keep telling us they envy us, but among themselves they insist on the natural order of things: jealousy and rivalry between siblings, fights to the death over comic books and memories and the family silver. Blame us because we love each other? Just like other sisters, we did fight sometimes—what to name the pony was one thing, back when we still thought we might get one if we were very, very good. I wanted to name it Whitey. Kate wanted to name it after her imaginary friend, Janet Lee. We fought over that for weeks, whenever our parents weren't around. When Christmas came it was almost a relief to get the doll house instead.

Later we fought because of Len, but that was brief—unspoken, really. This was 1968 and we lived in Cleveland; I was seventeen, and Kate was two years younger. It was just a matter of a few months, maybe a year, when I spent all my time with him and hardly any with Kate. After the first heavy flush of sex and romance, it was back to reality and sameness again, and I even thought then that we might discuss this particular fight, Kate and I, someday.

I will just say that I met Len in a bar (I know, I know) and that I absolutely did not know when I met him that he was a musician. He had a glow, of course—a sheen of difficulty. A look of being just what you shouldn't have. This was great onstage, and, I discovered later, totally uncultivated. He looked too bad to be true. I worked in a bank that summer, and I went over to his house after work as often as I could. I rode on the bus and walked six blocks to get there, still in my teller's uniform: a royal-blue straight skirt and bolero jacket. With my skirt blue and smooth over my hips, and with nothing under the jacket except underwear, partly because it was hot (this was my excuse) and partly because I was young and wanted to feel loose in my clothes, I sat on the floor and drank Coke while he restrung his guitar. Or I smoked cigarettes on the upstairs back porch while he leaned on the railing and fingered over the hard parts. I played pinochle and hearts with the other guys in the band. It was heaven. I remember thinking once that I would give my life to stay overnight, which I couldn't do, of course, because of my parents—because I was seventeen and lived at home. But being around Len was also very ordinary, in a good way. It was like anyone else's teen-age life. We went to movies. We smoked cigarettes and ate hamburgers. We necked. We went all the way. After a while, I went to college, and during the winter of my junior year Len and I got married. Then—almost right away—it turned out that marriage was more like "I Love Lucy" than like every hot little girl's dream of being one-and-only to the lead singer in a bar band. You're the wife of a musician: Oh, boy! He's home all day! He brings his band to play for the scholarship benefit when you nag him! He forgets to introduce you to minor celebrities! Secretly I thought that Kate, and certainly our cousin Carol Ann, ought to envy me, but tactfully I kept this to myself.

Carol Ann's life was dull just then: no good men, a job in a library where everyone was twenty years older than she was—a far cry from when we were little and she held all the cards. It was a well-known fact back then (at least well known to us children) that Carol Ann sometimes knew what would happen before it did. She would dream it. These were documented dreams, kept faithfully in a book that contained the minutes of our Dream Club, a dead secret between Kate, me, and Carol Ann. She had to be Karol Ann in the Dream Club, because it was agreed for some reason that we all had to have a "K" in our names: Kate, Karol Ann, and Markie, which was my name then through Carol Ann's little brother's inability to say my real name, Margaret. The club was formed after Kate and I found out about Carol Ann's uncanny ability, which as far as she knew she had always had. We thought (perhaps just I thought) that with practice we might discover or develop similar talent, but, try as we would to favorably interpret dream objects and ensuing events, Kate's and my dreams were always about jello-filled swimming pools and forgetting to wear our underwear. Our records showed conclusively that Carol Ann was the only one who could do it. If she dreamed a red wagon that had been filled with dirt by the Keefe boys down the street, someone would spot a red wagon filled with dirt. If she predicted a plaid dress for Kate, it would appear. But the problem was, in the times when we talked about all this—these only lasted for maybe two years—we would never know when the predicted things would happen. (The plaid dress didn't show up until Kate's birthday three years later.) Mostly they were such ordinary, even such boring things that it didn't matter. What difference did it make that our uncle would buy new windshield wipers for his car and lose one on the way home, as he did two weeks after Carol Ann dreamed it? It was just a thing, a part of life—something we might talk about when we were away from adults. Once, in fact, she dreamed that the woman two doors down from her house bought everybody ice cream, and she did, the very next day. But most of the time it was stuff no one cares about, or that we didn't understand. By the time we had become interested in boyfriends—when dream previews might have done us some good, we felt—she no longer dreamed true. And, to be honest about it, there were some leftover dreams that never happened and were never accounted for.

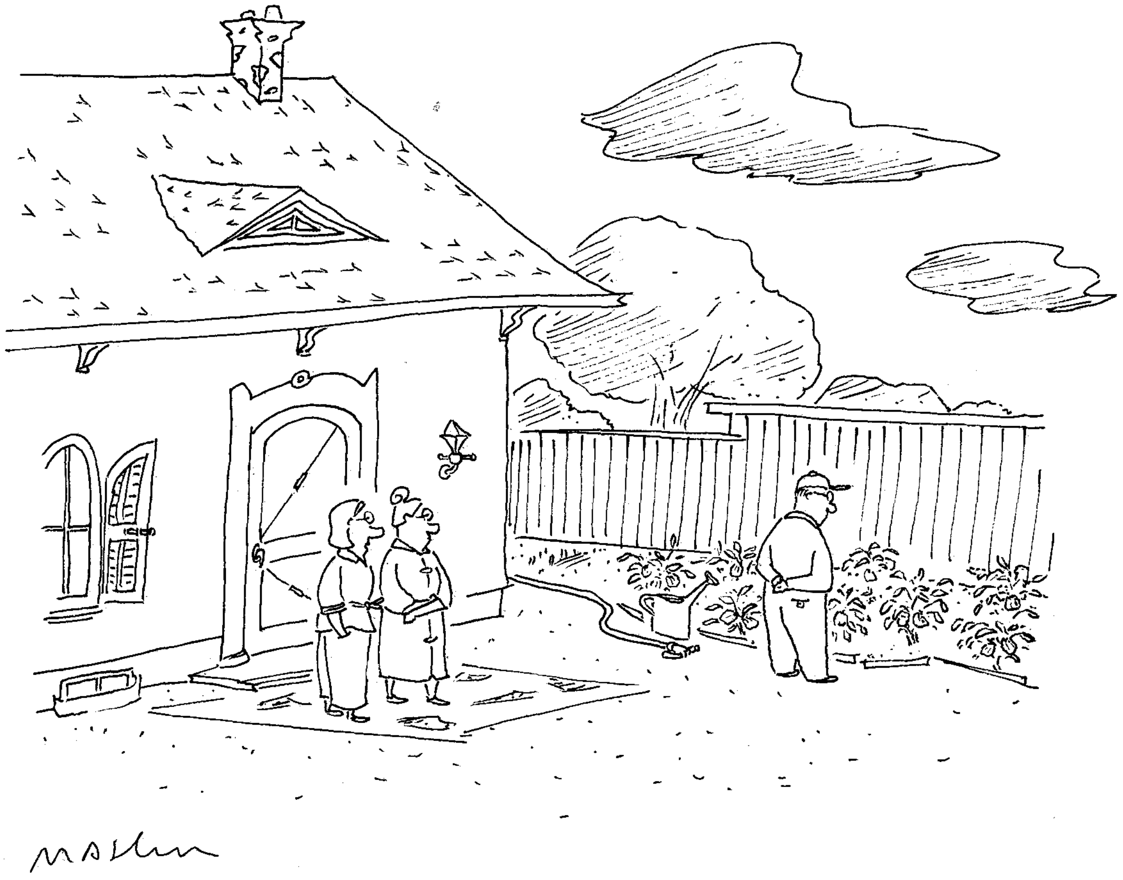
And of course she missed the other way, too—things happened that she did not dream. I mean, how could she have dreamed Len's death? And if she had, what would she have made of it? How could she have dreamed the ambulance—the moment when, sitting in front on the way to the hospital, I put my hand on the dashboard as we swung around the corner at the end of our block and felt the dust slide under my fingers; dreamed a bit of matter moving, red on red, up an artery, travelling brainward; dreamed his white hand that lay unmoving on the rough white sheet; dreamed that I had to pick it up, had to hold it, while the nurses, all in white, stood watching? No.

I MYSELF had a dream—later, in New York, in 1978. This was two years after Len's death and maybe fifteen years after the last meeting of the Dream Club. I was there for Carol Ann's marriage to Simon. I went alone, although I had expected to travel with Kate. I never did understand why I had that particular dream in New York. I'll get to the dream later. Anyway, it's difficult to describe —you know how the sense of a dream will melt. New York, though, was like the pony, something I always asked for and didn't expect to get.

On the plane ride, I never looked at the book I'd bought for the trip. It lay open in my lap while I stared out the window. It was bumpy on the way from Cleveland—a little scary. The airplane began its bucking while we were still close to the ground, as if it might take a leap and nosedive. This solidity and willfulness of the air, a substance I was used to moving through without obstacle, separated us from the ordinary. We travelled east, with the early-morning sun ahead, and as we moved over the lakes and rivers and streams they melted and glowed. The landscape was like a map with the water marked out in puddles of smooth golden metal. I was bewitched, of course.

It wasn't the first time I'd been on a plane. The first time was also to New York, and with Kate, on our way to Scotland for a holiday, but that was with our parents, and therefore didn't quite count. (Scotland offered mist, enormous furniture, gas fires, and endless girls' magazines and books extolling the joys of field hockey and horseback riding, and was responsible for a brief pony relapse.) I had also taken planes to Chicago and back when I went away to college, since flying wasn't much more expensive than the train. Now that I think of it, I might have gone to a college that offered riding, but instead I went to a Catholic girls' school that was struggling to reconcile Vatican II with the Middle Ages. I was famous in college chiefly for being able to fall asleep anywhere—sometimes, in fact, in the middle of parties—but at least half the time I was faking, out of boredom and curiosity. I was going with Len already, and in my letters to him I would tell him what I had overheard men saying about me when they thought I was sleeping.

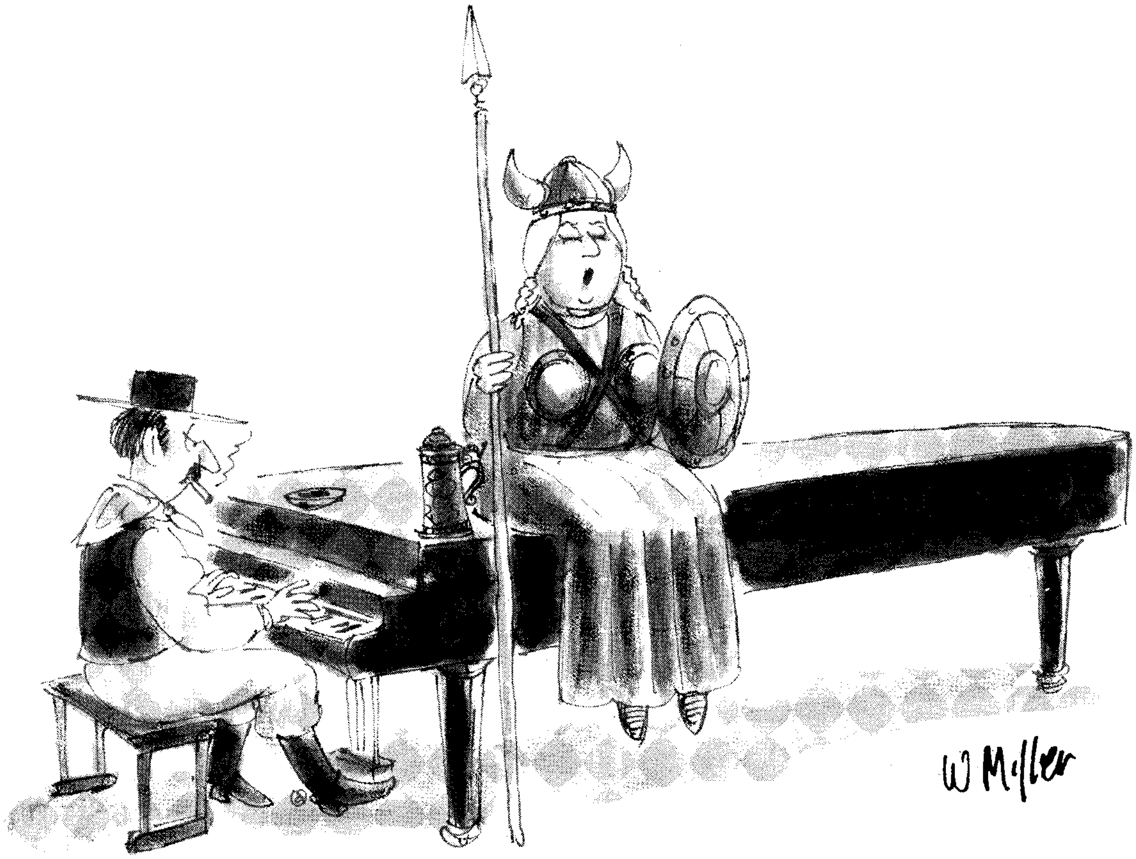
Carol Ann and Simon and Simon's father, Mr. Carpinisian, met me at LaGuardia, and we plunged into traffic in New York. Mr. Carpinisian, a small, wizened man wearing a beret, sat on a jump seat of our cab. He told me how lousy New York was—too expensive, too crowded, too ugly. I wanted him to stop; I wanted to feel intensely that I was in New York and to revel in it: to see how different it would be. He insisted that Simon let him out on West Ninety-sixth Street and said that he would walk back, whatever that meant. He said he would go to Grace's apartment (Grace was Carol Ann's friend from work, with whom I was supposed to stay), that he would go first to Carol Ann's apartment, or that he would walk from Carol Ann's to Grace's through Central Park. Something like that. Go, I thought cruelly. Go and let me be in New York.



"Lately he's been spending more and more of his time with bell peppers and less and less of his time with me."

And what was it like? Here was the city before me, seen through the enormous window of an enormous yellow taxi (there were gypsy cabs as well, in all colors: green, fuchsia, checked, spotted, two-tone like spectator pumps), like a van full of balloons, or a store window where everything had Mickey Mouse on it. Crowds of people were crossing against the light: shoulders squared, chins up, as if they were going to the Crusades. I saw a fruit stand with pumpkins spilling out on the sidewalk; skinny little black boys dancing on corners; phalanxes of grave men in suits wielding briefcases; women in the latest everything. Colors, light, movement. I could barely restrain myself from asking if it was always like this.

The street where Grace lived was like a movie set. Tall, narrow houses stood up against each other, actually touching. There were heavy stone balustrades and iron grilles, lacy and elegant. A vine twined green right up the front of Grace's brownstone. As we got out of our cab, Simon and Carol Ann pointed out the San Remo down the street—towers where famous people slept, smoked cigarettes, made toast.



Grace's apartment wasn't romantic, but it was different from anything I'd ever seen. There was only one window in the front room, and it opened on an airshaft and a fire escape. Back the other way ran a narrow chain of long, dark rooms with high ceilings. In the front room, I sat down on a green chair; Simon and Carol Ann were on the brown couch, with a scarred coffee table in front of them. Grace hovered. Should we go out to dinner? Should we wait for Vito? Should we call Vito, or would he be annoyed? I didn't know who Vito was. Then there was the matter of a wedding present from Simon to Carol Ann—should he give it to her now or in the morning? Before or after the ceremony? He went to Grace's kitchen, six feet away, to call his mother, while we pretended not to listen. I had hardly looked at Carol Ann until now.

But it was all too much for me—too much marriedness, happiness. I was there, I guessed, to be widow of honor. I tried to keep from thinking anything while Simon, there in the front room, put the wedding pearls around Carol Ann's neck; I guess his mother gave the O.K. They were moony and translucent against her skin. I thought how strange it was for me to have brought the Dream Club book with me (it was in my purse that very minute)—how theatrical. Did I think I was in a soap opera? I imagined confronting Carol Ann with the book and asking her if she had dreamed Simon. She had waited so long to get married and now she was doing it in such a calm, deliberate way that it seemed as if she must have foreknowledge. What else did she know?

But I kept the book hidden, and we all went to a restaurant where there were endless taco chips, hot salsa, and frozen Margaritas that turned slushy and pleasantly gritty on the tongue. Carol Ann flirted with the waiter while Simon looked on confidently. Grace and I drank a lot. I told stories about things Carol Ann and Kate and I used to do. I found out who Vito was: Grace's ex-lover, whom she still occasionally saw, and who was invited to the wedding for some reason. No one said anything about Len, of course.

The next morning—Saturday, the morning of the wedding—Grace's current lover, Walter, came over to shave in our bathroom while I was still in my robe. Came over from where? I never found out. We drank Bloody Marys, and Grace tried to decide whether or not to wear the belt of her dress.

The wedding itself was in a chapel way over on the East Side. It was just right, mixing hesitation and instinctive correctness; we all came spilling out onto the side street afterward feeling new and virtuous. The reception was in a French restaurant two blocks away, past more New Yorkness: two old men—drunk or asleep, I didn't know which—lying on the sidewalk, with the sun shining down on the street past the sharpness of the buildings, and people walking by in leather and glittery plastic, stepping over and around.

We walked down four steps into the restaurant, into gray softness pricked by lights like stars over the bar, where we sat on tall stools and ate unidentifiable appetizers—my favorite was pâté on triangles of white bread studded with what seemed to be tiny chocolate flowers. We sat down to beef Wellington, with green beans tied in little bundles by a ring of carrot shaved to a thin curl, and a pale-orange pasta. The cake was lofty and crystalline, with a shell of hard meringue icing. Later on, some people were singing "Norwegian Wood" in the bathroom.

I drank champagne and listened to everyone talking marriage, husbands, wives, divorce, former husbands, former wives, lovers, engagements. It reminded me of what happens at a baby shower, where everyone seems compelled to talk about labor pains and toilet training. Here, after a while, there were horror stories of parting, tears, money, lovers, dinners congealed or burned, blows, tiffs over toothpaste and laundry.

"You'll find a good man," Carol Ann's mother told Grace.

When I went over to sit with Carol Ann at the bar, I swayed a little, and she swayed on her barstool. "So how long is it since Len died?" she asked.

"Two," I said. "Two years."

"Let's see, that's what—six hundred days?"

"More," I said.

The man sitting next to Carol Ann on the other side got out his pocket calculator and figured it laboriously. "Seven hundred and thirty days," he said.

"Thank you, sweetie." Carol Ann turned back to me. "You know the thing about three hundred and sixty-five days a year—I don't believe in them. I don't feel like there can really be that many sometimes."

"Hold still a minute," I said. I leaned over and carefully repinned her drooping roses, just below the cloudy pearls.

"So why didn't Kate come, anyway?"

"She figured there wouldn't be any cute guys."

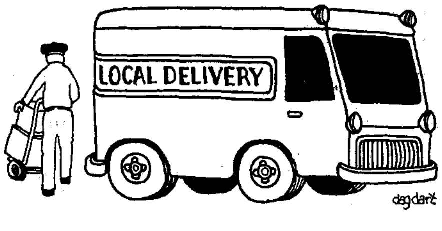
"Did I ever tell you how Grace and I used to use fake Waspy names when we went out and picked guys up in bars?" Carol Ann said. "I was Lindsay and she was Courtney."

I said, "Did I ever tell you I had a fantasy that I got amnesia and went away somewhere on a Greyhound bus and fell in love with a mechanic and had four kids and lived in a trailer?"

This got a big laugh, but the point was, of course, that if I had amnesia, when I came to, it would turn out that it was not my trailer, they would not be my kids, and the man with his name written in fancy script over his pocket and with a collection of baseball caps would not be really mine. If I lost them, it would just be like waking up to another world—an occasion for puzzlement instead of sadness.

But death—let's face it, who cares? It's important, sure; everybody will acknowledge this. But, as they say, no one wants to hear about it. If it were something you could wish for, something you might not get, it would be different. But where's the suspense?

And where is all this taking us? To the part about life going on—the man I meet in New York, maybe, or back at home, marriage, everything? After all, why not a baby? A house in the country with a fireplace and a tractor and, yes, a pony. But I don't want to make this easy. Even if I had all that and more, had the love of this new man and a garden where I managed to grow delphiniums of a completely new color like angels' eyes, even if I was good as gold for the rest of my life, it would simply make no difference. It's fine to wish for things, but when you get them you still have your life to live somehow. So forget it.



BUT this can't be the end. There is still my dream in the heart of New York City—the dream I had sleeping in Grace's apartment near the San Remo and just four blocks up from the Dakota, where John Lennon was living: my dream on a sofa bed made up for me personally by Grace, both of us so drunk from the wedding and the after-wedding and the bar after that that we collapsed on it twice. After, I lay down in the foreign dark and

BELLS ABOVE BRETAYE

The old writers speak of *le son des cloches*,
this music of a thousand tongues of bronze.
You have seen them hung under the eaves of barns
like vessels waiting to be filled with the hush

of milk or rainwater, in a heavy row,
have heard them on the necks of the cows driven
swaying through the streets of some holiday town
as summer progresses to the high alps from those below.

It is a constant clamor, like a primeval
hymn, and it continues throughout the night.
What has religion done but imprison it,
silent except at intervals, in a tower of shale?

But it is an uncontrollable ringing, as if
the bells of gentians hanging countless in the dew
should dry and their violet color quiver somehow
into sound, and sunlight alone could set them off.

There is a surveyor in the pasture this morning
working on an ordnance map with his theod-
olite, and across the valley the stutter and thud
of artillery practice. One Holstein is inquiring

with a rough tongue at his pocket. He is annoyed.
The cloud flees upward and patterns the ground briefly
with light and shadow, like the deep-barrelled body
that urges him and is joined by others till he is islanded

by dappled hides and bells. He tries to get on with
his work, but they have mapped the landscape so much better
than hachure, hypsometric tinting, or contour,
and all he need do is listen to its variable depth,

like the sound of guns over by the Dent de Valère.
With his hand he could reach one bell, but he does
not, for he would only have stilled one part of the manifold voice.
On high paths you find the spent casings filled with rainwater.

—Karl Kirchwey

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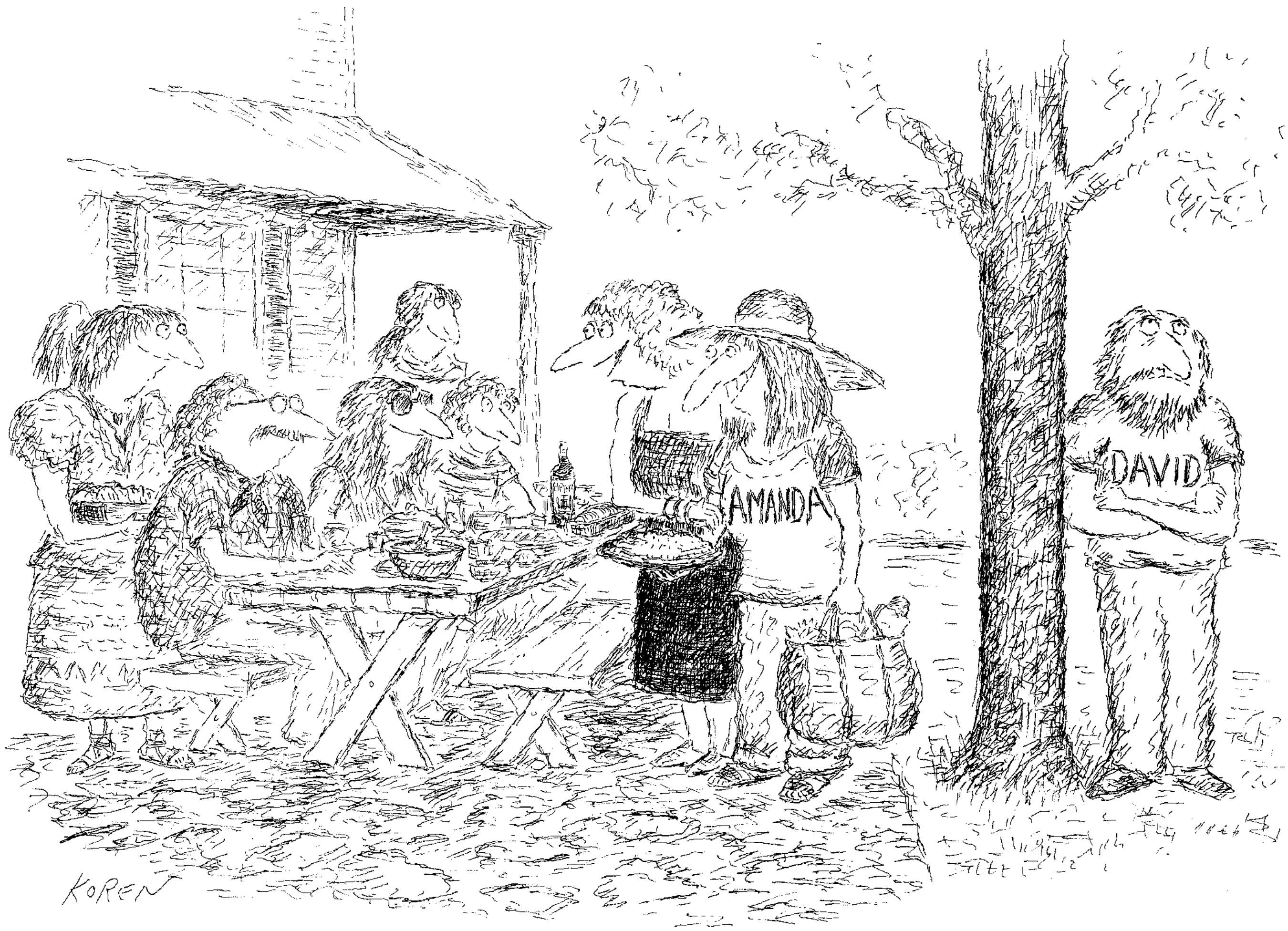

"This is Amanda, everybody—of David and Amanda."

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slept—it was the night before Halloween, the eve of Allhallows Eve—and I remember how I imagined the lost souls winging, flitting, whatever, through the air as thickly as leaves: thin little wrinkled white things as insubstantial as airmail stationery. And this was New York, a whole plane flight away from home, with a strange pillow and blanket. But I slept anyway, and when I woke up I'd had a dream. I dreamt that I was watching television with Kate, a talk show on which someone announced the results of a poll: What would Americans answer to the question "Would you go with an alien who invited you to take a ride in his spaceship"?

Thirty-two per cent said yes. I said yes, but the yes was for Len, because that's what he would have said if they'd polled him on a street corner or on the phone (how do they do that, anyway?), and I saw him—in the dream, you understand—on television saying yes to an alien, who was thin and green and silver, with long, long fingers and eyes like lava, quick and molten. Len was thinking of me, of course, while he was saying yes, and he was walking up the steps, or ramp, or ladder that led into the spaceship. But when I woke up in New York City I knew perfectly well that he would only have been thinking of what the controls would be like, if they were as good as the latest in special effects, the best technology from the right places, and I knew that not one thought did he give to me, not one. He was thinking ahead about whether he would get to drive it or not.

When I woke up, Grace was making instant coffee, and she began immediately to tell me about Vito, who had not come to the wedding at all, and it came out how he was irresponsible and six years younger than she was.

"Or is it seven?" she said. "But no, it's only six, I guess, because here we are in 1978, and he was born in 1958."

I felt surprised that someone could be twenty years old who had been born seven years after me. Yes, I said to myself, that's how much room there is in the universe, and I felt those tightly packed years shrug and rub a little against each other. But I kept my attention on what Grace was saying about this man I was never going to meet, because it was interesting, and I wanted to tell Kate about it when I got home. I watched Grace's face, listened to her voice rise and fall. I was in New York. It was October. If I wanted, I could go out and have Margaritas for breakfast. —MARY GRIMM

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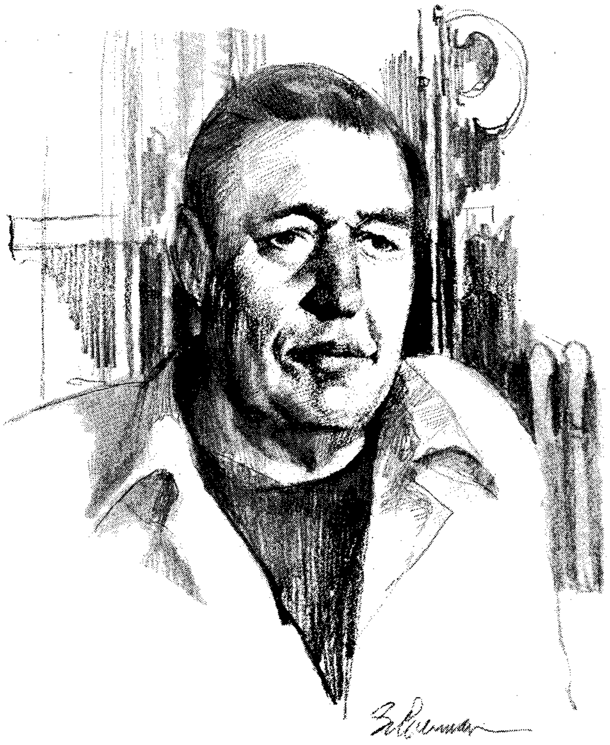
Gary Cooper and Gene Kelly exchange marriage vows as the clock on the wall begins the tense countdown to "High Noon." The suspenseful Western classic is in town.—*Photo caption in the Ann Arbor (Mich.) Observer.*

Another myth shot to hell.

PROFILES

THE ONLY WAY



Ronald John Kusse disavows any pretensions to being an artist, and would prefer to be known instead as “a plain rodmaker.” Kusse works in a shop in the basement of his house, near Washingtonville, New York, some fifty miles northwest of New York City, and there he makes fishing rods—most of them fly rods, and most of them of the kind of bamboo known as Tonkin cane. Now fifty-three years old, he has been in business for himself only six years, but in that time his reputation has grown to the point where today he gets telephone calls and orders from people who may never have seen one of his rods, and may have heard of him only indirectly. On occasion, perfect strangers show up at his shop wanting to buy a rod on the spot. These people always leave disappointed, for Kusse has no rods ready to sell. He has more than a year's worth of back orders, but he refuses to hire anyone to help him with even the most incidental step in the making of a rod. When Kusse describes the way he runs his business, he uses such terms as “archaic” and “old-fashioned,” and even “probably quite dumb.” Some months ago, when I called on him to order a fly rod, he told me, “I think maybe I'm living years ago in the way I believe things should be done. All my customers eventually become my friends, and they worry about me. They claim that I can't make rods the way I do and also make a good living. They say that I should get someone in to help me do part of the work. If I were to bring someone else in here, I would lose control, and I don't want to lose even one ounce of control.”

Along with his customers, Kusse himself sometimes worries about the monetary rewards of rodmaking. “I'm probably not making as much money as I should for the amount of work that I do,” he said recently. “If a person is not a fly-fisherman and you tell him the price of your rods”—Kusse's rods cost eight hundred and fifty dollars and up, depending on how elaborate the cosmetics get—“he thinks you're getting rich on them. But I'm not. If your main motive is how much money you can make, there are things that you can hide and the rod can still go out the door. I'm not saying that every rod going out is perfect, but I have this compulsion that if I'm going to put my hand to something it's got to be as good as I can possibly make it. What I try to build is the very best fishing rod that I can possibly build, without getting on this ego trip that some rodmakers get on—the artist-working-in-the-middle-of-the-night stuff. I'm not a great artist producing a masterpiece of some kind. What I do is build straightforward fishing rods. Mostly, rodmaking is just work—not romantic, just plain hard work. But to make rod after rod and adhere to a certain level of quality—that's where it gets tough, because you're doing the same thing over and over again and you still have to maintain that quality, and that can come only from a very strong desire to do it the best you possibly can. To me, rodmaking comes more from the heart than from the hands.”

Kusse (the name is pronounced “kew-see”) makes from thirty-five to forty split-bamboo rods a year, and he spends from fifty to sixty hours on each one—a few hours longer if he happens to make a serious mistake. One day when I was visiting him, he had the butt section of a rod on his woodworking lathe and was using a big turning chisel to shape the rod's grip and reel seat from a single piece of black walnut. Now, the thing that makes the walnut that Kusse selects beautiful to look at—its wayward, wandering grain—also makes it ugly to work with. When he holds a chisel against a piece of walnut being turned on the lathe, the chisel blade bucks and chatters against the wood, and a shrill whine fills the workshop. Measuring the reel seat with a micrometer calliper, he found that it was slightly smaller than the dimensions he has established as his standard, so he put the rod back on the lathe and began cutting the wood away from the bamboo. “The nicer the walnut, the more misgivings you have,” he said after the chisel had reduced the wood to a small pile of dark shavings that looked like fine-cut pipe tobacco. “I could have got by with that piece. I could have made different-size hardware.” He was referring to a metal butt cap that goes on the end of the rod, and to a sliding metal ring that holds the reel fast to the reel seat. “It's a lot easier to make new hardware than to put a new grip on there. But it would be a patch-up thing—because I made a mistake. If you make a mistake, discard it. Correcting things is not the proper way to do them. Doing them right is the only way to do them.”

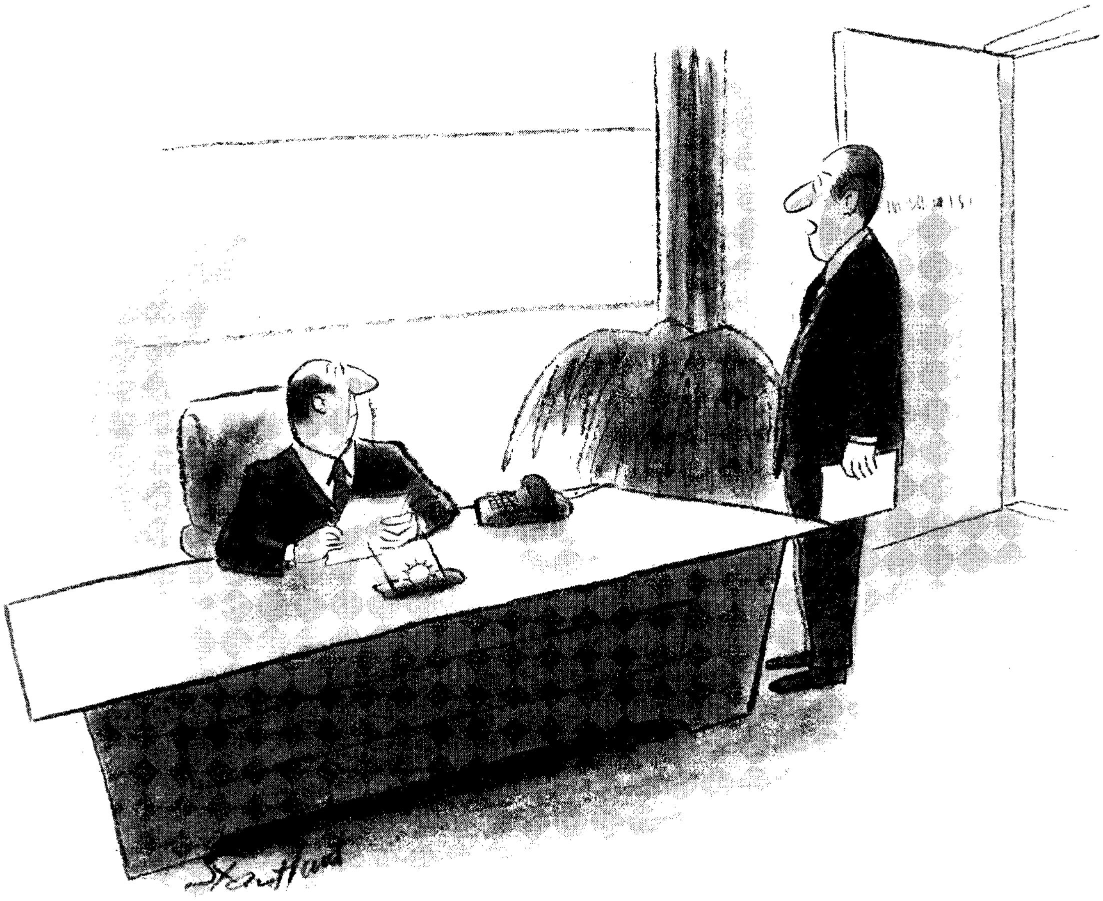
THE hardware that Kusse makes for his rods is of nickel silver—alloyed copper, zinc, and nickel—and it comes from any of several metal-supply houses. On Kusse's rods, the metal guides through which a fly line passes are of tungsten steel, and several years ago, because tungsten-steel guides were becoming hard to find, Kusse bought nine hundred and forty-two gross, most of them from the Mildrum Manufacturing Company, in East Berlin, Connecticut. The metal ferrules—the male and female parts that join the rod when it is put together to be used—Kusse can make on a metal lathe from nickel-silver tubing, but these days he prefers to use Super "Z" ferrules, which he buys from the Rodon Manufacturing and Sporting Goods Company, in Newark, New Jersey. Kusse puts cork grips, formed of thick cork rings, on some rods, and the rings can come from a couple of companies that deal in cork products. The hardwood used for reel seats and some rod grips arrives from various parts of the Catskills, and Kusse uses a table saw in his shop to cut it into pieces a foot long and an inch and an eighth on a side. The glue and the varnish that he uses are readily available commercial products. The thread that he normally uses to wind the line guides onto the bamboo rods—fine silk thread, in a number of colors—is harder to come by these days than it once was, but he has literally miles of it on hand. The Tonkin cane—*Arundinaria amabilis*—comes from one small area of China.

Most modern fly rods are made of graphite, or a combination of boron and graphite, or fibre glass—all materials that have come into widespread use only since the Second World War, and that lend themselves well to mass production. In centuries past, many different materials were used to make rods—among them ash, greenheart, hickory, ironwood, lancewood, and a variety of bamboo known as Calcutta cane, because most of it was shipped from that Indian port. Tonkin cane, which is one of about a thousand species of bamboo, began to be imported into the United States at the end of the nineteenth century. By the nineteen-twenties, because it has longer, thicker cellulose fibres, which make it stronger than most other bamboos, and because its nodes, or rings, are not as pronounced as the nodes on other kinds of bamboo, it had supplanted all other natural materials used in the making of fly rods.

Over the years, cane rods have, of course, varied greatly in quality, from quite good to utterly worthless—from rods with exquisite finishes and subtle action to those which were indifferently finished and felt dead in the hand. To a small number of craftsmen, however, the making of split-bamboo rods has approached art, and today the names of these men, past and present, are spoken only with a certain reverence, or even awe. The architect and planner Ernest Schwiebert, in his two-volume work "Trout," writes of seeing, when he was eight years old, a fine cane rod made by Edward Payne and later refinished by Payne's son James. Years later, he still recalled the "flawlessly smooth" finish of the rod and its delicate action, which had "a sweetness and elusive poetry . . . like the subtle quality of a fine Burgundy"—the sort of rod that could inspire "half-religious feelings" in an angler. Schwiebert writes that Alfred W. Miller, who was better known to his peers as Sparse Grey Hackle, was once asked at the Anglers' Club when he planned to abandon split bamboo and try a fibre-glass rod. He replied, "I'll fish fibre glass the morning after some concertmaster plays a concerto at Carnegie Hall on a plastic violin."

The material that inspires such devotion—"warm, living cane," Kusse calls it—grows to perfection only in a relatively small, hilly area about a hundred miles northwest of Canton. Attempts have been made to cultivate it elsewhere—the federal government has experimented with growing it in Georgia, Louisiana, and Puerto Rico—but only in Puerto Rico has there been even limited success. Nobody seems to know precisely why this should be so, but soil and weather conditions may be the major factors. For the Chinese, bamboo is an agricultural product. Land is cleared before new groves are planted, and the canebrakes are thinned periodically. The canes, or culms, are harvested when they are three to five years old.

A large percentage of the Tonkin cane that has ever been brought into the United States has been imported by the firm of Charles H. Demarest, which for decades was in lower Manhattan but since 1977 has been in Bloomingdale, New Jersey. Over the years, the firm has dealt in a number of commodities—shells and spices and mother-of-pearl among them—but its principal business has been importing natural fibres, such as rattan, cane



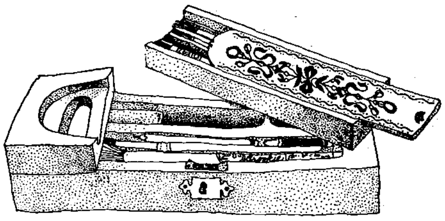
"Mr. Wilmington, I'm tired of having a five-figure salary and would like a six-figure salary."

webbing for furniture, and fibres for the broom-and-brush industry. At one time, the company had five divisions to handle its various products, but several years ago Harold H. Demarest, Charles Demarest's son and successor, sold four of the divisions, retaining only the one that dealt with bamboo—“my heartfelt favorite,” Harold Demarest told me not long ago.

Demarest, who is now seventy-five, joined his father's firm in 1934, after graduating from Lehigh University. He has been in the business ever since, and he has travelled to China, but he has never gone to the area where Tonkin cane grows. “I'm told that they just go up and harvest a hillside and then let it come back again later,” Demarest said. “They do some sorting when they get it, and then they float it downriver to a place where there are sandy beaches, and there they pull it out and do the cleaning and some more sorting, and then they take it down to a place called Fo-shan, where their final sorting and some straightening are done, and, of course, baling for the market.”

Oddly, Demarest's firm did not suffer from the embargo that the Truman Administration imposed on trade with the Chinese in December of 1950, some six months after North Korean forces, supported by Peking, invaded South Korea. The embargo remained in effect for nearly twenty-one years, and it was lifted by the Nixon Administration in April of 1971. “Right after the Second World War, we brought in loads and loads of Tonkin cane for all the big rod manufacturers,” Demarest told me. “Their policy was to carry a big inventory. We were doing a very nice business for three or four years there, and then, all of a sudden, along came the fibre-glass rod and knocked the production bamboo rod”—the mass-produced, assembly-line rod—“into a cocked hat. Supply and demand disappeared simultaneously. It was a classic situation that doesn't happen very often. The big manufacturers, when they switched to fibre-glass rods, just dumped all their inventory—their bamboo holdings. All that bamboo came onto the market at the same time, and nobody wanted it in that quantity. A few people, like us, bought it—as much as we could handle financially—and put it away. And that inventory was enough to keep us and the small rodmakers we supplied going.”

When trade with the Chinese finally resumed, Demarest found that dealing with them had changed considerably. “Under the old regime, there were six or seven producers upcountry, and when they did the sorting and packing they would always put their names on the bales,” he said. “If a shipment was defective in any way, the customer would call me and tell me what was wrong, or we would see it ourselves if we had opened the bales at our warehouse, and then we would be able to put the finger right on that producer and say, ‘Look, we're not going to buy from you anymore, because your quality is slipping.’ We could play them one against another on the quality end. But today a committee handles the cane, and it says, ‘Well, the bamboo is there, and we can allow so many laborers to work on that. O.K., we'll take the order. Now, this is March, and we'll try to deliver it in December, but if we don't the customer will probably take it in Janu-



THE POOL OF TEARS

Life, what is it but a dream?
—*Lewis Carroll.*

Down the dark streets of Jericho past the Dream-glo roses
to the cups of tea steaming on the patio before us,
the fragile veins of the china and the flavor of tea
smoking through the water—the “agony of the leaf,”
they call it, the process of transforming one thing into another. . . .

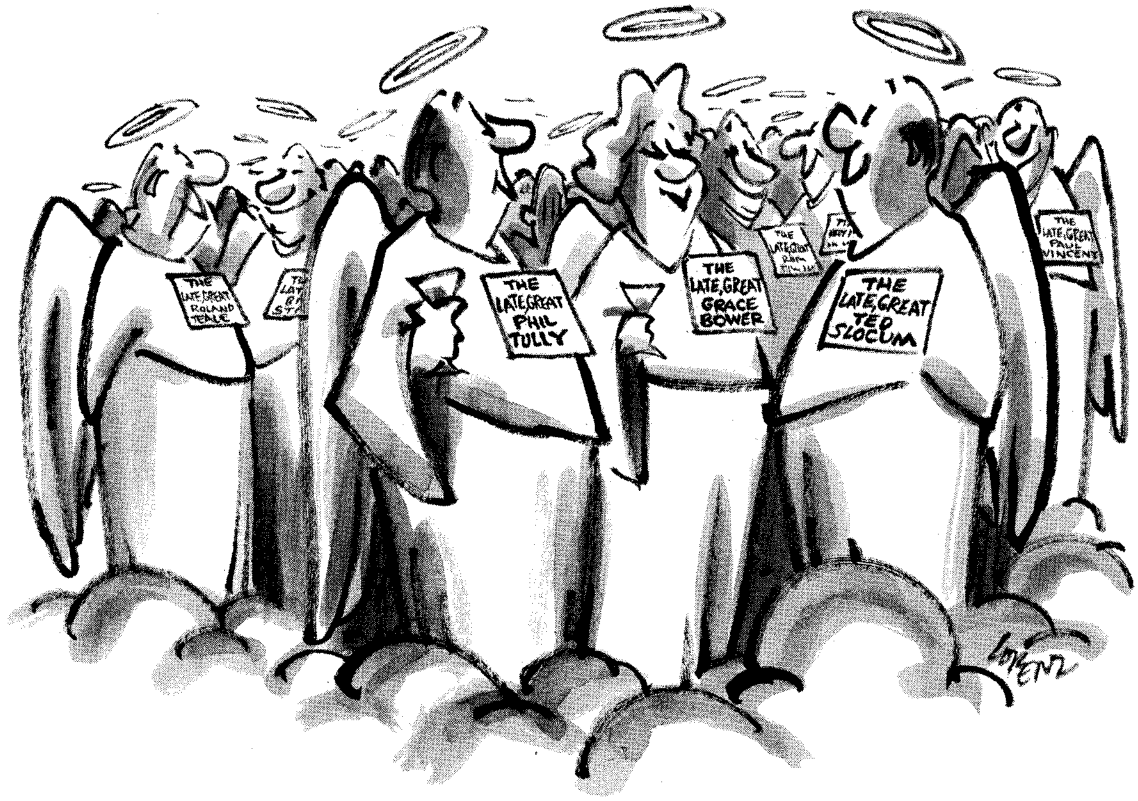
This is the decline, I guess, of love into companionship,
though you say it is not clear to you how it happened.
To teach you what I know of desire, we must go indoors
and kneel before the bottom drawer of the bureau,
pulling the gold handles, and there, beyond the dark veneer
and the latticework of the carved pineapples,
we'll put things away, slowly now, into the shadows.
Follow me then past the mothballs and cedar
to the watery shade of childhood, the wood wedged
against the trunks of the crêpe myrtles to form a table,
Pitiful Pearl and the sock monkey waiting, incorrigibly sad,
for I did not know that the ways of love are errant,
and when I came too late, sugar spilling through the weave
of the picnic basket, they were old and bedraggled.
How suddenly it seemed to happen, the summer shower,
the overturned chairs and the tissue blossoms clinging
to the table, the clothing transparent against my body
as I dashed through the arbor to the shuttered house,
and the pool of tears, my face pressed into the pillow,
while the Planetary Winds whistled inconsolably down the chimneys.

Oh, subliminal foragings,
the flattened grasses and the rush-bottomed chairs,
and the storybook open to the creatures of dreams,
the school in the sea and the never-ending study
of Mystery and Uglification and Grief and Laughing.
When Reverend Dodgson rowed Alice Liddell and her sisters
through dull weather from Folly Bridge to Godstow,
having left behind wire puzzles and safety pins
for little girls' dresses, a thrush stirred under
Alice's breastbone, though as the afternoon wore on,
and he turned to a tale of tumbling down a long tunnel,
she became petulant and withdrew from the others.
He spoke then of the Hatter and the March Hare and the riddle
at the tea party of a writing desk and a raven,
for he saw that the bird inside her had grown dark and sexual.

—Susan Prospere

• •

ary or February.' And that's the way it goes. So we have to buy way ahead. We do keep hounding them, and giving them a critique of every shipment that comes in. I'm not saying it's bad. It is preselected. And they are eager to please. But the quality control is not there the way it was."


THE LATE, GREAT ROLAND TEALE
THE LATE, GREAT PHIL TULLY
THE LATE, GREAT GRACE BOWER
THE LATE, GREAT TED SLOCUM
THE LATE, GREAT PAUL VINCENT
LORENZ

* * *

EVEN before Kusse opened up shop as a rodmaker, his name was known to a number of people in the angling community, largely because of his activities as a fly-tier and a demonstrator of fly casting in upstate New York. Kusse spent the first four decades of his life in the Rochester area, and it was there that, as a boy, he began fishing and making rods—including his first bamboo rod, which he made when he was twelve years old. He was born in Rochester on February 15, 1934, and he attended the local schools. His father, a millwright foreman for the Delco Appliance Division of General Motors, died when Kusse was fourteen, and after graduating from high school Kusse went to work for the Eastman Kodak Company, one of many large corporations based in the Rochester area, as a color-print processor. Photography was one of his hobbies—he had taken courses in the subject at the Rochester Institute of Technology when he was in high school—and after eight years of inspecting color prints at Kodak, making sure that the color and the exposure and the head cropping were correct, he left the company to make his living with a camera.

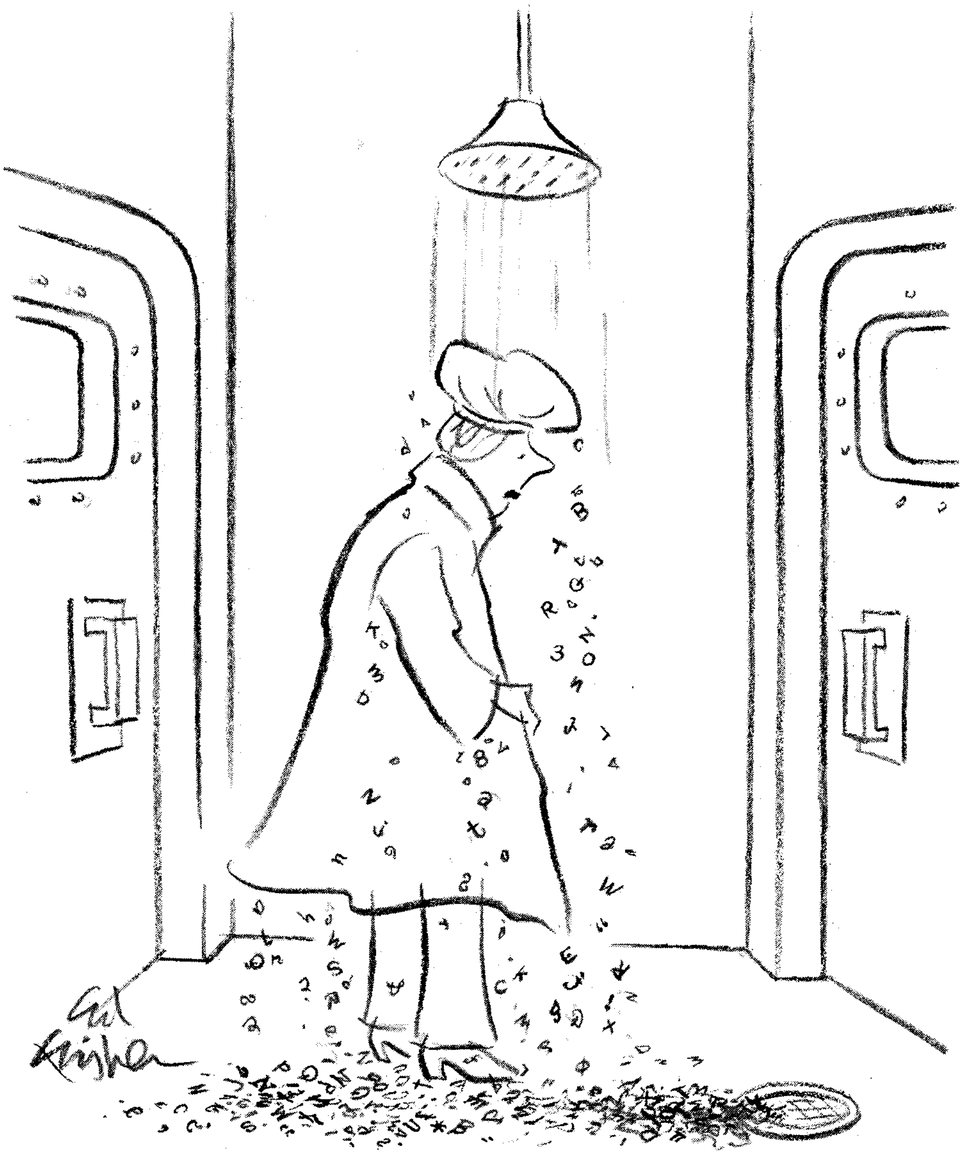
In 1962, Kusse went to work for a company that ran a chain of photography studios in the Northeast. He took pictures of graduating seniors, of weddings, of babies, of soldiers who had just completed their basic training, and at one time he took yearbook pictures for a mortuary school. His career as a studio photographer came to an abrupt end when, as a result of an accident in Syracuse, he was incapacitated for nearly a year. The accident occurred while Kusse was standing between two cars, trying to connect them with a towbar. A bakery truck smashed into the rear car, pinning Kusse between the bumpers of the two cars. "I was in bad shape," he told me. "Couldn't walk. I was in bed for a long while, and then I was on a cane and in a great deal of pain all the time."

When Kusse got back on his feet, he began looking for work as a photographer again. Local merchants gave him work taking pictures for their newspaper advertisements, and he began suggesting to them that he write their advertising copy as well. He became a one-man free-lance advertising agency. "I was physically incapable of doing a whole lot, so I went into the advertising business," Kusse told me. "It's not hard to write copy or take pictures. There might have been a little mental anguish now and then, but to take some pictures and write some copy was not particularly difficult." One of his clients was a company that sold various brands of sewing machines, and this company soon offered him a job writing its advertisements and selling the machines as well. "I don't like to sell, but I am a pretty good salesman," he said. When a potential customer called about an advertisement, off he would go to demonstrate and sell a sewing machine.

Selling sewing machines may have been somewhat distasteful to Kusse, but he did well at it—so well, in fact, that he could afford to become a good customer of the H. L. Leonard Rod Company, a small but highly respected firm whose bamboo rods set the standard of split-cane craftsmanship for decades. "In 1972, the Leonard people were looking to start a retail store and have someone take over that part of the business for them, so they could concentrate on rodmaking," Kusse said. The company's principals at that time knew of Kusse's activities, and they offered him a vice-presidency and stock options in the company.

Early in 1973, Kusse, with his wife, Eileen, and their two children, Rebecca, now eighteen, and Eric, fourteen, moved from Rochester to Washingtonville—the Leonard Company was in Central Valley, a few miles south of there—and Kusse became, in effect, the public face of Leonard. "I wore a lot of hats there," he said. "I was in charge of sales at the retail store and of the wholesale, dealer program. I was in charge of casting seminars. I appeared on TV talk shows and on sportsmen's programs. I also wrote the Leonard newspaper, took all the pictures for it, put the whole thing together, and made sure that it was printed and mailed on time. I handled the flytying classes, and I conducted as many as a dozen fishing schools each

AN EMPLOYEE OF MERRIAM-WEBSTER, AT DAY'S END, PASSES THROUGH DECONTAMINATION



year—three-day fishing schools. What else? I composed, photographed, and physically put together all the advertisements for the sportsmen's magazines."

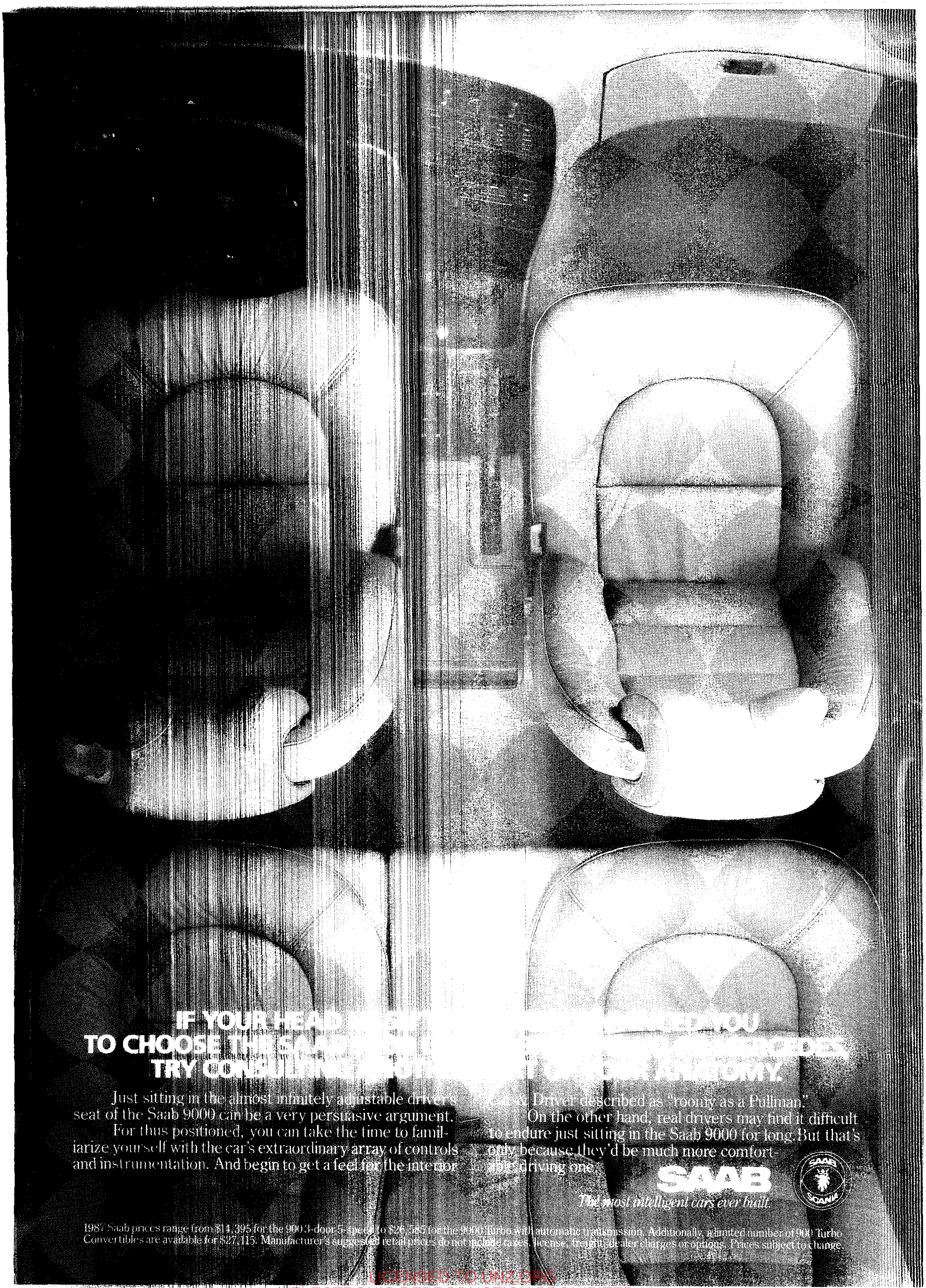
When Kusse had been at Leonard only a few months, the company was sold to an educational-publishing concern in New Jersey, and in 1976 the New Jersey owners decided that they didn't want to keep the company, either. The little firm passed into the hands of the corporate giant S. C. Johnson and Son, whose owner, Samuel Johnson, is a fly-fisherman. Kusse was not happy with what he saw as an essential conflict between artisans and businessmen, and the job at Leonard grew increasingly unappealing to him. With the company's approval, he had been making and selling a few cane rods himself, so he knew that he could become an independent rodmaker if that proved to be necessary.

A coyote influenced Kusse's decision. In March of 1981, he was on the Northway, going to visit a Leonard dealer in Lake Placid, when he saw the coyote sitting on the shoulder of the highway. As Kusse's car approached, the animal darted out in front of him. The car swerved, and the right front wheel hit some sand and salt at the side of the road. The car skidded, rolled down an embankment, and turned over several times. With only minor injuries, Kusse gathered his belongings, kicked the car window out, and crawled to safety. When he returned to work, the following Monday, the man who was by that time in charge of the company said, "How are you? Are you feeling all right? And can you go back on the road next Monday?" Wounded more by this corporate insensitivity than by his accident, Kusse was sitting in his office when, an hour or so later, the man in charge called him back in and asked if he knew a certain Leonard customer and had any idea about how discriminating this customer might be. The man then handed Kusse a rod—an eight-hundred-dollar Leonard bamboo rod.

"I looked the rod over," Kusse told me. "It needed more varnish on the reel seat, it had a fingermark on one winding, and it needed more straightening. Nothing major was wrong, really, but I pointed all these things out, and he said, 'Well, if we send it down to the customer this way, will it stick?' And I said, 'That's not the point. The point is that it's not right.' And that was it. I gave them two weeks' notice. I told two people that week that I was going into rodmaking full time. They told two other people, and by the time that week was finished I was a month back-ordered, and by the time six months was over I was more than a *year* back-ordered, and it has never changed."

ABOUT every year and a half, an eighteen-wheel semitrailer backs into Kusse's driveway and leaves a supply of Tonkin cane. A typical shipment consists of three bales, with twenty-five twelve-foot lengths of bamboo in each bale. On the table saw in his shop Kusse cuts his cane into workable lengths; fifty of the seventy-five pieces are cut into four-foot lengths, and the rest are cut into six-foot lengths, so that Kusse has two hundred pieces of cane to work with—enough for perhaps a hundred rods. Kusse's workshop was originally intended to be a garage, but now the family cars stay outside. The cane stands in the corner to the left as you enter through the garage door, behind the oil-storage tank.

Kusse is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs about two hundred pounds, and he has the build of an athlete. He has brown hair flecked with gray, and hazel eyes that are somewhat sad and sleepy-looking—a result, perhaps, of the hours he puts in. He has been known to start work at nine in the morning and continue until sunrise the next day, sleep for a few hours, and return to the shop refreshed and ready to go again. "One of the



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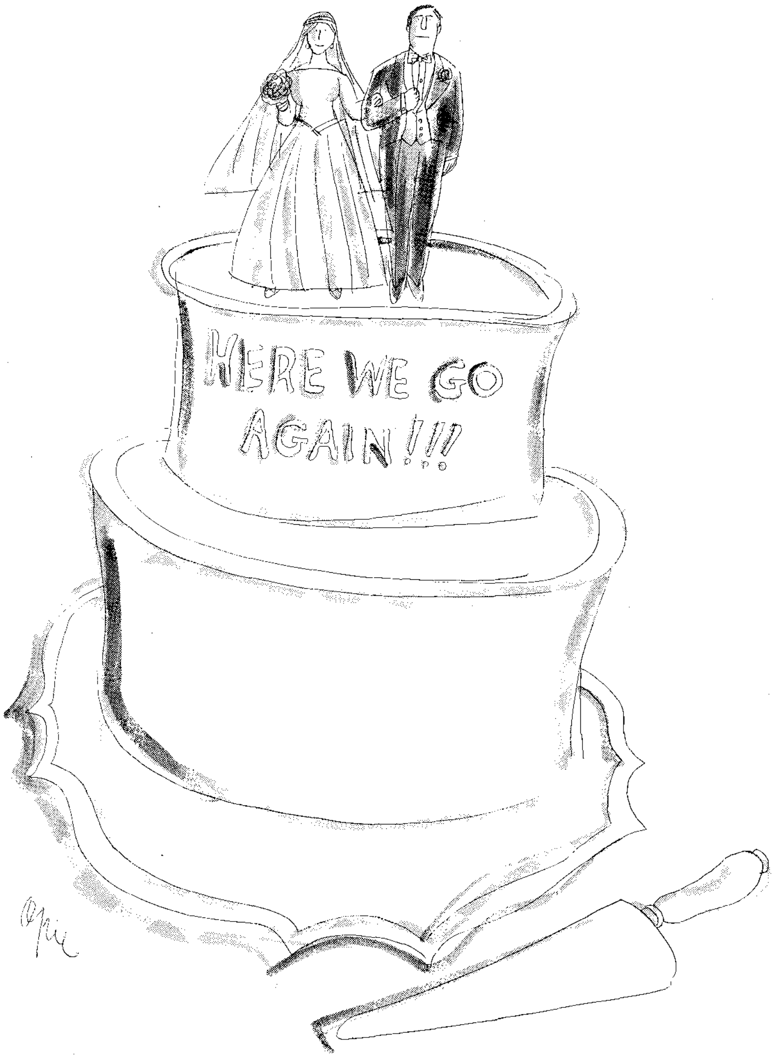
reasons I left Leonard was that I wanted to be able to spend more time with my family, and now I'm home almost a hundred per cent of the time," Kusse told me. "And despite the hours I work I see a lot of other people, too. During the fishing season, ten or twelve people a day drop by to talk about fishing or flytying or to order a rod—corporate presidents, lawyers, doctors, all sorts of people." Since Kusse works alone all day long, he welcomes the company, but he does not necessarily stop what he is doing when visitors arrive. "Most of them just sit here in the sawdust and watch me work," he said.

Kusse usually dresses for work in bluejeans and a black T-shirt and pull-on leather work boots. If the weather is cold, he sometimes wears a tan windbreaker many sizes too large for him—a relic of a time when he weighed a hundred pounds more than he does now. In the shop, where he spends most of his time, are two milling machines for transforming lengths of bamboo into strips that make up fishing rods; a grindstone for sharpening; a drill press; two bench vises; two wood lathes; a buffer; three belt sanders; two metal lathes; a drilling-and-milling machine for metalworking; and the table saw. The rear wall of the shop bristles with tools—chisels in all sizes, files, knives, drill bits, screwdrivers, pliers, wrenches, scissors, clamps, micrometers, saws of various kinds, hammers, mallets.

When Kusse gets a new supply of bamboo, the larger pieces, roughly two and a half inches in diameter, are sorted out and marked for use in the butt sections of fly rods, and the smaller pieces, an inch and three-fourths to two inches, are marked for use in the tip sections. As a rule, the larger the diameter of the cane, the thicker its fibre walls will be—the cellulose fibres running the length of the cane, which are known as the primary fibres or, more commonly among rodmakers, the power fibres. If the rod is to receive the decorative touch known as flaming, that is applied at this point. Tonkin cane is normally a light honey color; to flame it—darken it here and there, to give the finished rod a subtle dappled effect—Kusse uses a propane torch. "I like the flaming," he said when I watched him apply the torch to several pieces of bamboo. "Nothing in nature is one color. The bottom of a stream is dappled. The sunlight on leaves is dappled. The flaming seems to blend in well with nature." Flamed or plain, each culm is split lengthwise with a large knife and a mallet; the blade, as it is tapped through the cane, follows the grain of the fibres. When the culm is split in half, a fibrous interior diaphragm at each node is popped out with a ball-peen hammer. Kusse then runs each half through his table saw, using a small metal gauge to cut the cane into strips narrow enough to fit through his milling machines—roughly a quarter of an inch. Next, with the belt sander, he removes the interior nodes and the cane's pithy interior wall and grinds one end of each strip to a point.

To straighten the strips—if straightening is necessary at this point—Kusse holds them, one at a time, in front of the barrel of a heat gun, a slightly larger version of a hand-held hair dryer. Eighteen strips go into a two-piece rod—six for the butt section and six for each of the two identical tip sections. (Traditionally, a cane rod has come with an extra tip section, because the tip tends to be more fragile than the butt section.) Kusse files the interior nodes level with the surface of the power fibres and then turns the strips over and removes the bamboo's bark, or rind, which is not like the rough, scaly bark on a deciduous tree—bamboo is actually a hollow-stemmed giant grass—but more like a very thin enamel layer. Each strip takes from five to ten minutes to file—up to three hours of filing for one rod. As Kusse files, he works without hurry; his face takes on a look of concentration and serenity—the look of a man deriving intense satisfaction from his work.


HERE WE GO AGAIN!!!

THE first of the two milling machines that the bamboo goes through, called the pre-miller, cuts angles into the strips, making them, viewed from the end, triangular. If Kusse is making a rod that requires six strips of cane—that is the usual number for a modern bamboo rod, although there are also five-strip rods, and Kusse has recently made a number of four-strip, or quadrate, rods—the cutters in the pre-miller are set to cut a sixty-degree angle on the interior planes of each strip. After the strips go through the pre-miller, they next ride through the cutters—forty-two metal cutting heads—atop a maple pattern bar that has gentle steps cut into it: the rod's tapers, in reverse.

The tapers that

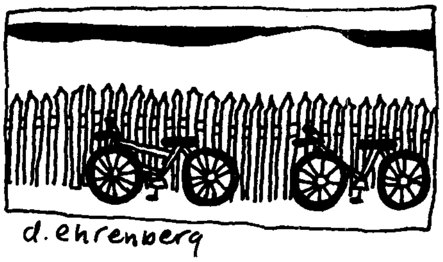
Kusse now uses he developed not long after going into business for himself. Every rodmaker has a so-called book of tapers, with detailed diagrams of how the cane is supposed to step down (or, in what is known as a compound taper, step up as well as down) along its length. It is the rod's tapers that will determine its action and how it performs. Kusse started out with what he now regards as somewhat old-fashioned, or slower, tapers, but soon changed them. Going to various outdoor expositions in the Northeast—including one held each year at Suffern, New York—he found that some prospective customers shied away from bamboo rods. About this experience he said, "Several people told me, 'I'd like to buy one of your rods, but I'm not willing to give up the performance of graphite rods.' Now, when a number of people tell you that, you say, 'Wait a minute. Maybe they have something.' So while I was at the Suffern show I cast a bunch of rods—everybody's graphite I could get my hands on, and everybody's cane rod, including my own—and I found that the graphites *would* cast better. They were more accurate, they had a higher line speed. I went home and I spent three weeks working in the shop just developing new tapers. I came up with a set of tapers that I think will outperform any graphite."

When the strips are ready to be assembled into a rod, Kusse fusses with them until they nestle comfortably together. Tonkin cane has a node every foot or so along its length, and since the nodes are the weakest points they are arranged so that they do not abut one another. This is also an aesthetic matter. The spot where the nodes have been filed will show up faintly on a finished rod, and if all the node areas abutted, the effect would be that of a ring around the rod. Kusse does not tend to worry about whether all the strips he is assembling into a rod come from the same piece of cane, although other rodmakers have had their theories about this matter. "One theory is that the whole rod should be made out of one piece of cane—Everett Garrison's theory," Kusse said one day. Garrison, who died in 1975, was considered by many people to be the finest craftsman ever to work with Tonkin cane. "Another theory is that the whole rod should be made out of two pieces of cane—the Leonard Company's theory, and also that of a number of other people. When cane grows, because the prevailing winds come from one direction you don't have the same strength, the same depth of power fibres, all the way around the piece of cane. Occasionally you will, but many pieces of cane will have a thinner band of power fibres on two sides than they will on the two other sides, so if you're using one piece of cane all its inherent weaknesses are in that one rod, and not all the pieces will be the same strength. I use random pieces, but on each one a deflection test is done before the rod is finally put together, and that way all the strips will have the same strength. I put a weight on each one, and when it bends down I know that all the strips in that rod will be within a certain tolerance."

After the strips have been through the milling process, Kusse looks them over carefully before going further. "You're constantly inspecting them," he told me. "Every time you pick up a piece of cane to do something to it, you inspect it, because you're constantly finding things wrong—maybe not very serious things—but by the time you're finished you've inspected it enough that you know every inch of that rod very closely and know that there are no problems with it."

Satisfied that the eighteen strips are up to standard, Kusse uses a small plane called a finger plane to remove a strip two-thousandths of an inch thick from the apex of each piece; this will allow the strips to fit together perfectly when there is glue on them. He then puts them together into the two tip sections and the butt section, and, with a hand-cranked winding machine, spirals thin nylon cord along the length of each section and then counter-spirals it, or cross-wraps it, in the other direction. The cross-wrapping keeps the rod from twisting or warping during the next step—the tempering, which drives moisture out of the cane and hardens the power fibres.

Hanging from chains bolted into the ceiling in the basement just outside the garage workshop are two large steel hooks, and Kusse uses these to suspend a six-foot length of black iron pipe—the oven in which the rod sections are tempered. The pipe has a threaded cap screwed to each end, and the caps have holes in them to allow steam to escape. To heat the pipe, Kusse uses two propane torches, moving the blue jets of flame back and forth along the length of pipe as if he were painting it with two small brushes. "In about twenty minutes, steam starts appearing from the vent hole at each end," Kusse said. The pipe is heated for perhaps twenty minutes more, until the temperature inside reaches five hundred degrees—this is no longer a matter of precise measurement for Kusse but more a matter of feel and experience—and then the cane, which shrinks almost ten per cent from the loss of moisture, is allowed to cool inside the pipe.



The tempered strips are fanned open, and Kusse paints the interior surfaces with glue—American Cyanamid Urac 185. Obviously, any glue used on a fishing rod has to be waterproof, and it must also be flexible when it has dried. In earlier times, rodmakers used what were sometimes known as hide glues, made in part from processed animal hides. In addition to giving rise to a number of bad jokes about aged horses and glue factories, such adhesives were damnable because they eventually became brittle and lost their holding power, and because they were not waterproof. Once the strips have glue on them—they are quite messy with glue at this point—they go through the wrapping machine again, and then into the varnishing room, which is essentially a heated five-by-eight closet that Kusse built into one corner of the basement. There they stand on a rack and bask at roughly a hundred and ten degrees, until the glue is cured to Kusse's satisfaction. The glue dries quickly—in less than an hour—but Kusse gives the rod sections, which are known as joints, several hours in the heat of the varnishing room.

Now the joints are unwrapped. With the ends not perfectly even, and with bumps and scales of glue standing out in an X pattern (from the cross-wrapped cord) all along their length, they are quite ugly to behold; they suggest none of the beauty, and even elegance, that the finishing steps will give to them. Each joint is filed and sanded with fine sandpaper and buffed with steel wool. "And at that point the cane becomes almost shiny," Kusse said, handing me the joints of the rod he was working on. The surface of the cane was smooth and almost reflective, and the rod had begun to look more like a rod. The joints are next measured for exact length. The rod I had ordered from Kusse was to be a seven-and-a-half-foot two-piece rod—ninety inches long, or forty-five inches long for each section. After the rod is cut to length, the thick end of each of the tip sections and the thin end of the butt section are sanded down so that they will smoothly accept the sleeves of the male and female ferrules. The reel seat and the grip go on next—the grip, whether of hardwood (walnut, maple, cherry) or cork rings, has to be turned to shape on the woodworking lathe—and then a little six-sided nickel-silver ring, known as the winding check, which abuts the top of the grip. The rod is now ready for the finishing touches.

RODMAKERS have always taken great pride in the way they finish a rod. It is the cosmetics that make a split-cane rod no mere fishing tool but something beautiful to hold in the hand, to sit and admire at streamside on a warm spring afternoon. Catching fish is, after all, a small part of fly-fishing. A speck of dust that would not trouble a gnat's eye can, under several coats of varnish, bring about a bump that would cause some rodmakers to sand down the joint one more time and refinish it.

Varnishing takes up a lot of the fifty to sixty hours that Kusse spends making a bamboo rod. On varnishing day, he seemed a little more resolute—almost as if he were bracing himself mentally for a demanding task. "My rods have three and sometimes four coats of varnish on them," Kusse said. "And they're sanded after each coat. A wooden grip will get from fifteen to eighteen coats. On the grip, you really don't go by the numbers. You go by the way it feels." Kusse cuts the varnish—Valspar No. 10, which is used principally for the brightwork on boats—with paint thinner, and filters it twice. The varnish and the unfinished rod then go into the varnishing room to warm up, so they are the same temperature when the varnish goes on the cane. The thinning and the sanding allow Kusse to build up a fine, even finish on the rod. If the varnish is too thick when a rod is completed, the finish may crack more readily. (Varnished rods should not be used when the outside temperature falls below fifty degrees; cold weather can make varnish brittle and subject to cracking.) If a rod is colder than the varnish when the rod is dipped into it, the disparity in temperature causes an orange-peel effect—a rippled surface. On the left wall of the varnishing room as you enter are a hygrometer and a thermometer. The day I watched Kusse in the varnishing room, the humidity was forty-eight per cent, the temperature a hundred and twelve degrees.

The varnish goes into an aluminum tube, which is placed upright in a short section of pipe set permanently into the concrete floor. Kusse used to dip the rod sections by hand, but now he uses a motorized pulley arrangement, which leaves both hands free to clean the line guides (they get dipped, too, when the third coat of varnish goes on) as the rod sections emerge from the warm varnish. The rods emerge slowly—an inch or so every ten seconds—so the varnish will coat the surface evenly. During the varnishing, Kusse does not speak. Every action is slow and deliberate. The only noise in the varnishing room comes from a dehumidifier humming away in one corner.

After the first coat of varnish goes on, the rod hangs in the varnishing room for a couple of days, until it is thoroughly dry. It is then sanded, washed down with alcohol, and dusted off with a clean paintbrush. If a second primary coat seems to be needed, it is dipped once more and hung to dry. When the second coat is dry and the rod is sanded and cleaned once more, the line guides are wound in place with golden silk thread. The windings themselves get perhaps eight coats of varnish separate from the varnishing of the rod; this varnish is applied with a small sable brush such as an artist might use for watercolors. Even the varnish on the silk windings gets lightly sanded between coats.

"After the rod has had the required number of coats of varnish—so it has had all the filling that you feel is necessary—you sand it down again and then wipe it down with alcohol," Kusse said. "You give it another inspection, and by this point you should never find anything wrong—and I never do. But you always give it one more inspection. Then the rod is dipped for a semi-finish coat and is left to dry. After that coat is truly dry, it is sanded down with little slips of sandpaper. Again the rod is washed down with alcohol, and then it's blown off and brushed with the clean paintbrush, so there is absolutely no dust or anything on it, and the rod is then given a

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final coat of varnish. And then you make the hardware."

The slide band that holds one foot of the reel on the reel seat is made from a nickel-silver bar, and so is the little butt cap; Kusse creates both of them on the metal lathe. After the hardware is buffed to a high gloss with jeweller's rouge and the buffing wheel, Kusse puts fine, decorative knurling on it with a cutter on the metal lathe, and on the butt cap he stamps his logotype: "RON KUSSE MAKER."

ONE evening, Kusse sat on a couch in a corner of his basement, and I sat in a comfortable upholstered chair, turning my completed rod over and over in my hands, admiring the virtually flawless finish on the glassy planes making up its hexagonal shape, the walnut graining of the grip and the reel seat under an almost mirror-like surface, the subtle signature winding. Almost every independent rodmaker puts a signature winding on his rods—a subdued decorative touch that goes just above the grip and the winding check. Kusse's signature wrap begins with a few turns of maroon silk, followed by a few turns of dark brown, of gold, of beige, and is finished off with maroon again—"a slight autumnal accent," he calls it.

We spent some time that evening talking about a few products that Kusse would like to develop—a vise for flytiers among them, and a new fly reel that he has designed—but the conversation always came back to Tonkin cane. "I enjoy working with cane," Kusse told me. "It is creating something out of basic raw materials, and I like that. It's a tangible showing of somebody's ability to work very meticulously on something. As far as my work goes, I've got the best deal in the world. I've got a hobby I can make a living at—which is a tremendous thing. And after all this time I still get excited over what I make. I look at it, and I say, 'That's nice.' It may not be perfect, but, by God, it's nice. And I look at it against other rods and I say, 'That is *damned* nice.' "

—C. P. CROW

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CORRECTION

A survey of salaries and benefits (*The Chronicle*, May 13) incorrectly stated that University of Idaho President Richard D. Gibb is provided with a Pontiac. He is provided with an Oldsmobile.—*Chronicle of Higher Education.*

Now then, on to lesser matters.

REFLECTIONS

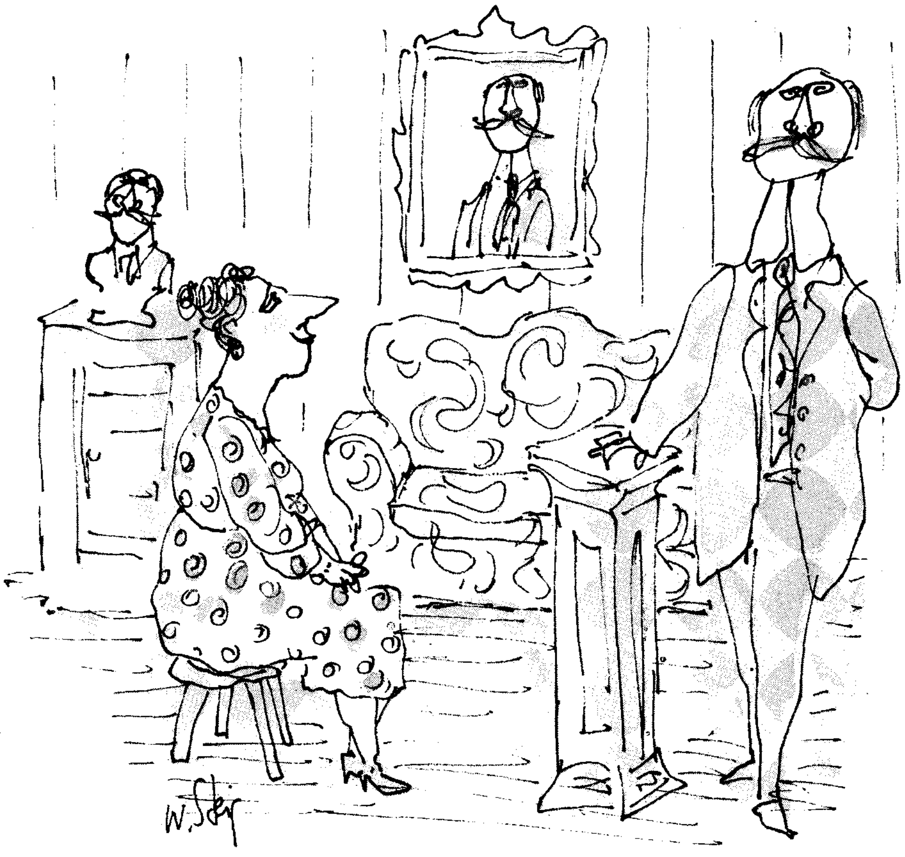
EXPERIENCING PLACES—I

JUST walking through the vast main concourse of Grand Central Terminal, in New York—something that over half a million people do every working day—almost always triggers in me a spontaneous and quiet change in perception. It alters what I know about my surroundings and about whatever is going on around me, and at the same time modifies my sense of what all these things mean to me. The change—one that is reasonably well known to all of us, or is at least lodged somewhere in our memories—lets me gently refocus my attention, and allows a more general awareness of a great many different things at once: sights, sounds, smells, and sensations of touch and balance as well as thoughts and feelings. When this general kind of awareness occurs, I feel relaxed and alert at the same time. In addition, I notice a sort of unhurried feeling—a feeling that there's time enough to savor all the sights and sounds and other sensations coming in. Our habitual style of thinking, it is often said, is a stream of consciousness; but this feeling—I call it simultaneous perception—seems calmer, more like a clear and reflective lake. While our normal waking consciousness works to simplify perception, and so allows us to act quickly and flexibly by helping us to stay oblivious of almost everything around us, simultaneous perception broadens and diffuses the beam of attention across all the senses, so we can take in whatever is there to be received. Using simultaneous perception, we can experience our surroundings and our reactions to them, and not just our own thoughts and desires.

The main concourse of Grand Central—an enormous room, with fourteen entrances—is only one part of an intricate structure that was opened to the public in February of 1913 and is justly famous as a crossroads, a noble building, an essential part of midtown Manhattan, and an ingenious piece of engineering that can handle large numbers of trains, cars, and people at once. You can buy a ticket and get train information in the concourse—and these days you can also buy a flower or a drink or a meal—but the main purpose of the room is to move people through it. It was designed to handle huge crowds, and to impress people with the immensity and the dignity of enclosed public places in a modern city. From the accounts left by its builders, however, it was not designed to provide the experience actually available there today. That experience is one of the unplanned treasures of New York.

The concourse is four hundred and seventy feet long and a hundred and sixty feet wide, and it is a hundred and fifty feet—fifteen stories, perhaps—from the floor to the peak of the vaulted ceiling. The room has arched windows thirty-three feet wide and sixty feet high that are deep enough to have corridors running through them—a series of walkways built between the outer glass and the inner glass in each window—and it has constellations painted on the ceiling, with sixty of the stars really glowing, because they are small light bulbs. A balcony thirty feet wide and twenty feet above the floor runs along every wall except the south one. From the west balcony a marble staircase pours down and then divides in two to flow around steps that lead from the concourse to a lower concourse for suburban trains. The main concourse is bigger than the nave of Notre-Dame, and it is sometimes called awe-inspiring or referred to as an American cathedral, but the experience it offers has to do with day-to-day urban living: it's a sort of introductory course (or, for old-timers, a refresher course) in how to join the choreography of New York City.

The experience of the concourse seems to have changed very little in the last seventy-four years. At least, what I find there now is substantially true to what I found there forty years ago, when I was six and a newcomer to the city. Two major attention-grabbing additions to this huge room since the late nineteen-forties—a big illuminated clock and stock ticker on the south wall and a gigantic illuminated Kodak photograph on the east wall—have not changed the nature of the continuing experience, but by claiming your eyes when you approach the room from the west, the north, or the south they can distract you from what has always been there and make it seem less available. There are also much sadder sights in the concourse than there used to be: last winter, Grand Central became a principal



Him

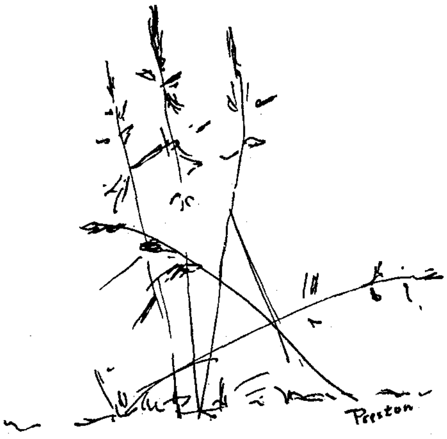
hangout for large numbers of homeless people, as well as for some of those who prey on the homeless.

One recent weekday afternoon around three-thirty, I entered the concourse from the east, through one of the two long, nearly straight passageways that lead in from Lexington Avenue. I came out of the East Side I.R.T. subway into the more southerly of the two straightaways and immediately found myself part of a stream of people, four and five abreast, all of them looking straight ahead and moving at a fast New York clip toward the concourse along the right-hand side of a tunnel only twice the width of the stream itself. Toward me along the left-hand side of the corridor—which is well lighted, has a low white ceiling and a beige marble floor, and is lined with convenience stores—came a second stream of people, just as wide, and moving at the same speed and with the same look. Though I could hear my own footsteps, nearby footfalls and normal tones of voice registered as loud but blurred, indeterminate noises, and although no one was touching me, or even brushing past, I kept feeling that I was about to be bumped into. People sounded closer than they looked, and they seemed closer still, because my eyes and ears couldn't determine whether the people I was looking at were the people making the sounds I could hear. I felt hurried along. My breathing was shallow and slightly constricted; my neck and shoulders were tight. I could smell cookies and pizza baking in the shops around me, but it seemed difficult to look to either side. I could see maybe twelve feet ahead of me—a view consisting entirely of backs of heads and oncoming faces. There was nothing in any of the faces to suggest that they had just come from a different kind of place. The only alternative to hurrying forward seemed to be to swerve right at random and come to rest in front of a shop.

Then these two streams of people crossed a second pair of streams, running at a right angle to them. The stream I was in entered a space with a slightly higher, cross-vaulted ceiling, and I had a second to feel alarmed in retrospect, wondering why no one had bumped into anyone else during the crossing. The whole journey so far had taken something like fifteen seconds. Crossing this new space in the next five or six seconds, I was aware of a slight diminution in the noise around me, felt a slight lightening in my shoulders, noticed that the stores on either side were a vitamin shop and a snack bar, and saw in front of me a different light: grayer, clearer, brighter, less intense. I felt that something in me and near me was about to change.

In another step, I was in the concourse. I knew this first not by sight but by body sensation, sounds, the absence of a smell, and breathing. I felt as if some small weight suspended several feet above my head that I had not been aware of until then had just shot fifteen stories into the air. I straightened up, my breathing slowed down, and I noticed that the scentless air around me was warm. I was walking at the same fast clip, and on the same kind of marble floor, but now, and for the rest of the minute it took me to walk the length of the concourse, I could no longer distinguish the sounds of my own footsteps. All the sounds that reached me seemed to have been fused into a single sound. Vast and quiet, it seemed to be evenly distributed throughout the great room. This sound, pleasant in all its parts, regular in all its rhythms, and humorous and good-natured, seemed also to have buttoned me into some small, silent bubble of space. I felt that I wasn't quite walking but was paddling—or somehow propelling—this bubble across the floor. I became aware that my pace had slowed.

This sound was produced by five hundred or more people talking and walking on marble through the bottom part of eleven million cubic feet of air. Within two or three feet of where I stood, I could hear separate voices: "Take care, now," and "Yep, see you tomorrow," and "All 'board!" And quite often, and from quite far away, I could hear laughing. The rest of what I heard was just the single commingled sound. I could see, quite clearly, two things: an unmoving framework made up of marble floor, tall piers, arched windows, high barrel vault, daylight, and faint electric stars; and the swirling, living motion of five hundred people walking, two and three abreast, from and toward the fourteen entrances and exits of the concourse. Moving silently, as it seemed, within that sound, I noticed once again that no one was bumping into anyone else—that every time I thought I myself might be about to bump into people near me both I and they were already accelerating slightly, or decelerating, or making a little sidestep, so that nobody ever collided. On top of this, the weightless sensation in my head gave me the feeling that I could look down on all this movement, in addition to looking out at it. I had a sense that the coöperation I was a part of kept on repeating itself throughout the vast room around me and the vaster city beyond it.

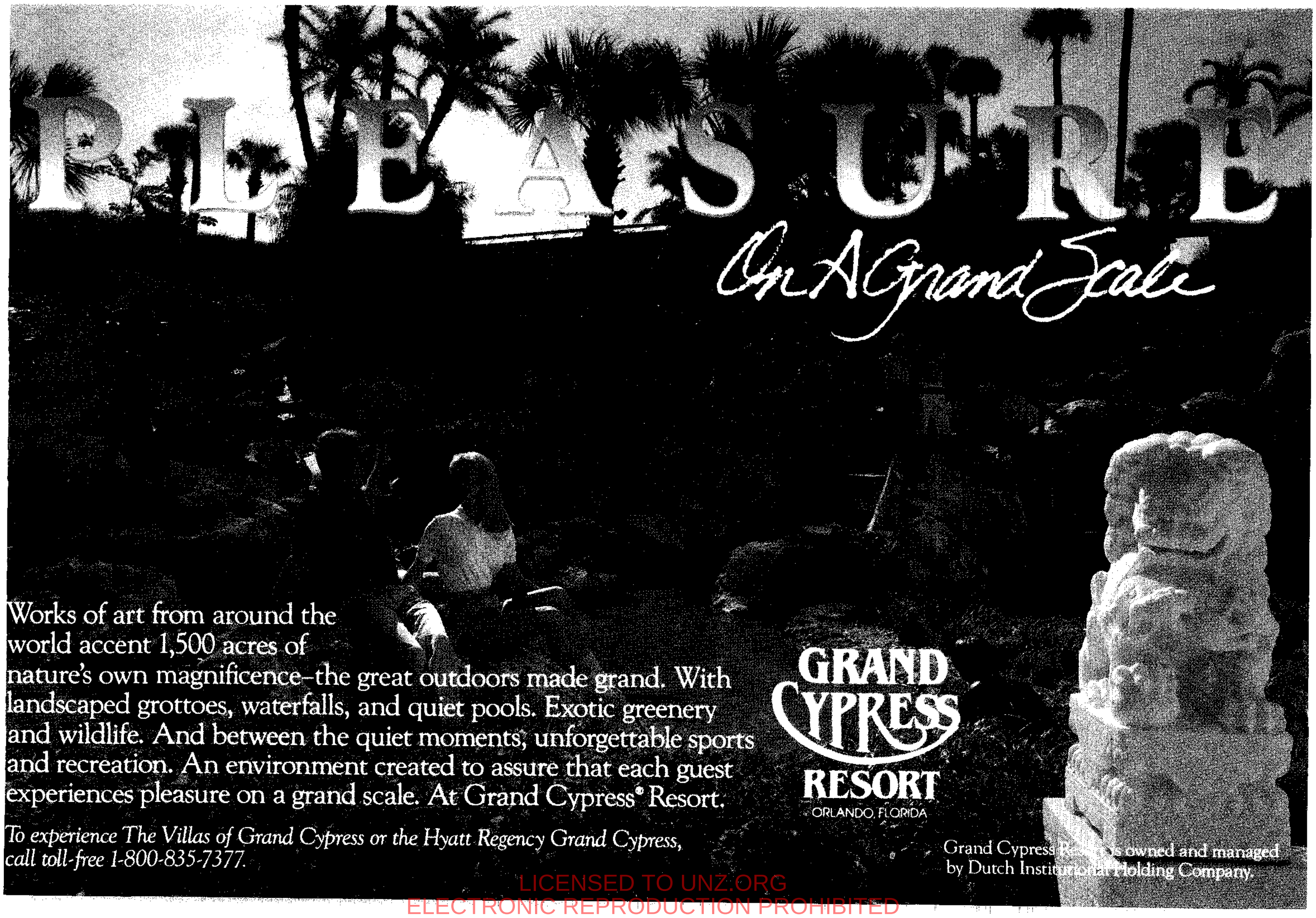


I thought, as I have many times in the concourse, that if I were a stranger to this overwhelming city it would be helpful to me to know that something in me and in everyone around me already knew how to fit in with all the people circulating through the city and going about their business. After emerging onto Vanderbilt Avenue, I found that when I crossed over and walked along the south side of Forty-third Street I could for a while keep with me this awareness of the coöperation that makes a city possible. It lasted about a block and a half—until, as I was standing at a stoplight at Fifth Avenue, a screaming ambulance and the rest of the traffic brought me back to a more ordinary sense of separateness and disjointedness. At the same time, waiting for the light to change, I could see that even though I could no longer feel it, some form of coöperation was continuing to govern the movements of people near me on the sidewalk. People moving in four different directions passed one another without colliding, and in each minute hundreds of accidents never occurred. Still, the over-all level of coöperation seemed diminished, because there was no sense of connectedness between the people on foot and the people in vehicles.

SEVERAL overlapping kinds of evidence—principally, research findings by public-safety and public-health investigators; discoveries about how the human mind and the human brain function; and a host of personal experiences in a wide range of settings—have in recent years been opening up our understanding of many of the complex and subtle ways in which we commonly interact with our everyday surroundings: train stations and parks and offices and all the other places, man-made and natural, that we live in, move through, and work and play in. Far from being simply a kind of backdrop that we can ignore at will—as long as it permits us to see and breathe adequately—such things as the kind of light around us, the chemical composition of the air, and colors, spaces, materials, shapes, scents, sounds, and views affect our physical health; our mental grasp and agility; our ability to work productively; our sense of self; the ways we interact with other people; our ability to function as citizens in a democracy; even our sense of humanity and our sense of humanity's pressing problems and unfinished business.

An example: Dr. Gary E. Schwartz, a Yale professor of psychology and psychiatry, has found that some scents produce changes in blood pressure comparable to those achieved through meditation; the smell of spiced apple is particularly effective in reducing blood pressure. Another example: Experiments by a bacteriologist and public-health biometeorologist have shown that unscented air, if it contains a certain quantity of small-air ions—clusters of molecules with a negative electrical charge—can lower the amount of serotonin in the midbrain; serotonin is a hormone whose presence is associated with anxiety. The structure of another brain-body system we use for responding to the environment has been traced in some detail: a research psychiatrist has found that some of the light that enters our eyes when we're outdoors in bright sunlight bypasses the cortex and finds its way, in sequence, to the hypothalamus, the spinal cord, a nerve center in the neck, and, finally, the pineal gland, where it suppresses the production of a hormone called melatonin, which may affect mood and also fertility and many other body functions. And preliminary research in the new field of photobiology, or color therapy, indicates that a bubble-gum color called passive pink may have an almost immediate effect on aggressive behavior. When a berserk sixteen-year-old is placed in a four-by-eight-foot passive-pink cell at the San Bernardino County Probation Department, he is calmer within a few minutes. After ten minutes or so, he's sometimes lying on the floor, nearly asleep.

Some people may wonder why, if we've always been responding to light and air and colors and smells, we're only now beginning to notice these things often enough to have suddenly acquired a lot of information on the subject. It is probable, I think, that such investigations have taken place in the postwar period because it has been during the past forty years or so that almost everyone in the Western world has for the first time moved indoors—away from bright sunshine, sealed off from the mountains, forests, and streams that, for instance, naturally have an abundance of small-air ions. In the words of Dr. Richard J. Wurtman, a professor of brain and cognitive science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "we are all unwitting subjects of a long-term experiment on the effects of artificial lighting on our health." Speaking solely about the brain-body systems that respond to light, he has made this interim recommendation: "Until much more is known, we should design indoor lighting to resemble as closely as possible what the sun provides." In all the millennia since our human ances-



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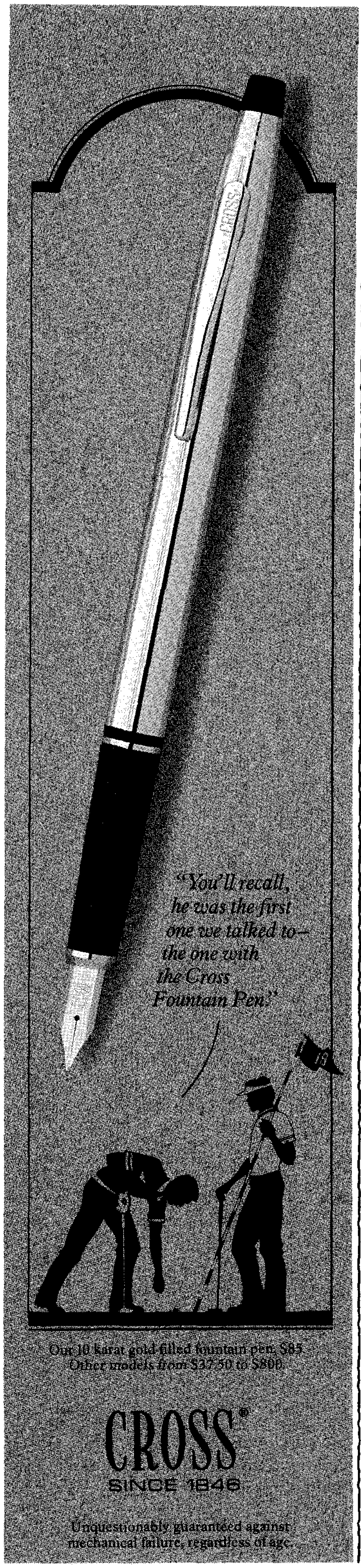

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tors descended from the trees of the forest and learned to stand upright on the savannas of East Africa, we have never before made changes capable of impairing the workings of our particular internal systems that rely on light or scent or aspects of the environment. Now, all of a sudden, it has happened: in America today, almost all of us spend almost all of our time inside, breathing recycled air and absorbing artificial light. And as our internal systems begin to react—badly, more often than not—to this new environment we become aware of their existence. All the time they were unknown, they functioned beautifully, but now that we do know about them we have to take conscious responsibility for creating man-made environments that won't further diminish the healthy performance of these systems.

Brain-body systems have thus become a public-health matter—a health need that whole communities have to think about collectively, because the health of individual people will be determined by the workings of large-scale environments. Modern public-health knowledge got started when nineteenth-century doctors, studying urban diseases, realized that as more and more people lived closer together in cities local springs and wells would no longer automatically flow clean and pure. People got sick more often in these new cities than they did in villages; that was the first fact. Then it was noticed that people took sick in certain areas within the new cities. Eventually, investigators discovered that bacteria that had entered specific wells could cause cholera in everyone who drank the water from the wells. Discoveries like these led to today's extensive systems of reservoirs and legal watershed protection; we try to protect from development the land whose streams feed a city's reservoirs.

Nineteenth-century public-health officials were modern pioneers of the inadvertent, after-the-fact research method that is still being used to uncover various brain-body systems. The basic tool is an ability to be alert to correlations between two different kinds of unintended changes: fluctuations in people's health or mental functioning that point back to specific alterations of the environment. And what makes the search possible is a realization that changing the environment—whether carelessly or in good faith—can disastrously change the information that our surroundings feed to some unsuspected internal mechanism. Now that the universal need for clean water has been so clearly demonstrated as to seem almost self-evident, we have to remind ourselves that it took almost a hundred years to make the point. Decades followed the doublings and triplings in size of English cities and the subsequent alarming increases in the death rates in those cities before it was possible, through the use of maps that showed both the sites of wells and water pumps and the block-by-block spreading of various diseases, to prove the connection between communicable disease and filth in the environment. And forty years more went by before bacteriologists, working in the last decades of the century, began to be able to identify the specific micro-organisms that could cause specific diseases.

But that wasn't the end of it. Public-health researchers have discovered in just the last few years that a twentieth-century use of water—in the systems that cool centrally air-conditioned buildings—has helped cause infections and may contribute to a set of symptoms known as the sick-building syndrome (the symptoms range from headache to sore throat, wheezing, and shortness of breath). Both can be transmitted to occupants of modern high-rise buildings through a process that is simultaneously waterborne and airborne.

Many modern office and residential buildings are tightly sealed structures, their windows permanently closed. Such buildings were at first widely applauded as energy savers, because their integrated heating, ventilating, and air-conditioning (or HVAC) systems reduced heating and cooling expenses by using the same air over and over. The stale air that accumulates in sealed buildings can contribute to outbreaks of sick-building syndrome, in part because it contains contaminants—fungi, bacteria, and gases produced by many of the man-made materials found inside sealed buildings. Fabrics for rugs and upholstery, for instance, are increasingly made from man-made materials. These materials and the adhesives used to apply them can release what Dr. Jan A. J. Stolwijk, an epidemiologist and public-health specialist at the Yale School of Medicine, calls "a variety of volatile organic compounds," which can cause eye and upper-respiratory irritation.

Sometimes the problems of sealed buildings are compounded by the presence in the air of cooling-tower drift—water droplets so fine they can penetrate unnoticed deep into a person's lungs. In an HVAC system, excess heat is vented through cooling towers, and the water in the towers can be invaded by microorganisms, just like the water in a well. Often the fresh-air intake for one sealed building is close to the cooling tower of another sealed building. Drift transmits any bacteria that may be growing in cooling-tower water, and transmits them so efficiently that the possibilities of infection are considerably greater from breathing the drift-laden air than from breathing outdoor air. One of the serious infections brought about by drift is already well known: Legionnaires' disease.

Stolwijk estimates that most sealed buildings are in a sick condition at least part of the time. All this information is changing professional attitudes toward the value of the sealed modern tower. According to a paper that was read at the Third International Conference on Indoor Air Quality and Climate, in Stockholm last year, these buildings may have to be regarded as "a failure." The study of how contaminated water affects human health, it seems, has not yet been completed.

An equally long-running environmental experiment on people has to do with simultaneous perception—the system we use to experience our surroundings. Since simultaneous perception is the only internal mechanism we know about that can combine the responses of all our senses, any change in our surroundings which our senses can register—in the light, in colors, in sounds, in smells, in anything else we can detect—alters the information that this mechanism receives. But what kinds of changes, large or small, or what combinations of changes will actually alter its workings? Beginning with the nineteenth-century cities and continuing through our postwar reshaping of cities, suburbs, and countryside, we have been making changes in the environment at an unprecedented rate. Today's world not only looks very different from the eighteenth-century world but also sounds very different and smells very different. Whatever else these changes have brought us in the way of human benefits or environmental degradation, they have offered us an unparalleled chance to look at how our health and well-being are affected by changing what we can experience in a place.

Surprisingly, this particular inquiry is turning out to be both more extended and more compressed than the long investigation into the need for clean water. Even in the mid-nineteenth century, public-health advocates could present a strong empirical case for clean water—that, for some reason still unknown, it's dangerous not to have it. And they were able to convert this insight into public policy within only a few years; in New York, for example, the old Croton reservoir, a multimillion-dollar project, began sending pure upstate drinking water to the city as early as 1842. In some cases, the more comprehensive understanding of water contamination that was finally provided by late-nineteenth-century researchers only confirmed the validity of major actions taken years before.

While many of the links that connect places and experiences and health have yet to be traced, some people have started treating their own experiences of places in a mid-nineteenth-century-clean-water fashion, by taking action

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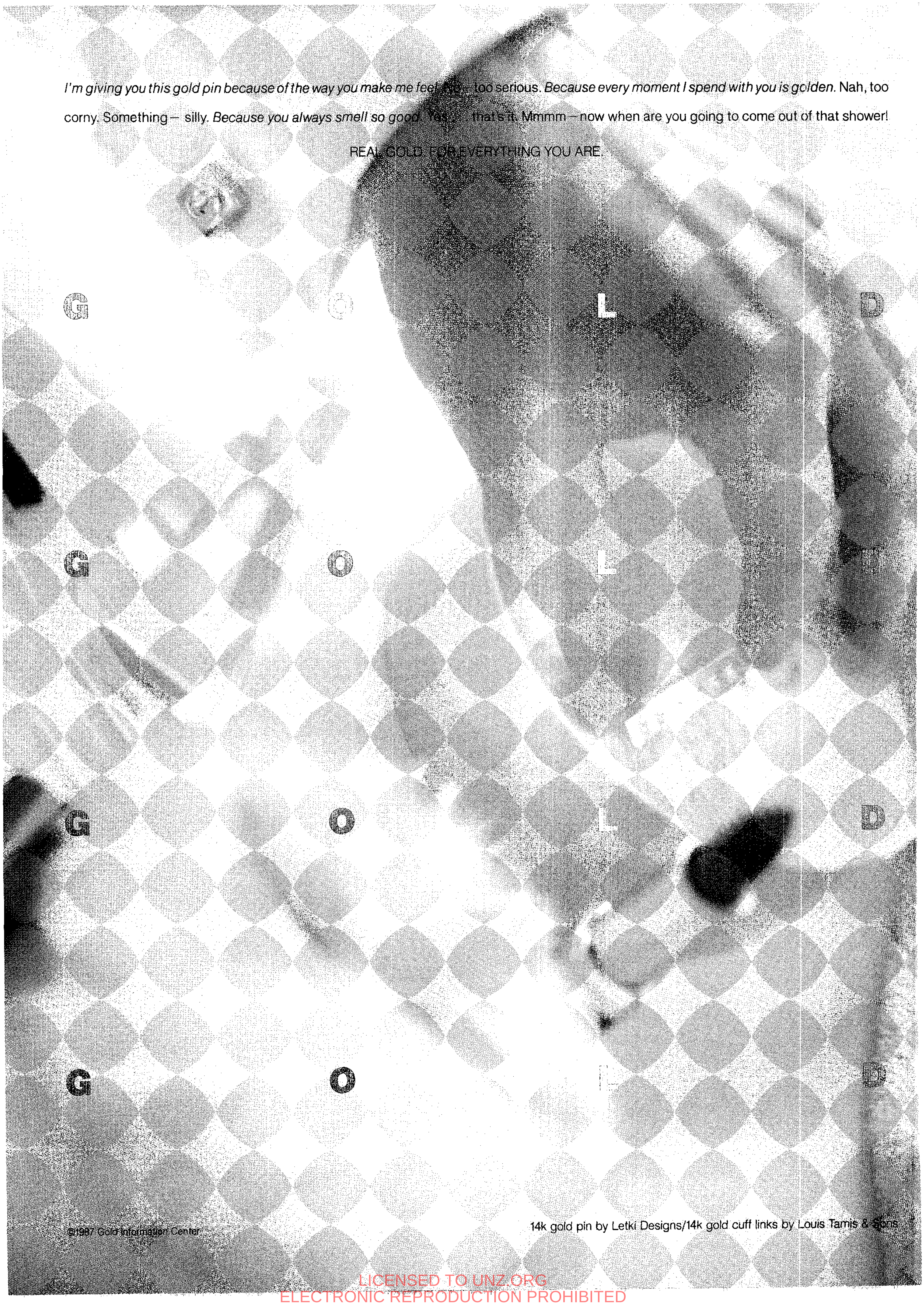

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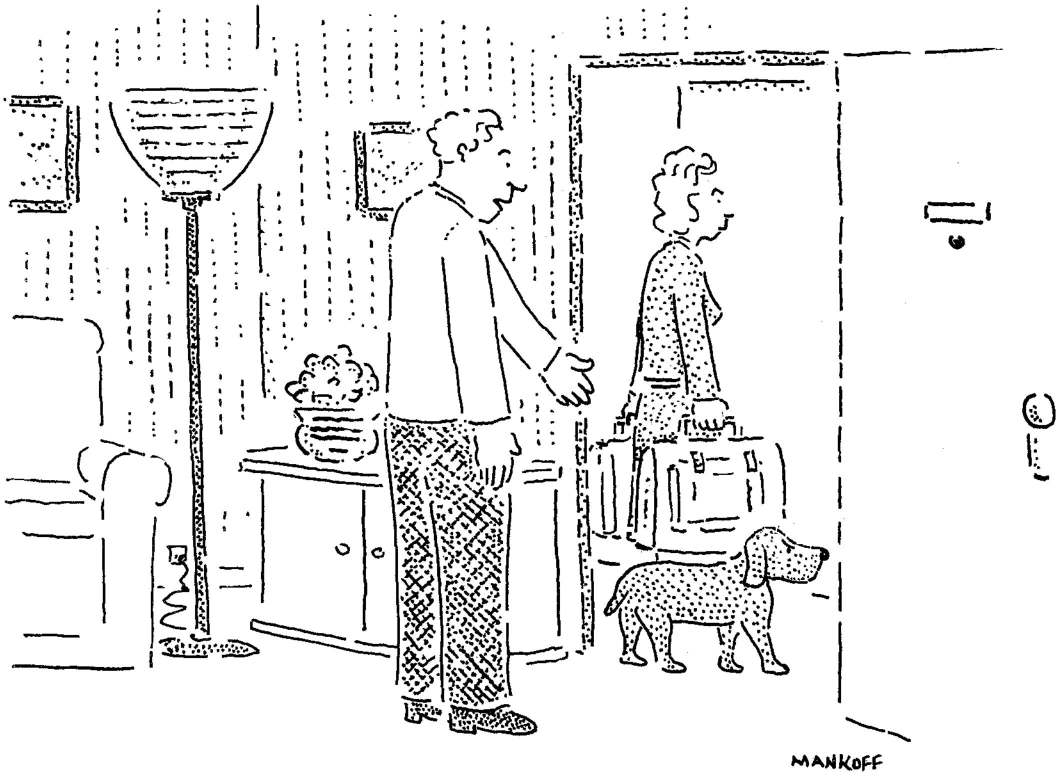

"Et tu, Baxter?"

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to protect experiences that are important to them—for example, fighting to prevent the demolition of places like Grand Central Terminal. Over the past two decades or so, organized citizen efforts like these have resulted in the creation of official municipal-landmarks-preservation commissions in hundreds of American cities. The people involved in this work speak, often, not just of architectural beauty but of the character of a place, or its essential spirit, or the quality of life there, or of its livability, genius, flavor, feeling, ambience, essence, resonance, presence, aura, harmony, grace, charm, or seemliness. These are probably allusions to an actual direct experience of some place. And mention of "people places," or of the individuality of a specific place, or the urban quality there, or its scale, or human scale, or visual charm, or beauty, or scenic quality will most likely be an attempt to convey some specific component of an experience. The language of the laws that set up landmarks-preservation agencies sometimes makes it clear that such experiential considerations are at work. It's part of the job of the eleven commissioners of the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, for instance, to make experiential judgments whenever they have to weigh the merits of a proposal to set up a possible historic district in the city. New York City's Local Law No. 46 of 1965, the Landmarks Preservation and Historic Districts Law, defines for the commissioners the criteria that an area of the city must meet in order to be eligible for designation as a historic district. Historic districts, the law says, "have a special character or special historical or aesthetic interest or value."

In a similar spirit, Christopher Alexander, an architect in Berkeley, California, and five associates spent eight years studying their own and other people's reactions to buildings and cities in order to find out why certain places "make people feel alive and human." In their 1977 book "A Pattern Language," they identify two hundred and fifty-three elements, or aspects (they call them patterns), of rooms, streets, and districts which seem somehow to have definite links with joyful experiences. Eighty-four patterns, or just over a third of those discussed, get two asterisks in the book—the equivalent of three stars in a *Guide Michelin*—to denote connections between place and experience so strong and so consistent as to form what the authors call an "invariant" and also a "deep and inescapable property of a well-formed environment." Some two-asterisk patterns are Identifiable Neighborhood, Sunny Place, Pedestrian Street, Warm Colors, Old People Everywhere, and Four-Story Limit to the height of buildings. ("There is abundant evidence to show that high buildings . . . can actually damage people's minds and feelings.") One two-asterisk pattern, Accessible Green, derives from research by the authors in a Berkeley park which showed that although people get great benefit from a neighborhood park, they tend not to use it if it is more than about seven hundred and fifty feet—about three blocks, that is, or about three minutes' walk—from their doors. "Apparently, there is a threshold . . . where the distance prevents them from meeting their need," the authors report.

In three years of careful observations of how people use or avoid public plazas in New York City, the writer and urban expert William H. Whyte found such precise and demonstrable correlations between what he called "amiable" design, "the quality of experience" available in a plaza, and the fullness or emptiness of that plaza that in 1975 the city redrafted its open-space zoning provisions to incorporate his discoveries. Two interconnected elements of amiable design, Whyte learned from standing outside Paley Park, are shallow steps and low flights of steps. Paley Park is a vest-pocket park on East Fifty-third Street that occupies the site of the old Stork Club, and there are four steps up from street level to park level. In "The Social Life of Small Urban Spaces," Whyte writes:

> Many people will do a double take as they pass by, pause, move a few steps, then, with a slight acceleration, go up the steps . . . Watch these flows and you will appreciate how very important steps can be. The steps at Paley are so low and easy that one is almost pulled to them. . . . You can stand and watch, move up a foot, another, and, then, without having made a conscious decision, find yourself in the park. . . . A slight elevation, then, can be beckoning. Go a foot or so higher, however, and usage will fall off sharply. There is no set cut-off level—it is as much psychological as physical—but it does seem bound up with how much of a choice the steps require. One plaza that people could be expected to use, but don't, is only a foot

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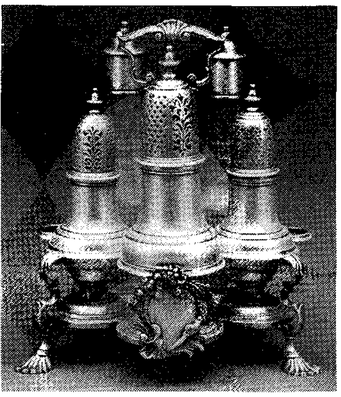

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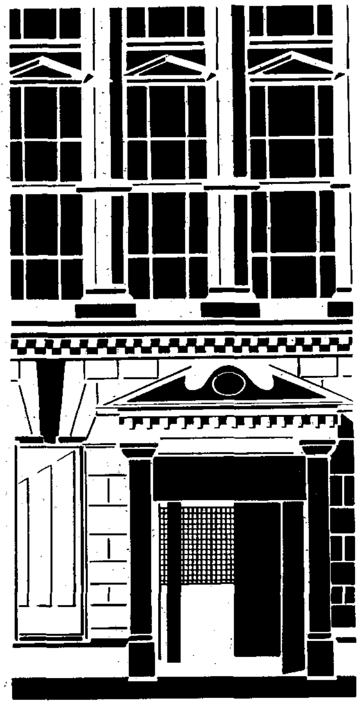

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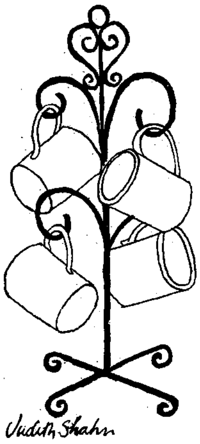
or so higher than two comparable ones nearby. It seems much higher.

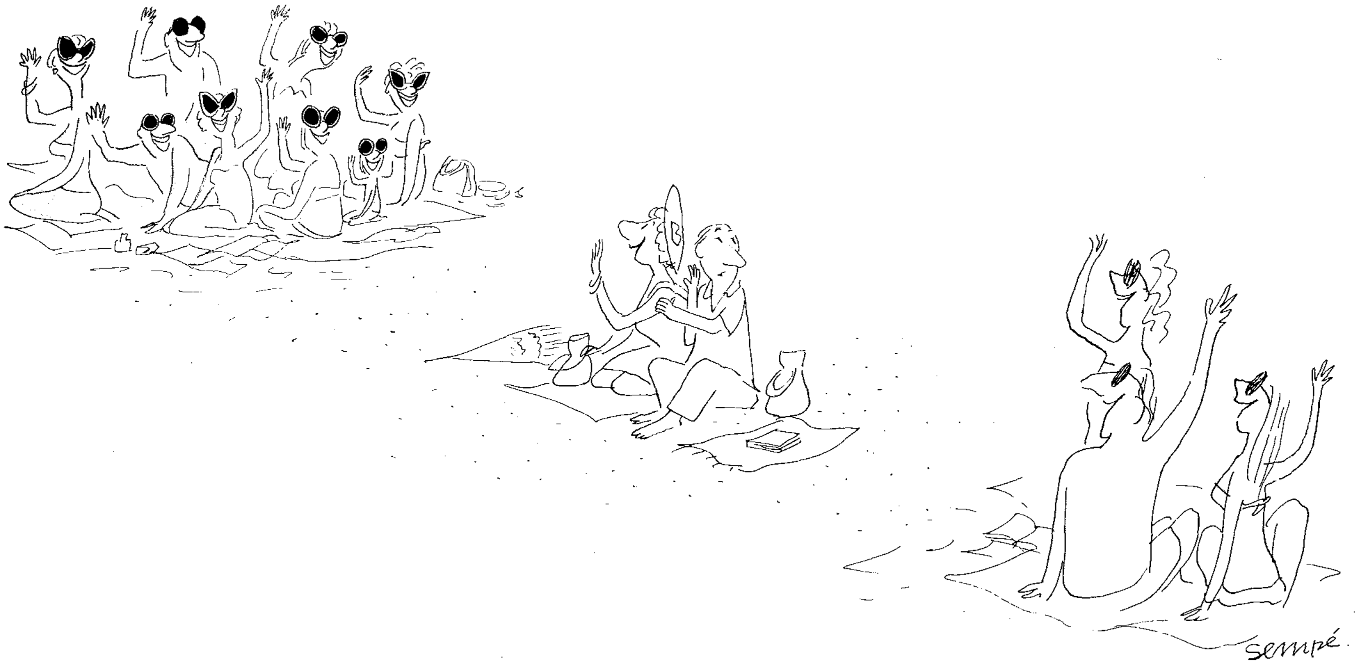
The New York City zoning code now specifies, “The level of an urban plaza shall not at any point be more than 3 feet above nor 3 feet below the curb level of the nearest adjoining street.”

Studies by BOSTI, the Buffalo Organization for Social and Technological Innovation—one of the first firms in a new field called workplace-design research—are also making it clear that there is a relationship between how people experience the offices they work in and their productivity level on the job. “The environment seems to act in non-trivial ways,” says Michael Brill, an architect who's BOSTI's president. A seven-year examination by BOSTI of the conditions in some seventy offices around the country strongly suggests, Brill says, that there are at least seventeen different aspects of office design—ranging from how enclosed an office is to how noisy it is—that can affect job performance, job satisfaction, people's abilities to communicate with other workers in an office, or their satisfaction with their surroundings. Job satisfaction (an index that has to do with turnover, absenteeism, tardiness, and grievances) has always been important to workers, but, unlike job performance (a measure of things like rates of error and the meeting of deadlines), it was until recently not a factor that many employers paid much attention to—largely because there was no way it could be translated into monetary terms. Now, however, a new discipline known as human-resources accounting can calculate job satisfaction as a cost of doing business. It's a real cost: according to BOSTI, in a well-designed office workers will get from five to nine per cent more work done in a year's time. And, says Michael Brill, “the economic benefit could go as high as fifteen per cent if the office were planned and designed to be a perfect fit for the work.”



No one has yet made a compilation of all the reliable empirical findings now available about experiences of places—or of how widely the findings have been acted upon. But already, as even a small sampling can show, the information is so extensive that just by putting it together we can start to see in detail some otherwise shadowy features of the way people relate to their surroundings. One such feature has to do with how close different types of surroundings need to be for people to take advantage of them. Alexander's discovery that Berkeley residents will walk about three blocks to reach a park is closely paralleled, it turns out, by a finding of Whyte's about how far New York City office workers will walk to sit in a public plaza at lunchtime. “Commuter distances” to and from plazas, Whyte says, “are usually short; for most plazas, the effective market radius is about three blocks.” This suggests that office neighborhoods function much as residential neighborhoods do, and that the two have much the same size: if people will walk three minutes to reach a central gathering point, then a neighborhood is, in effect, about six minutes' walking time wide—or, in linear terms, five or six blocks, which is between fifteen and sixteen hundred feet.

Corning Glass Works, a few years ago, according to Philip Langdon, writing in *Metropolis*, a design magazine, had two goals: a new engineering building in Corning, New York, and increased productivity from its engineering and support staff, eight hundred strong. Dr. Thomas J. Allen, a professor at the Sloan School of Management, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who was hired as Corning's consultant, found that more than eighty per cent of an engineer's ideas come from face-to-face contact with colleagues, but also that engineers won't walk more than about a hundred feet from their own desks to exchange thoughts with anyone. The cutoff point in this case is a walk that takes more than half a minute, so conversation has to be available almost next door. Engineers attend conventions reluctantly, he found, and they completely reject any of the technological substitutes for personal encounter. They hate asking for information on the phone, and they get even less out of reading technical journals. Accordingly, the William C. Decker Engineering Building, in Corning, is equipped with twelve separate discussion areas (each one with a coffee machine and wall-size blackboards), and the building's three floors are connected by seven sets of open stairs, two escalators, a double bank of elevators, and several ramps. Corning Glass says it is satis-



"Hold it, sweetie. It's not for us."

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fied with the increase in productivity that has resulted.

LANDMARKS-PRESERVATION commissions, zoning-code changes, productivity programs are having their effect, but there's something else at work here as well. Even while we're still opening up the empirical, or mid-nineteenth-century, phase of examining our experiences of places, we're starting to realize that scattered all around us—in places, books, and people—is more than enough information to begin putting together a twentieth-century body of knowledge of simultaneous perception which can in some ways resemble the late nineteenth century's understanding of clean water. In part, this knowledge stems from all our empirical research on the brain and the various internal systems, but we can expand the empirical discoveries about our reactions to places by reading about such subjects as aesthetics, art appreciation, wilderness and nature, the design of Imperial Japanese gardens, and the history of the city and the countryside. And, beyond this, we can expand our knowledge by the most powerful means of all—our own observation of local places worth looking at.

We can detect cross-sensory patterns like the coöperation in a moving crowd because of three other processes in simultaneous perception—processes that have been the object of research. According to Anton Ehrenzweig, an art historian at the University of London, his work with artists shows that people have an innate capacity that he calls "utter watchfulness": we can pay equal attention to everything at once, omitting nothing and at the same time emphasizing nothing. Ehrenzweig also considered the speed with which we can put together and respond to the information made available by "utter watchfulness," and concluded that people's thinking then shows "split-second reaction to innumerable variables." A third process that assists this kind of coöperation is gaining a relaxed sense of our own outside edge—the place where we stop and everything else begins. Dr. Arthur Deikman, a California research psychiatrist who has looked into this aspect of our thinking, calls this border a "fluid body boundary," which can lead to "diminished self-object differentiation"—that is, a point at which we divide our attention equally between ourselves and things outside ourselves. The diminished differentiation makes it easier to move in concert with other people: fluid body boundaries can turn what might amount to getting through an obstacle course into something as easy as dancing across a ballroom.

Thus, simultaneous perception, putting at our disposal an evenhanded, instantaneous, and outward-looking flow of attention, can act like a sixth sense organ. Without one of the more familiar senses, touch, we couldn't register things like heat and cold; if I scalded my finger in hot water, I might find it out afterward by seeing my finger turning pink, but in the meantime the heat would be imperceptible to me, and I wouldn't react to it. Without the help of simultaneous perception, multisensory patterns would be hidden from us, and we might bump into everyone in Grand Central Terminal. And when simultaneous perception shows us a pattern like coöperation in a moving crowd something else appears that's normally invisible: a different sense of who, or what, we are. Ordinarily, we seem to be completely separate from everything and everyone in our surroundings, and our sense of external things (if not of other people) is that they are waiting around until we can find something for them to do. At moments when the boundaries flow together, perhaps even disappear, a different sense emerges. Walking through a landscape, we have the sense that the plants and animals around us have purposes of their own. At the same time, our sense of ourselves now has more to do with noticing how we are connected to the people and things around us—as part of a family, a crowd, a community, a species, the biosphere. Since the quantum revolution in physics, sixty years ago, it has become relatively easy to think that at the submicroscopic level an electron or a photon of light can be both a particle and a wave. In the last couple of years, researchers have found

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that peptides in the human immune system—substances large enough to be seen through a microscope—can also show both particle behavior and wavelike behavior. And now we're finding that the same thing is true of our perceptions of ourselves. Through one system of perception we see ourselves as observers of an environment composed of separated objects, but, at the same time, through another system of perception, equally active, we look for ways in which we are connected to or are a part of our surroundings.

We seem to use simultaneous perception constantly to monitor our surroundings on a subconscious level for information that helps us maintain ourselves and go about our business. According to William M. C. Lam, an architect and writer in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who investigated one aspect of this activity—our "fundamental and universally shared human needs" for visual information—we are always, "regardless of the specific activity which holds our attention at any one time," on the lookout for information that has to do with "orientation, defense, sustenance, stimulation, and survival." Lam, who specializes in lighting design and is perhaps best known for designing ceiling lights with a cathedral-like glow for the stations of the Washington Metro subway system, has worked for years to establish a comprehensive biological and psychological basis for the lighting codes that are used as industry standards by American builders. It's Lam's discovery that what satisfies people usually is not the quantity of light present but whether they can see things they must know about in order to fill needs that are "essentials of human nature." If we can see those things, we then "judge an environment to be cheerful . . . attractive . . . sparkling . . . comfortable and reassuring." This is the link between "a good luminous environment" and "physical, intellectual, and emotional well-being."

What kinds of things enable us to meet our biological needs for visual information? Many of them are conveyed by daylight. Outdoors, the position of the sun in the sky helps us orient ourselves to the time of day, and works to set a series of internal clocks. That is not the simple act it seems, because information about the sun's position comes to us in several ways. If we're standing out in the sun, the sense of touch is involved: we react to the strength of sunlight falling on our skin. But even when the sun isn't directly on us we're still dealing with complex information, because when we look at where the sun is in the sky we're also looking at the brilliance of the light coming from it, which varies during the day. And we're looking at the color of the sunlight; it's bluer in the middle of the day and more orange-red in the morning and evening. How much of this information can we do without before we no longer have access to our daytime sense of orientation? Some two-foot-by-four-foot openings designed by Lam give us a first answer to this question. The openings are high up in the walls that separate bedrooms from dressing rooms at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Cambridge. (Lam designed the hotel's lighting.) The openings convey natural light to the windowless dressing rooms. You can't actually look through the openings—they're too high up—but they do bring in to an inner room the color and some of the brilliance of the daylight outside. The result, as I found out staying at the Hyatt Regency, is that a perfectly ordinary little nook becomes a friendly place that has, if only faintly, the relaxed and spacious feeling of a room in a resort.

So we don't always need to feel the sun or to look at it in order to stay oriented, which means we can, if we have to, get by, at least for a while, on about half the information that natural environments provide about orientation. It does seem that the experiences of a place may have a certain amount of give to them, but we're also learning that there are real limits to the amount of experiential diminution we can tolerate. If the Cambridge Hyatt Regency decided to install heavily tinted glass in its bedroom windows, for example, that would distort both the brilliance and the color of the light coming in and might do real damage to the experience available there. The design principle here is that any change made to our surroundings has the potential to affect the way we experience a place, and that the cumulative effect of a number of changes may be at some point to alter the experience entirely.

People are often drawn to places that offer rich experiences: beautiful landscapes, glittering theatre districts, tranquil neighborhoods. But changes made over the years to such places which fail to consider the experiential impact produced by physical alterations can, like the camel's nose under the nomad's tent, convert the real into a mirage. In Gertrude Stein's celebrated remark about Oakland, California, when you get there, there isn't any "there" there—no richness of experience. If we're ever to reach the goal of a man-made environment that nurtures human beings, we need to proceed with caution; otherwise, the act of getting there may take away any "there" there.

Orientation is just one component of our everyday subconscious use of simultaneous perception. According to some West German research, when we approach or move through a street or a park or a railroad station we are alert for information that has to do both with our immediate physical safety and with a general sense of how welcoming these new surroundings will prove to be. We let the layout of a place give us an advance reading on such things as whether we can linger there or need to keep on moving, how relaxed we'll be if we stay, and even whether we'll feel comfortable about talking to people already there. Though we may not notice it, we're taking in so much information through simultaneous perception that it's almost as if we were receiving two different messages from our surroundings at all times. Normally, preoccupied by some thought or action, we notice very little about our surroundings, and seem to be getting only one message: no immediate danger here, everything's in its usual place. Something we don't realize is how much energy it may take for us to maintain this routine ignoring of our surroundings, depending on the contents of the second message. Sometimes the second message may be telling us that something's missing. At other times, the second message may actively contradict the first. The overt message of a Manhattan courtroom, say, is that here is a place where justice may be obtained. If we're not too intent on a case in progress, we may even notice that emblazoned on one wall are the words "In God We Trust." But on a second wall there may be a clock that stopped a long time ago, and the paint may be peeling off a third wall, and maybe a chunk of plaster is gone, too. Or, say, an outdoor public plaza in Manhattan may have a low ledge along one wall that might make a comfortable sitting area. But the ledge may be covered by two rows of metal spikes, which say "Move on."

Sometimes the words "Move on" appear almost by accident. Last year, while I was waiting for a friend in the enclosed garden court of I.B.M.'s midtown Manhattan skyscraper—a space added to the building as a public amenity—I found myself feeling increasingly uncomfortable and ill at ease, for no reason I could pin down. There was no one around who seemed menacing, and nothing seemed out of place: the court was a broad expanse filled with light, plants, and movable chairs. Then I began to pay more attention to everything around me, and I noticed that the entire floor was built on a slight slant, leading down to one corner—apparently for drainage purposes. To the eye, the floor seemed level, but my internal senses and the muscles in my ankles were telling me I was off balance. The sensation was as if gravity had shifted slightly to one side.

Small, unnoticed changes in level play a larger organizing role in our activities than we suspect: in Manhattan, the right-angle street grid, which keeps people's eyes focussed straight ahead, and the uniform paving of streets and sidewalks, together with the solid blocks of buildings on both sides, tend to keep New Yorkers from noticing the natural contours—or what's left of the natural contours—beneath their feet. The nineteenth-century Manhattan developers who covered midtown fields and meadows with brownstones did such a good job of lopping off the tops of hills and filling in valleys that a hundred years or so later, as Christopher Gray, a New York historian and preservationist, has pointed out, no one really knows what the original topography was. Descriptive names still exist—Murray Hill, Lenox Hill, Carnegie Hill, Mt. Morris—but we don't often associate them with climbing or descending. Nevertheless, almost every block has some rise or dip to it, and these hints of elevation do help people define certain districts. The upper part of Fifth Avenue as a shopping street, for instance, stretches from Forty-second Street to Central Park, but the part of this expanse that people tend to identify in their minds as the historic heart of this district runs uptown from about Forty-sixth. If you look up the Avenue from Forty-second Street, say, you can see that Forty-sixth is at the bottom of a small hill that has St. Patrick's Cathedral,

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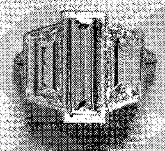

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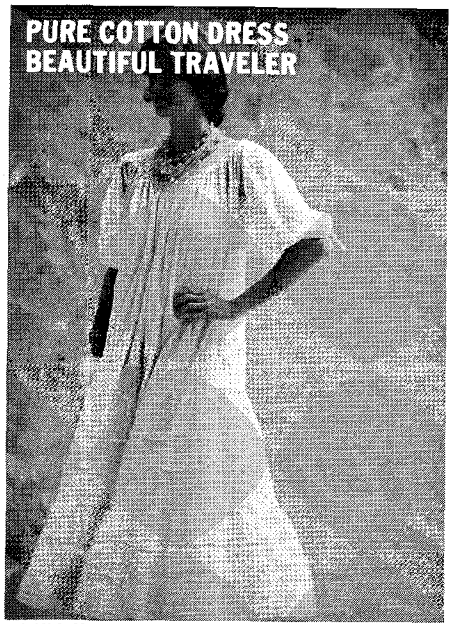

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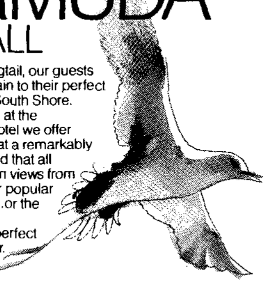

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at Fiftieth Street, on its crest. The hill seems to have a certain holding power, even today.

SIMULTANEOUS perception takes on another aspect when it becomes conscious. Some places, like Grand Central, seem to help us become aware of our own experiencing. How do they do this? Normal waking consciousness and our sense of separateness from the world protect us from harm by allowing us to focus instantly on any source of danger. And we're alerted to sources of danger by sudden and rapid movement or loud noises or strong smells. So for simultaneous perception to emerge we need a place that seems safe and where the information presented to each sense is complex but not overpowering. If louder signals appear, they will tend to drive simultaneous perception underground. That is why we lose touch with it when we leave Grand Central and walk over to Fifth Avenue.

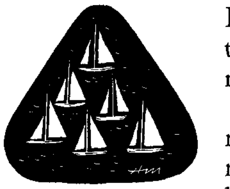
Grand Central not only is easy to experience but also offers a special kind of experience—one that seems to amplify our perceptive reach, allowing us to notice aspects of our mental activity which are normally veiled. Of all the ideas that may form part of a twentieth-century understanding of simultaneous perception, this one is probably the most startling—that particular places around us, if we're wide open to perceive them, can sometimes give us a mental lift. It's one thing to find out that a railroad station could be converted into a school and another thing to realize that a mere room can function as a teacher.

Since just glancing at a building or a room, or knowing what its ordinary function is, can't tell you what its subtler experiential capacities may be, it will obviously take some time to do extensive experiential mapping of the places we've already made for ourselves, and, from it, to decide what experiences, at a minimum, any place needs to provide. Still, we do already have a couple of yardsticks we can apply to the experiences of any place: whether it provides richness of information reaching all the senses, and whether there is an absence of alarm signals. We also have an obvious place to look at first—our own national experiential heritage, shaped for us and bequeathed to us by America's nineteenth-century park designers, and still largely intact, even when our parks are no longer cared for on an experiential basis.

There's one place in New York—a small part of a major city park—that's almost a physical analogue of the rearranging of one's expectations that occurs whenever one wants to experience an area. This place—a short path just inside Prospect Park, in Brooklyn—also seems to be able to trigger something in people who walk down it into the park which makes many of them begin almost automatically to experience everything around them, whether they've come there with that intention or not. Since this path, which was built a hundred and twenty years ago, was designed—by the landscape architects Calvert Vaux and his more famous partner, Frederick Law Olmsted—to produce just such an effect, a walk down it is probably the best sort of introduction to our country's experiential heritage.

The path, which is about eighteen feet wide, is paved with hexagonal asphalt blocks—a familiar sight in New York City parks. It leads south into the park from Grand Army Plaza, an enormous oval traffic intersection that is fed by two busy streets and a roadway through the park and is dominated by a huge classical arch built as a memorial to the Union dead of the Civil War. There are more classical ornaments immediately in front of the park itself: two little temples and four fifty-foot columns topped by eagles. The plaza is not a place for simultaneous perception: the traffic noise is a constant you need to tune out, and in order to reach the beginning of the path you have to keep an eye out for cars turning onto the park drive. But once you're inside the park you can give your full attention to the path.

Even at a slow pace, a pedestrian can walk the length of this path in three or four minutes. It's not a strenuous walk: the path runs straight for a bit, goes through a few gentle curves, and then straightens out again, and after about five hundred feet it's all over. When you first step onto the path, you may feel that there isn't very much to see—just a small, self-contained scene that is pretty and, after the monuments and the traffic of the plaza, certainly relaxing. And, in a sense, there actually isn't a great deal to see here, for this is the one narrow part of the park. Directly ahead of you as you start down the path is a small grassy hillock with a few trees on top. The path curves right to avoid it, and at the turn there's a cast-iron lamppost. To the right and the left are pine trees and other evergreens, a beech tree, shrubs, and more grass, and behind them are hills that seem to be rising to run parallel with the path. Also on the right is a statue of James Stranahan, a Brooklyn man who worked for twenty-two years to get the park built. The only things that tug at your attention or seem likely to lead beyond the immediate are two things that can't quite be seen: it looks as though there might be a large tree and some sort of stonework behind the little hill, and you can't be sure where the path is heading, for the hill conceals the next stretch.

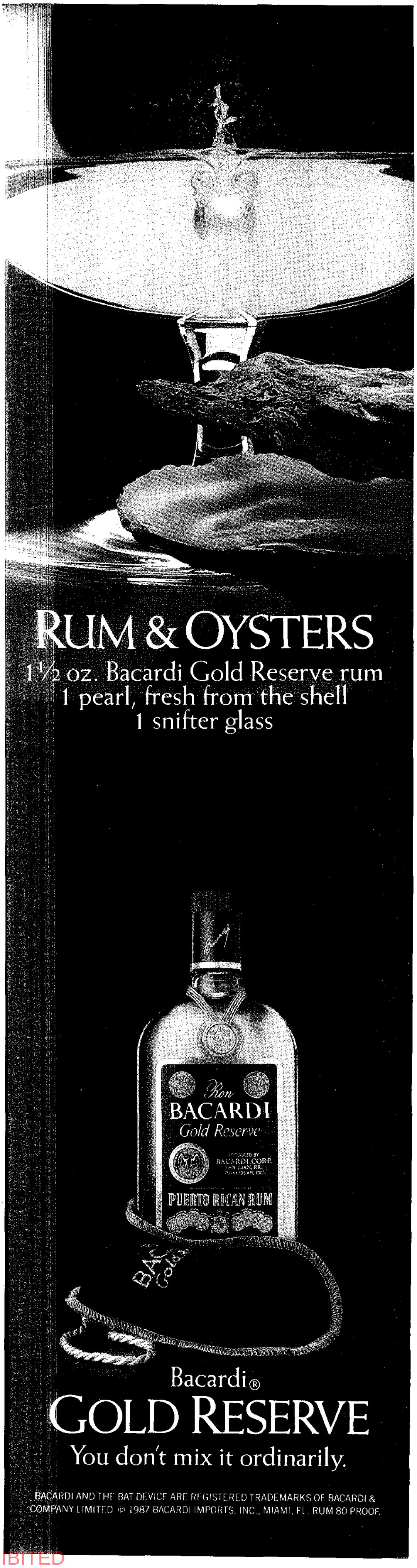


The last time I was there—it was a weekday afternoon in the fall, and there were very few people in the park—I noticed after my first few steps how quiet everything was in front of me. There were, though, small sounds in that quiet. Even while fire engines roared across the plaza behind me, up ahead I could hear a blue jay. I realized, too, that the city had already become almost invisible. Unless I turned around, I could see no sign of buildings or streets or construction or demolition. A few more steps and I had a much clearer view of what was behind the little hill. The biggest thing was a taller and more rugged hill—a continuation of the hill already rising on my right. There was a large beech tree, and what had looked like stonework of some kind was in fact several different things—some boulders near the beech and, behind them, a large opening into what looked like a good-sized cave. I could now see a little farther along the path, too: after its first right turn to skirt the little hill, it made a left to go behind it. But where it went next, and whether it would take me anywhere near the mysterious-looking cave—that I couldn't make out.

I found I was walking a little faster, and as I followed the first curve of the path at this new pace the scenery on either side of me seemed to be swinging slowly around itself and around me in an orderly sequence, like the moons and planets in a model of the solar system. The cave—which I now thought might possibly be man-made—disappeared as the beech tree moved in front of me to eclipse it, slowed to a stop, and then gradually reversed course. Shortly after the path turned left, I could begin to see the cave again, and when I caught sight of it I turned to look behind me and realized that the small hill now blocked my view of the park entrance and the plaza beyond. Almost all there was to see was parkland and sky. A few more steps and I could see that the path did lead to the cave—and that it led also to another path, which wound its way up a long hill to the left and vanished into some trees at the top. Then I drew abreast of the great beech, and in that moment became aware that the cave was not a cave after all but a straight, dark tunnel with bright daylight at the far end. And while I was looking at this patch of light I found that the path had turned right again to bring me closer to it.

When I got near the tunnel, I could see that the tunnel also led to more parkland, with a path winding through it. The tunnel entrance was a wide Gothic arch of big stone blocks, some of them carved to show leaves and flowers. When I was closer still, I thought there might be a small meadow just on the other side of the tunnel. And then I was inside the tunnel, and realized that it was vaulted and was as wide as the path had been. The air in there was cooler, and I could feel a breeze on my face and hear the echo of my steps and the brush of leaves blowing toward me along the tunnel floor. The tunnel was more than a hundred feet long, and the only light was what came into it from either end. Before the light from behind me faded, I could see that the tunnel was lined with brick and had niches in its sides which might once have held benches for waiting out a sudden shower. As I got closer to the light up ahead, I began to think that the small meadow outside might lead off to the right for a short distance. Around me I could now see bits of wood panelling still fastened to the tunnel walls. I felt that in this restricted setting, where only diminished information was available to me, I had become alert to all small changes around me: I could see the grain in the battered old slabs of wood; I could hear my footsteps getting fainter as I walked through the last few yards of the tunnel.

When people emerge from the tunnel—its official name is Endale Arch—and walk straight ahead, they cross a small paved area that serves as the end of the original entrance path and the beginning of two winding paths that branch off left and right. If you were to come with me along the entrance path, through Endale Arch, and a dozen steps beyond it, you would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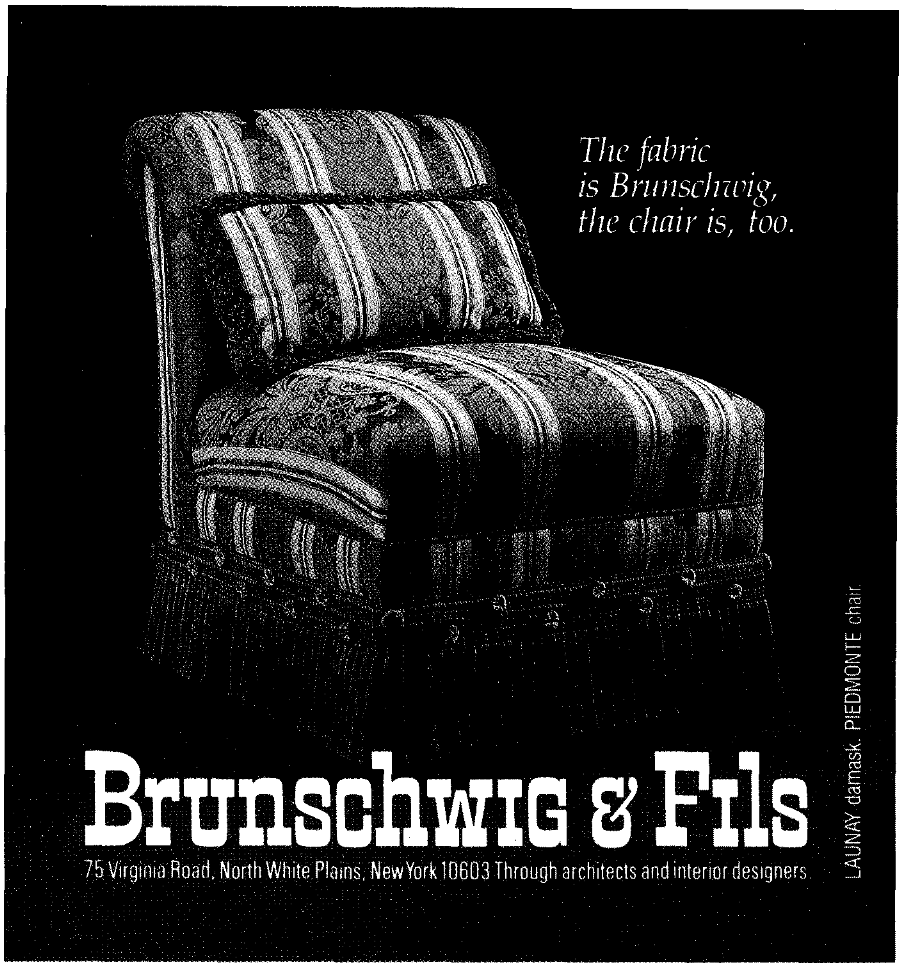

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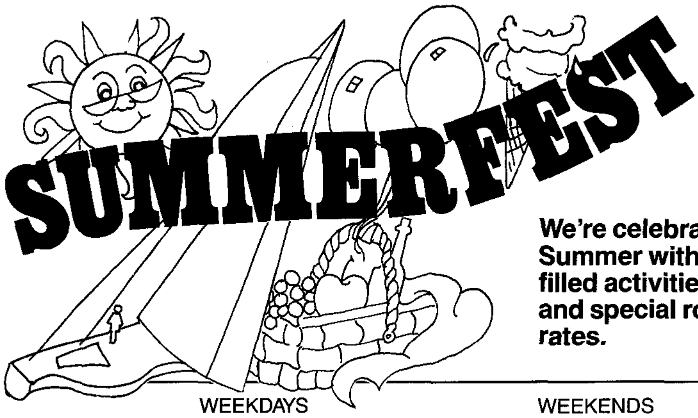

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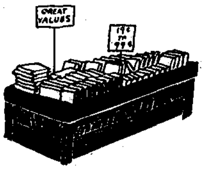
find the surroundings changing dramatically in those final few paces, and what you experienced of these surroundings might change in an even more spectacular fashion. We would have just reached the north end of the beautiful, undulating Long Meadow—one of Prospect Park's three major features. (The two others are a sixty-acre lake and a wooded ravine which originally resembled a portion of the Adirondack Wilderness.) The Long Meadow covers seventy-five acres—it is six times the size of the more famous Sheep Meadow, in Manhattan's Central Park—and is thought to be the longest continuous open space in any urban park in the United States. On the entrance path and in the tunnel, all views are foreshortened, extending no farther than a couple of hundred feet. The edge of the meadow, by contrast, is one of the very few places in the park—in the *city*—where someone can look straight ahead for almost a mile and all there is to see is grass and the sky above it. To either side are the long, curving lines of two wooded hills that approach each other half a mile away and almost enclose the meadow. A paved walk heads up the hill to the left; a second walk wanders away to the right. Straight ahead, there is only the grass.

Remarkably, no buildings are to be seen in this whole expanse; even the horizon, which seems a long way off, beyond the far end of the meadow, shows only trees. Just as remarkably, on almost any day of the year the whole area is flooded with light. The light seems almost to be converging on the meadow from all directions—tumbling onto the grass nearby and also glowing through the trees beyond the meadow. At the other end of the meadow, where the two hills move toward each other, the hill on the left bends to the right and forms a point. A line of trees marches out from the hill on the right to approach this point but stops short, leaving a gap. A patch of meadow grass fills this gap and spreads beyond it; and above this line of trees a far crescent of meadow makes a looping swing to the right and is lost to sight. It looks very much as if the meadow might extend around a bend and continue for some unknown distance in that direction. Back near the entrance of the park, just inside Grand Army Plaza, where the path disappeared off to the right in less than two hundred feet, one got an impression, just strong enough to draw one on, that it probably kept going, left or right, for at least two hundred feet more. Now, standing up at the north end of the Long Meadow, a stroller may feel that a much vaster scene perhaps repeats itself many times over, distance upon distance.

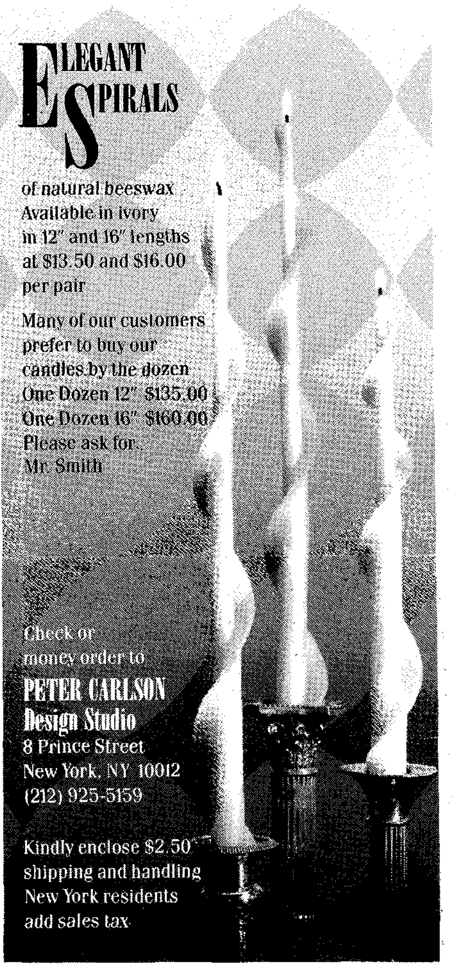
The experience that this striking transition can offer is of being overtaken by a sense that in the midst of a crowded and confining city you can be present in and a part of a serene and endless world. People feel that they are being pulled forward into the meadow, and, sometimes, that everything around them has become more vivid. There can also be feelings of welcome, of safety, of wonder, of exhilaration. I find that what stays with me after I leave Prospect Park is a sense that our two ways of responding to the world—ordinary perception and simultaneous perception—are both within easy reach, and that moving from one to the other is simple.



Although there is no formula for experiencing places, the landscape changes along the entrance path provide a rough analogy of the changes involved in any shift of perceptive state. One part of experiencing places, for instance, has to do with changing the way we look at things, diffusing our attention and also relaxing its intensity—a change that lets us start to see all the things around us at once and yet also look calmly and steadily at each one of them. The scenery right at the beginning of the entrance path undergoes this sort of change: streaming traffic and fifty-foot-high columns give way to a short stretch of rather ordinary-looking countryside. No single object in this setting seems either threatening or thrilling, but I notice that something in me is already responding to my new surroundings, slowing down my pace and realigning the focus of my sight. The shape of the entrance path and of the land around it are certainly part of this process. The hills that rise on either side quickly blot out the traffic noise. The continuing noises of the park, softer and much more varied—wind rustling the leaves of a tree, a squirrel chattering at another squirrel—can now be detected. These little sounds come from all directions, and being able to take in sounds from all over, even in this narrow neck of the park, immediately contributes to one's sense of openness and of distance—a feeling that the horizon is pulling back. A quiet place that offers no threat seems to invite people to redistribute their attention, and any number of subtle perceptual cues can then come into play. For instance, the winding course of the entrance path makes people lean very slightly first to one side and then to the other, and this bit of a tilt and small shift of weight can in this quiet place prompt an awareness of the inner-body senses that register equilibrium and momentum—information that seldom reaches full awareness.

Like Grand Central Terminal, Prospect Park is a place that seems to welcome experiencing. Like Central Park, New York's other large Olmsted and Vaux park—they thought of Central Park as only a semi-successful prelude to their work in Brooklyn—Prospect Park is in the middle of an ambitious restoration program. It is now, once again, a secure place, as well as a quiet place, and a place with a rich variety of things to look at, listen to, and otherwise interact with. Such places offer simultaneous perception an enriched kind of stimulation, and offer us a chance to intensify such perception by making it conscious. But then we have to choose what to do: whether to keep our attention on our own thoughts and plans or accept whatever our surroundings have to give us—whether to experience ourselves or what's around us. That choice—made once or made many times—determines in the long run how well we get to know a place and whether we ever get the full benefit of the experiences it makes available.

A third part of experiencing a place, then, involves taking our attention away from the conversation that so much of the time goes on inside our heads. Some routine assumptions and expectations—that we know all we need to know about what's going on around us and what's likely to happen next—are disrupted by a walk through Endale Arch. This may be because such ideas operate to a large extent on visual information. Sight has been our most important sense ever since our hominid ancestors stood upright, away from the abundance of scents along the ground, and found that they could see for long distances. Many of the perceptions of ordinary consciousness evolved in this visually dominant world. The tunnel that the entrance path leads through is not an alarming place—everyone sees the other end of it for a minute or so before entering—but once inside there is a sudden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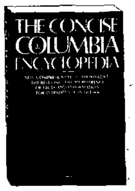
and drastic diminution of visual information. Whenever I've walked through the tunnel, my thoughts have trailed off, so that as I emerge I no longer have the ordinary feeling of certainty about what's happening or what will happen.

In this situation, I find that all my senses are wide open to absorb whatever information they can get. This sensory alertness and the very pronounced contrast between the gloom of the tunnel, where there's no view at all, and the bright, bright light and endless view in the meadow certainly help to explain why the change of scene between tunnel and meadow has such a strong initial impact on people. But how do we account for the sustained power of the experience that people receive on that four-minute stroll down a path, through a tunnel, and out into a meadow? Why does it seem so complex? How is it that people can take a succession of meanings from it? Two different kinds of information, put together, may help us answer these questions. We can look at the design techniques that Olmsted and Vaux evolved for large city parks and at some comments that Olmsted made on how parks affect people and why city people need them. And we can also look at current research into people's innate responses to such things as grass, the sky, winding paths, caves and vistas, beautiful and ugly surroundings, and an enriched environment. It may be more enlightening to consider this research first.

Dr. John H. Falk, an ecologist and special science assistant at the Smithsonian Institution, is *the* expert on how human beings respond to grass. Early in his career, Falk became fascinated by the fact that Americans have consistently had such a liking for lawns that there are now twenty-five to thirty million acres of cultivated lawn in the country—an area the size of Indiana. This vast reshaping of the environment and the time and money needed to achieve it seemed far enough removed from earning a living and raising a family to require some kind of explanation. Falk, who holds a joint doctorate from Berkeley in biology and education, spent fifteen years researching landscape preferences, working first with Americans of all ages and later with people from Africa, India, and other countries whose backgrounds represented every kind of human habitat, from rain forest to desert.

Falk's subjects looked at photographs of different landscapes and told him which ones they liked best. He discovered, not surprisingly, that they liked the environments they were used to—a response that could be explained as a purely cultural phenomenon. Less predictably, Falk also found a "deep, innate preference for a grass landscape," even among people who had never been in a grassland setting in their lives. Among the most extensive grasslands in the world are the savannas of East Africa, where human beings first evolved, and it is Falk's conclusion that human beings may have a genetically transmitted predisposition for the surroundings of the species' birth and early development.

"The logic of it seems pretty strong," Dr. Falk told me not long ago. "So much of what defines humanness relates to that savanna—bipedalism, and advances that walking upright made possible, like the apposable thumb and the use of the hands for carrying and as tools. Habitat preference may be tied into our basic anatomy. It would explain why, although we've developed the technology to design any kind of floor covering, we continue to put carpets—a turf analogue—on our floors. We evolved to ambulate across grass, so a spongy sort of footing is easiest to navigate. Every vertebrate has a genetically transmitted habitat preference: knowing what constitutes home has good survival value, so it's hard-wired—that means the animal doesn't have to think about it. We may no longer need this sense for day-to-day survival, but since it remains as a guide to behavior, we can still turn it to our advantage: once we know that there are environments where people from all cultural backgrounds can come together and feel comfortable and relaxed, we are in a better position to address stress in modern life. This innate preference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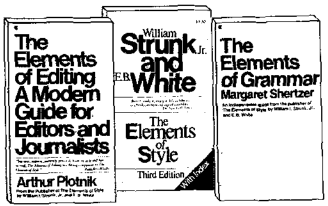
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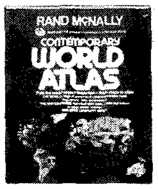
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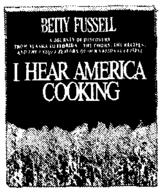
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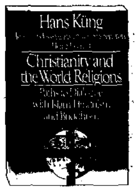
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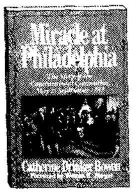
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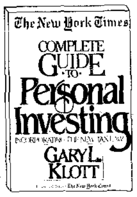
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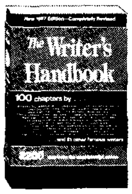
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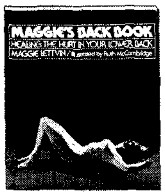
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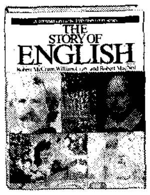
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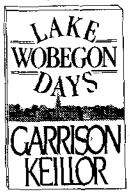
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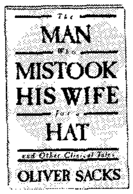
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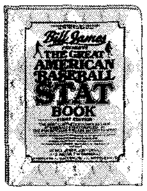
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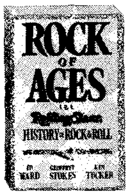
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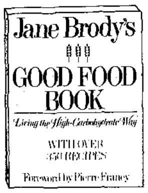
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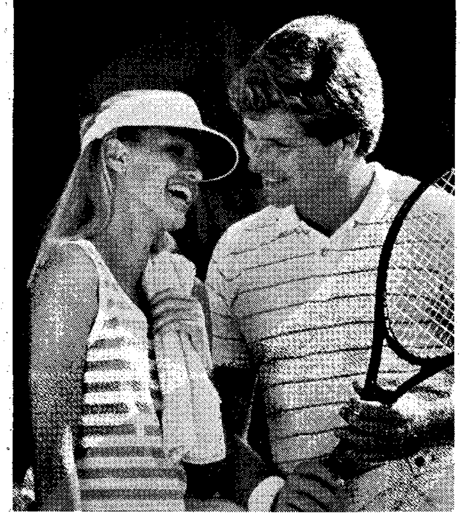

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for grass may protect us in another way as well: by giving us a built-in reading of our optimal level of environmental stimulation, which is to say, of the kind of complexity we need—in the things to look at, listen to, sniff, and otherwise interact with—in order to be at our best. Any reduced or raised level of stimulus may impair our functioning."

This last idea of Falk's ties in with two other research areas: one that connects the development of the mammalian brain—in shape, size, structure, and function—with sensory experience, and one that links the beauty of human surroundings to our behavior and job performance. Some of the best-known work having to do with environmental influences on the brains of mammals has been carried out at the University of California at Berkeley by the neuroanatomist Dr. Marian Diamond and her colleagues. They showed that when a young rat is placed in what they called an enriched environment—one that has more toys and playmates—its cortex begins to thicken in just a few days, while the cortex of a young rat confined to an impoverished environment actually diminishes in size. "The brain," as Drs. Robert Ornstein and David Sobel put it in their new book, "The Healing Brain," like a muscle "shrinks and grows in response to certain experiences."

Even old rats—rats that are the age equivalent of people seventy-five to ninety years old—grow bigger brains when they are transferred to an enriched environment. Yet greater increases in brain size occur when rats are placed in a "super-enriched environment"—two large cages connected by a bridge. The brains of rats raised in a "semi-natural outdoor environment" get bigger still. Outdoors, one researcher notes, "the ambient lighting, noise and odors . . . all appear to influence the observed behavior." And Dr. Diamond reports that an enriched environment does more than make brains bigger: it also increases a rat's intelligence; rats raised in such an environment are more adept at running mazes. "The main factor is stimulation," she says. "Nerve cells are designed to receive stimulation."

In the nineteen-fifties, Dr. Abraham H. Maslow, who is celebrated as one of the fathers of humanistic psychology, and Dr. Norbett L. Mintz, a colleague of his at Brandeis University, conducted one of the first known experiments on the effect that beautiful surroundings have on human mental functioning. In this experiment, the two researchers, assisted by Mrs. Maslow, rigged up three rooms—a "beautiful" room, an "average" one, and an "ugly" one. The ugly room was fitted out to look something like a janitor's room and storage closet, with a hanging light bulb, torn window shades, battleship-gray walls, and a profusion of boxes, trash cans, mops, brooms, and dust, along with an old box spring. The beautiful room had large windows, indirect light, a Navajo rug, paintings, sculpture, beige walls, a bookcase, a soft armchair, and a mahogany desk. The average room, according to the experimenters, "gave the appearance of a clean, neat, 'worked-in' office in no way outstanding enough to elicit any comments."

Volunteers were told that they were studying photographs of people to see whether the faces displayed "energy" and "well-being." The volunteers were supervised by three examiners, two of whom were themselves unaware that the real purpose of the exercise was to look at people's reactions to their surroundings. The results showed that people found energy and well-being in faces when they looked at them in the beautiful room and found fatigue and sickness in the same faces when they looked at them in the ugly room; setting had a real impact on judgment. The behavior of the two examiners' unaware of the project's intent also varied from room to room: they consistently rushed through interviews conducted in the ugly room, and also showed "gross behavioral changes" when they worked there, and complained of "monotony, fatigue, headache, sleepiness, discontent, irritability, hostility, and avoidance." Surprisingly, although their job performance and their job satisfaction were over and over again affected by where they were, neither of the examiners noticed this fact even once. The experimenters reported, "They evidenced surprise at the whole procedure. . . . *They were not aware that their activities were in such close relationship to the room conditions,* though they both realized that they did not prefer to test in the downstairs [ugly] room." Reactions to the average room more closely resembled the reactions to the ugly room than they did the reactions to the beautiful room.

Dr. Falk, the grass expert, thinks that we may have inborn responses to several other parts of the natural landscape. "I'd be amazed if the preference for water in the landscape doesn't prove to be innate," he told me. "We've learned that we have to avoid having water in any of the pictures we show subjects. It's so highly preferred that its very presence will raise preference by an order of magnitude."

Drs. Stephen and Rachel Kaplan, a husband-and-wife team of research psychologists at the University of Michigan, think that we may have an inborn preference for winding paths, which provide what they call "mystery": landscapes exhibit "mystery" when they "give the impression that one could acquire new information if one were to travel deeper into the scene." According to the Kaplans, who have looked at how people respond to a diversity of environments, "mystery . . . is a factor of great power in predicting preference for scenes of the outdoor environment."

In a recent book, "Cognition and Environment: Functioning in an Uncertain World," the Kaplans relate the power of mystery to early man's life on the savanna, where human beings ranged over territories of up to a hundred square miles and had to be able to decide quickly whether a place they were seeing for the first time deserved further exploration:

> Although [mystery] is a familiar concept in the context of landscape architecture and has long been used in the designs of Japanese gardens, it is somewhat unexpected in the context of psychology. Perhaps for this reason there has been an inclination to translate it into some more familiar concept, such as "surprise." A critical difference between mystery and surprise, however, is that in a surprise the new information is present and it is sudden. In the case of mystery, the new information is not present; it is only suggested or implied. Rather than being sudden, there is a strong element of continuity. The bend in the road, the brightly lighted field seen through a screen of foliage—these settings imply that the new information will be continuous with, and related to, that which has gone before. Given this continuity one can usually think of several alternative hypotheses as to what one might discover. The mind-filling . . . experiences of entertaining a few fairly strong alternatives at once should yield a high level of preference; research . . . suggests that this is in fact the case.

The Kaplans think that we also have an innate preference for open spaces, which provide what they call "legibility." "Just as one can imagine oneself somewhere in a scene acquiring new information, one can imagine oneself somewhere in a scene getting lost," they write in "Cognition and Environment." "Legibility . . . is characteristic of an environment that looks as if one could explore extensively *without* getting lost. Environments high in legibility are those that look as if they would be easy to make sense of as one wandered farther and farther into them. Enough openness to see where one is going, as well as distinctive enough elements to serve as landmarks, are important here."

And Jay Appleton, a geographer at the University of Hull, in northeast England, has identified two more human preferences in landscapes: "prospect" and "refuge." Both, he says, are aspects of the environment that support human functioning and make survival more likely. "Prospect" means a long, sweeping vista—a place where viewing is unhindered and we can take in information from miles around. "Refuge" means a hiding place where, from concealment, we can see without being seen, and gain information

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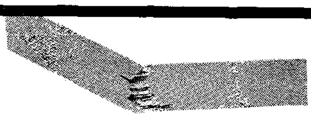

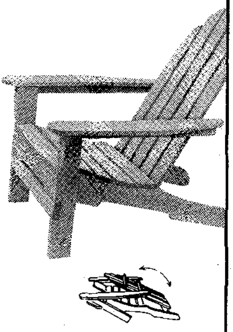

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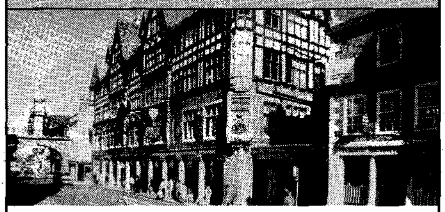

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ALL these factors that modern research has shown to be part of the human response to landscapes are present along the entrance path to Prospect Park: the Long Meadow provides savanna, prospect, and legibility; the path itself affords mystery; the tunnel gives refuge; there is plenty of sky, natural light, and information we can use to orient ourselves. Were these factors incorporated deliberately? Scholars of the work of Olmsted and Vaux tell us they were. But how could Olmsted and Vaux have known what we're just finding out about? There appear to be two answers to this question. One is that they were transmitting ideas discovered by much older cultures. The other is that Olmsted had a clear understanding of the need for simultaneous perception, even if he lacked a late-twentieth-century vocabulary with which to describe it.

There is now a large-scale revival of interest in Olmsted and his works. He is widely acknowledged to be the father of landscape architecture in this country, and of regional planning as well, and he has become the subject of scholarly biographies. Many of his works survive, including—besides Central and Prospect Parks—major city parks in Chicago, Louisville, and Montreal, landscaping around the Capitol, in Washington, D.C., park systems in Buffalo and Boston, estates, campuses, planned communities, cemeteries, and hospital grounds. Having founded the firm of Frederick Law Olmsted in 1858, a full forty-five years before his death, in 1903, he left a son and a stepson who carried on his work, as Olmsted Brothers; a successor firm, the Olmsted Office, is still in business in Fremont, New Hampshire, and the extant works by Olmsted and his family and other successors—landscapes that are now collectively identified by park officials as "Olmsted legacy parks"—number in the thousands. New York State alone has more than a hundred Olmsted legacy parks and public spaces; Connecticut has identified two hundred and fifty; Massachusetts claims three hundred. Prospect Park and Central Park have been designated as both New York City and National Historic Landmarks, and Olmsted's home and office in Brookline, Massachusetts, are a National Historic Site. He and Vaux are jointly credited with establishing a number of important park-design principles: these were sketched out in Central Park in the eighteen-fifties and perfected in Prospect Park in the eighteen-sixties. They include:

1. The use of natural forms—lakes, streams, woods, winding paths, turf meadows dotted with trees—whether the area already provided them or the materials for providing them had to be brought to the park site. The Long Meadow of Prospect Park had no antecedents in that part of Brooklyn, and is pure Olmsted and Vaux. It was created, according to one book, "on a low swampy plain bisected by a ridge."

2. The separation of parks from the city. This is done by planting the edges of the park thickly and by forming berms, or hills, just inside the edges of a park and planting the berms with trees. A berm to the left of the Prospect Park entrance path sets it apart from Flatbush Avenue and shuts out the Flatbush Avenue traffic noise.

3. The separation of different pathways within a park, keeping pedestrian paths apart from both bridle paths and roads for vehicles. The hill that Endale Arch passes through carries the principal road in Prospect Park.

4. The efficient use of space to create the maximum amount of open space and light within a park. When you walk out of Endale Arch, you can see farther than you can along any open-space vista in Central Park, even though Prospect Park is less than two-thirds the size of the Manhattan park; this view is possible because the Long Meadow runs down the axis of a triangle that constitutes the top half of the park, and the view out beyond the bend in the meadow encourages the eye to look straight through the triangle and on down the longer diagonal in a squashed rectangle that forms the rest of the park, below the triangle. This line of sight has also been so oriented that it faces almost due south. In our hemisphere, south is where the sun sits, and where the sky is brightest. The result, as two Olmsted scholars, Jeffrey Simpson and Mary Ellen W. Hern, have noted in a 1981 book, "Art of the Olmsted Landscapes," is that when you leave the arch you walk straight into "as dramatic a flash of light as the nineteenth century—lacking electricity—ever saw, the golden white sun of the meadow."

Olmsted's supporters, who cherish his writing about parks, celebrate him chiefly for creating natural environments, for creating works of art, for enhancing cities, and for providing recreational opportunities. Their principal interest is in preserving and restoring his works, yet although their aim is to be faithful to his original choices of what trees and shrubs to plant, many restoration plans have not so far incorporated Olmsted's fundamental discovery about park design—that parks exist in order to be experienced. In an 1870 address to a group of Boston social scientists who had met to consider what sort of park that city needed, Olmsted spoke about how the word "park" is really just an abbreviation for the phrase "the park experience." "We want a ground to which people may easily go after their day's work is done," he said, ". . . where they may stroll for an hour, seeing, hearing, and feeling nothing of the bustle and jar of the streets, where they shall . . . find . . . the greatest possible contrast with the restraining and confining conditions of the town, those conditions which compel us to walk circumspectly, watchfully, jealously, which compel us to look closely upon others without sympathy."

Olmsted was convinced that access to simultaneous perception was nowhere available in the heart of nineteenth-century cities. "Whenever we walk through the dense part of a town, to merely avoid collision with those we meet and pass upon the sidewalks, we have constantly to watch, to foresee, and to guard against their movements," he told the Bostonians. "This involves a consideration of their intentions, a calculation of their strength and weakness, which is not so much for their benefit as our own. Our minds are thus brought into close dealings with other minds without any friendly flowing toward them, but rather a drawing from them. . . . If we had no relief from it at all during our waking hours, we should all be conscious of suffering from it. It is upon our opportunities of relief from it, therefore, that not only our comfort in town life, but our ability to maintain a temperate, good-natured, and healthy state of mind, depends. . . . Men who have been brought up, as the saying is, in the streets . . . generally show, along with a remarkable quickness of apprehension, a peculiarly hard sort of selfishness. Every day of their lives they have seen thousands of their fellow men, have met them face to face, have brushed against them, and yet have had no experience of anything in common with them."

To counteract this, Olmsted said, "what we most want is a simple, broad, open space . . . the beauty of the fields, the meadow, the prairie, of the green pastures, and the still waters . . . to gain . . . tranquillity and rest to the mind." And this space should be surrounded by "depth of wood enough . . . not only for comfort in hot weather, but to completely shut out the city from our landscapes." He concluded, "The word *park*, in town nomenclature, should, I think, be reserved for grounds of the character and purpose thus described."

Olmsted was equally specific in his speech about the social benefits and the health benefits that are conferred by the park experience. "There are certain forms of recreation," he said, citing the promenade, or walking about in company, "the attraction of which must, I think, lie in the gratification of the gregarious inclination, and which . . . are so popular as to establish the importance of the requirement." He continued:

> I have never been long in any locality, south or north, east or west, without observing a *custom* of gregarious out-of-door recreation in some miserably imperfect form, usually covered by a wretched pretext of a wholly different purpose, as per-

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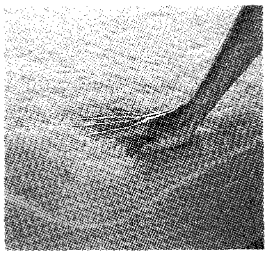

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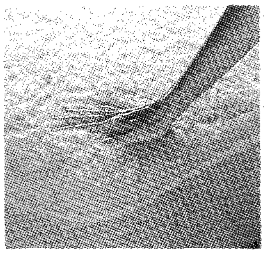

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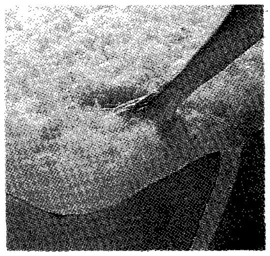

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> haps, for instance, visiting a grave-yard. I am sure that it would be much better, less expensive, less harmful in all ways, more health-giving to body, mind, and soul, if it were admitted to be a distinct requirement of all human beings, and appropriately provided for.

At another point in his speech, Olmsted said:

> Consider that the New York Park [Central Park] and the Brooklyn Park are the only places in those associated cities [Brooklyn was then a separate city] where, in this eighteen hundred and seventieth year after Christ, you will find a body of Christians coming together, and with an evident glee in the prospect of coming together, all classes largely represented, with a common purpose, not at all intellectual, competitive with none, disposing to jealousy and spiritual or intellectual pride toward none, each individual adding by his mere presence to the pleasure of all others, all helping to the greater happiness of each. You may thus often see vast numbers of persons brought closely together, poor and rich, young and old, Jew and Gentile. I have seen a hundred thousand thus congregated, and . . . I have looked studiously but vainly among them for a single face completely unsympathetic with the prevailing expression of good nature and light-heartedness.
>
> Is it doubtful that it does men good to come together in this way in pure air and under the light of heaven, or that it must have an influence directly counteractive to that of the ordinary hard, hustling working hours of town life?

Another idea of Olmsted's that has not yet been championed by many of his followers is that even a park that fits his own definition in every way is not a place that can completely serve people's need to have access to simultaneous perception unless it forms part of a connected citywide—or even regionwide—park system. "It is a common error to regard a park as something . . . complete in itself," he said. On the contrary, "it should . . . be planned . . . with constant consideration of exterior objects, some of them quite at a distance." The linking system he proposed was a network of what he called "parkways"—and he was quite specific about how they should be designed: "narrow informal elongations of the park," he called them, "varying say from two to five hundred feet in width, and radiating irregularly from it." And "they should be so planned and constructed as never to be noisy." And "they should be branched or reticulated with other ways of a similar class, so that no part of the town should finally be many minutes' walk from some one of them." In proposing these parkways, Olmsted seems to have remarkably anticipated Christopher Alexander's recent finding that people will not make regular use of a city park if it is more than about seven hundred and fifty feet, or three minutes' walk, from their doors. And Olmsted also seems to have anticipated an even more recent conclusion by the President's Commission on Americans Outdoors—that the country needs a national system of "greenways," linear parks and scenic highways that provide a direct physical link between downtown city centers and existing national parks.

Olmsted and Vaux took their major design elements for city parks—meadows, groves, lakes—from the country parks maintained by eighteenth-century English gentlemen, park designs that were adapted for city use by nineteenth-century English landscape architects. These country parks have an ancient design history: they derive from medieval deer parks—fenced-in meadows and groves where deer were allowed to roam—and those parks, in turn, were continuations of Roman deer parks that were designed to be both beautiful and useful and were placed, throughout the empire, where their owners could see them from their homes. The Roman parks are thought to have carried forward traditions of beautiful landscapes which date back at least twenty-five hundred years, to Achaemenid Persia—"if not," as one scholar says, to "the Garden of Eden itself." And there are scholars who equate the Garden of Eden with the savannas of East Africa.

Since we have not yet constructed an Olmsted system of parks, we have so far inherited only half the experiential legacy he bequeathed us. But Olmsted himself stopped short of reintroducing to Western culture the ancient idea of designing whole cities so that every place in them offers a full measure of experiencing, and therefore we are probably working with, at best, only a quarter of the experiential heritage that could be ours. "Openness is the one thing you cannot get in buildings," Olmsted said once. And "tranquillity and rest to the mind," he added a second later. We are only just now beginning to realize that a building—even a skyscraper—may be able to exert an Olmstedian influence on our thinking, by helping us to sense what it is we have in common with all of the life around us. But it turns out that a new perspective on our planet is now continuously available in lower Manhattan.

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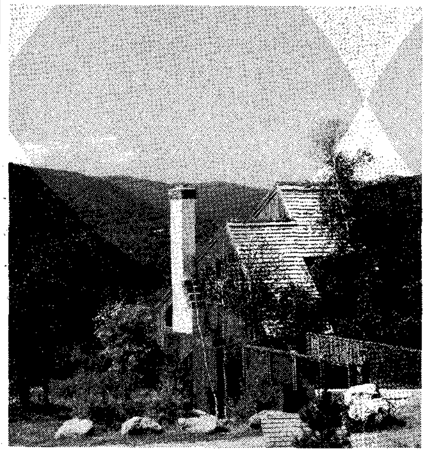

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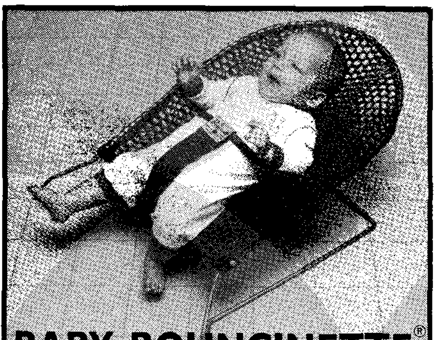

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back at the earth from the black vastness of space changes their lives: it shows them, for the first time in their lives, that being human means being connected to a small and beautiful planet that is both vulnerable and precious, a “blue pearl in space” that needs our care and understanding. Some of the astronauts have said—wistfully, of course—that they wished great numbers of people could be boosted into space to be filled with this vivid sense of environmental awareness, so that back on earth they might then start to pay attention to urgent warnings from leading ecologists and biologists, among others, that the planet's basic life-support systems are in trouble. I can recommend one alternative to such a massive airlifting of humanity, an experience now accessible in New York at street level right next to the base of the two giant, one-hundred-and-ten-story towers of the World Trade Center, in downtown Manhattan.

The flat-topped identical twin towers, currently co-holders of the runner-up distinction of being the second-tallest buildings in the world, are square-shaped and rise straight up without ornament to a height of thirteen hundred and fifty feet. Although in good weather they can be seen from up to fifty miles away, standing on the horizon like chimneys or milk cartons or salt and pepper shakers, depending on the distance, the towers are more tolerated than admired by New Yorkers, and the large plaza at the base of the towers is generally avoided in any weather. The two buildings create strong winds that buffet passersby, and when you get close to them they seem to loom over you in a way that sometimes makes me think of the colossal ruined statue encountered in the middle of a trackless desert in Shelley's poem “Ozymandias”: “two vast and trunkless legs of stone” somehow survived where “nothing beside remains.”

When you come near to the two towers, you can see that although, at a distance, they look as square as four-by-four fence posts, each one is in fact eight-sided. Every corner edge, on top as well as on the sides, has been flattened or blunted or trimmed—if the buildings were blocks of wood, you might think that someone had been sandpapering the sharpness off the edges. The result is that on each tower the four huge walls, each one just under two hundred feet wide, don't meet directly, but instead are connected by tiny corners that are a full thirteen hundred and fifty feet high but only about ten feet wide. It's these little corner walls (which were added solely for structural reasons, the building's designer, Minoru Yamasaki, assured me) that provide an equivalent for an experience only available in outer space.

Because most people mind their own business in New York, you can walk straight up to one of these corner walls—let's say one of the ones on Liberty Street, down at the southern end of the Trade Center—and stand there facing it from a distance of about one or two feet for five or ten minutes or more, without attracting even a glance. If you put yourself in this position, you'll find that, because of the angles of the walls, this narrow strip is all you can see of the tower; the main walls on either side are now hidden from your view. The wall in front of you has a shape something like a one-lane country road. That is to say, there are two parallel grooves or ruts in the aluminum panels that run straight up the wall like cart tracks or tire tracks on a dirt road. And near each edge of the

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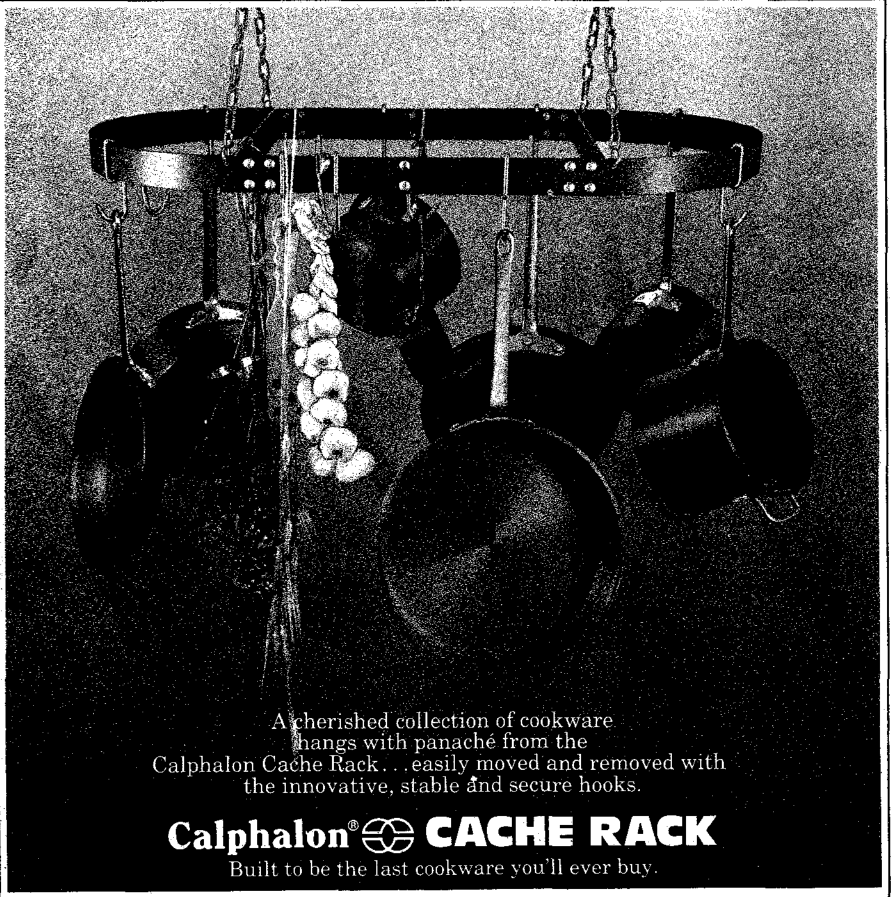

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little wall there's a sort of hump in the aluminum that seems to suggest a shoulder by the side of a road. If you lean your head back, you'll find that you're looking straight up the entire length of this piece of empty, gray metal road.

Now, by some strange perception that I haven't seen described in textbooks, if you let your head stay tilted back for a minute or so, in a short while you start to feel curiously weightless, and, suddenly, instead of feeling that you're standing on the *ground* looking *up* at a stretch of road, you feel that you're standing on the *road* looking *down* it, or along it. And then the funny thing is that all you can see at the other end of the road is sky or clouds—or stars, if it's a clear night. The feeling that this produces is *unique—you have the sense that* you've somehow wandered onto one end of a road that crosses the sky and doesn't stop until it reaches the very top.

After that, there's another realization—now, if I can see clear across the sky, then the other end of the atmosphere isn't so very far away. I always thought of the world as vast, but really it's paper-thin. There's some sort of life—a kind of mollusk—down at the bottom of the ocean, five and a half miles below the surface of the water. And there's some sort of life—a kind of red alga—up near the summit of Mt. Everest, five and a half miles above sea level. When we think of the difficulties involved in our getting to the ocean floor or all the way to the top of the world's highest mountain, they both can seem worlds away. But when we are given a chance to measure the depth of the sky the same picture comes together to form a different pattern. And what we see then is that all the organisms we know about—meaning five billion of us added to the total numbers of individuals from all the other thirty or more million species of living beings—plus all the air, water, and earth that sustain all of us are wedged inside a single long, low room with the strangest of shapes. It stretches almost twenty-five thousand miles from front to back or side to side in this room, but only runs about eleven miles at the most between its floor and its ceiling—and that's shorter than the length of Broadway. Looking up this narrow wall, you can experience the biosphere around us. —TONY HISS

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

THE THEATRE

Two Lemons

"No Way to Treat a Lady," at the Hudson Guild, is a musical—score, book, and lyrics by Douglas J. Cohen—about a strangler of women who is haunted by the ghost of his dead mother, and about the detective assigned to the case, himself too tightly bound to his own mother, and his girl, and all the victims. The show, based on a thriller by William Goldman (which has also been made into a successful movie), marks the début of Mr. Cohen, in three capacities. His music, at first hearing, sounds tuneful and agreeable, though not especially original, and the lyrics are apt and sometimes clever. The songs are very well sung, by Stephen Bogardus, as the villainous hero; by Peter Slutsker, as the detective (named Mo Brummell, by the way); by Liz Callaway, who makes a delightful leading lady; and by June Gable, as everybody else. Mr. Cohen's score is certainly bountiful and varied, but his perverse comedy poisons the show. Jack Hofsiss, back after an absence of three years, has directed with the greatest ingenuity, and the actors do well, Mr. Bogardus especially so. I just wish I hadn't found it all so hateful.

The one-acter "Beirut," by Alan Bowne, at the Westside Arts, is set "in the near future on the Lower East Side." (Note to reader: Be wary of anything set in "the near future;" the news is bound to be rotten. Also, for most writers, with a few shining exceptions, the future invariably turns out to be the present in italics.) More precisely, the action is set in the bleak basement room of a young man who has tested positive for the AIDS virus; there is a large "P" stamped on one of his buttocks, which we see briefly when he gets out of bed, at the beginning. The entire neighborhood has been set aside as a quarantine area for those suffering from the disease or harboring the virus, which is why it is called Beirut, the young man explains. Oh. Soon there is a pounding at the door and in walks his girlfriend, who has tested negative and yet is determined to share his quarters, his bed, and, if need be, his fate. He is just as determined to protect her. The action, most of it sexual, and the lines, some of them quite good, add up to just an actors' classroom exercise, and, as such, it is unreviewable.

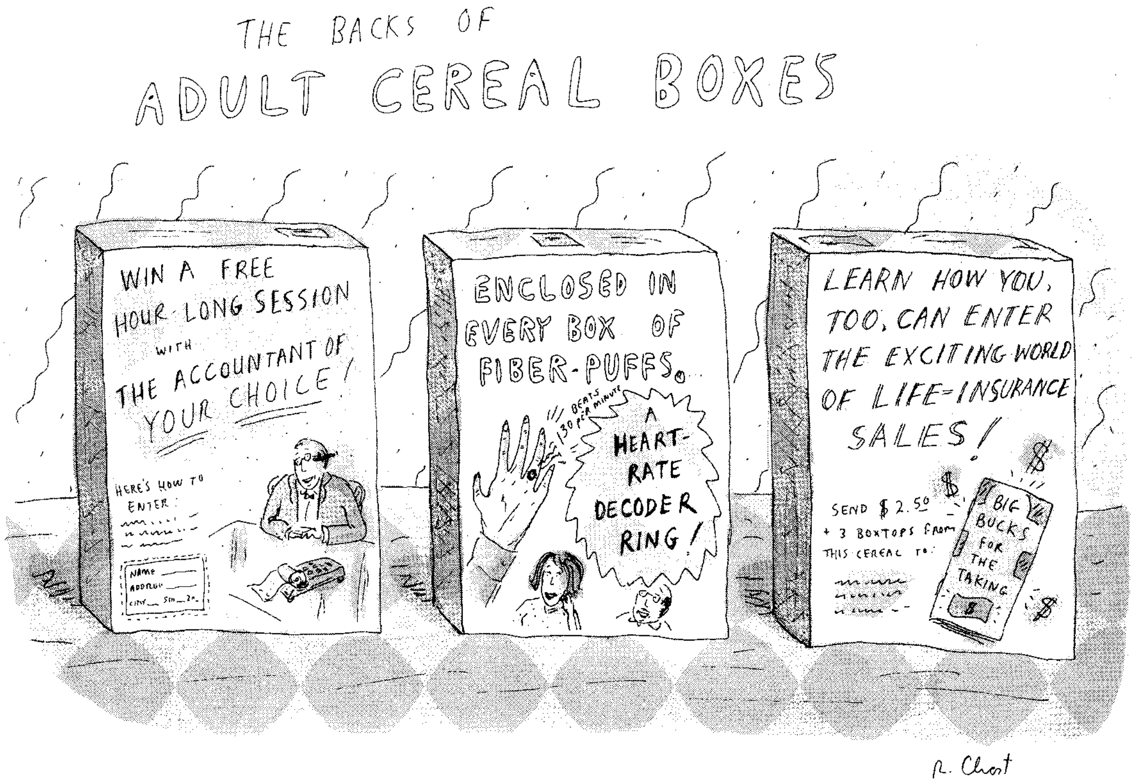
—Edith Oliver

. . . And a Peach

No one can eat anything at the beginning of Romulus Linney's "April Snow." Gordon Tate can't seem to taste his fine wines anymore and never finds time to be hungry; Millicent Beck has learned to do without food almost entirely; and Grady Gunn is too much in love to be hungry. But everyone is blissfully happy. Grady is happy because her lover, Mona, is back, and Gordon, too, has at last found love—with Millicent, a girl forty years his junior. There's snow falling outside, and Christmas carols are playing on the radio.

It's nice that Gordon and Grady and Milly are so happy: they've all known a certain amount of sorrow. At sixty-one, Gordon has been married four times, once to Grady, and (as Grady puts it) has lived too long "alone in empty rooms with crushed ice and his throbbing heart." As for Grady, her Mona is always leaving her for the husband and child she initially left for Grady, while Millicent, at twenty, has seen the inside of a mental institution. "I once was mad but now am sane," she tells Gordon in the love note she leaves speared on a statue of Don Quixote. In fact, all the habitués of Gordon's loft are a little mad. They're intellectuals: Gordon, a medievalist, is the sort of academic who acts as a consultant on bad-sounding historical movies; Millicent is an expert on obscure German literature and Grady on the life and writings of Mme. de Staël ("the only woman Napoleon was afraid of"). They're kooks, but unusually interesting and articulate kooks—the kind New Yorkers love to watch and listen to. So we're content to sit in the tiny L-shaped auditorium of the Ensemble Studio Theatre watching them and listening to them; we delight in their antics and get caught up in their dramas without ever once considering that Christmas carols don't really belong on the radio in April.

"April Snow" is probably the best play I've seen in New York all year. A sendup of New York decadence and sophistication, it was the last offering in this year's E.S.T. one-act-play marathon, and, with exquisite performances from Lois Smith, Harris Yu-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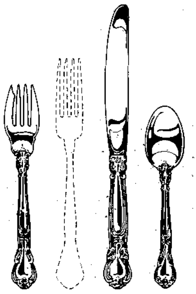

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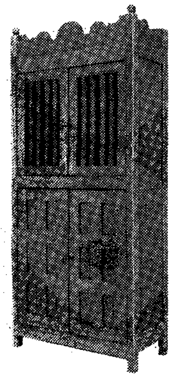

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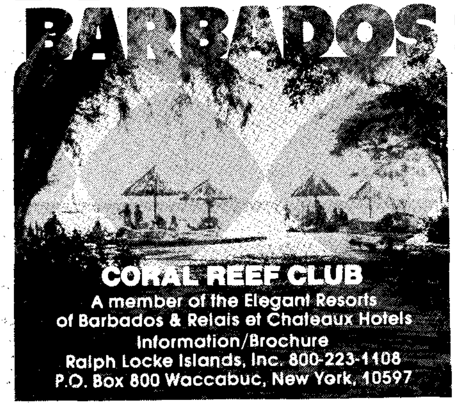

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lin, and Sarah Jessica Parker, it made up for everything that had gone before. The play is a screwball comedy, but more interesting than, say, "You Can't Take It with You," because it's concerned with the moral condition of its characters, which is to say with their mental health and happiness. It's less hypocritical, too: where the Kaufman and Hart play pretends to bring the audience around to a celebration of nonconformity, it really banks on the fact that we all come into the theatre loving nonconformity anyway. "April Snow" does just the opposite. It relies on the cosmopolitan tact with which we have all learned not to judge people's actions or behavior and then asks us to do so.

To say that "April Snow" made up for the rest of the festival is saying a lot. This wasn't a good year for the E.S.T. marathon. The last evening was the best of the three because of the Linney play, but in order to get to the Linney play you had to sit through Peter Maloney's ghastly small-town melodrama "Bad Blood," wincing at Kristin Griffith's violently sententious performance as a young woman who calls her local librarian out for a good chin wag in the middle of the night. In fact, there was a lot of bad acting at the marathon this year. Ebony Jo-Ann, performing a monologue in Cassandra Medley's "Waking Women," failed to make us see the person she was meant to be talking to or to give us any sense of who her character was. In Frank D. Gilroy's "Real to Reel," Doris Belack and David Gautreaux seemed to be performing for a laugh track. Neither play was a work of art, but with competent acting they ought to have been presentable. Of course, great literature isn't what the E.S.T. marathon is about. It's about theatre without hype and facing a stage with no expectations—you take the bad with the good, the slight with the profound, and when the air-conditioning breaks down you fan yourself fractiously and wait for the play that will make you forget about the heat or your broken umbrella and the rain outside. Traditionally, though, what has enabled audiences to adopt so openhearted an attitude is the quality of performances and direction to be found at the festival. What Curt Dempster, E.S.T.'s artistic director, has taught us in ten years of marathons is that some plays are created to remind us that good acting exists.

I know of few thrills like the thrill of seeing first-rate acting on that odd little stage. That only one play in the series produced it is a shame, but anyone who dropped in on the marathon for the first time this spring should know it was not a typical year. And Curt Dempster should know something, too: about a third of the audience failed to come back after intermission on the night I attended the B Series, and that means something's wrong. He's failing to make people forget about the broken air-conditioner. Too *many* of the plays this year were slight or trivial, and too much of the acting made them seem worse than they were. There was even a kind of sameness to the material: two plays about hospitals one night, two plays about imaginary characters or events on another, and two one-joke plays that actually used the same gag. What all this suggests is that the festival has fallen into a formulaic way of thinking about itself: that because it has always *been* "a marathon"—three or four evenings of short plays—it must always be one. Given a particularly poor crop—and plays, like wines, come in vintages; they have good years and bad years—what would be wrong with cutting the series down to one evening or two? I worry that Mr. Dempster may be losing his audience. But perhaps I'm being alarmist. The couple who left the theatre ahead of me on the last evening were talking animatedly about "April Snow," and as I stopped to put up my broken umbrella outside the theatre I heard the man say, "Well, that's all, I guess—until next year!" —MIMI KRAMER

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

Several people tripped and fell as they looked up at Concorde flying low over Wakefield yesterday. Doctors at Pinderfields Hospital treated five people with fractures and several with sprained wrist and ankles. One motorist looked up and hit the car in front.

One casualty was Mrs Barbara Richardson, 56, who broke her ankle and cut her legs when she dashed indoors to tell her family. A hospital spokesman said: "It was remarkable how many people came in with injuries received as a result of Concorde."

•

According to a high-ranking source within AT&T, many of these networks are used at only a portion of their capacity. The T-1 network of one large customer, the source said, is only operated at half capacity. If we need to cut, the preceding sent. might be a good one since it doesn't really say anything. bl—*Network World.*

Too late, but a good idea all the same.

DANCING

Balanchine on Ice

OF the handful of Balanchine's ballets revived by New York City Ballet since his death, only two have not been scenically redesigned. "Firebird" (1949, revised 1970) and "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir" (1974) are preserved more or less in the form in which Balanchine left them. But "La Sonnambula" (1946), "Swan Lake" (1951, revised 1964), "Gounod Symphony" (1958), "Liebeslieder Walzer" (1960), "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" (1966), and "Jewels" (1967) have been redecorated in whole or in part. The question Would Balanchine have approved? cannot be addressed lightly, for it goes to the heart of the meanings he expressed in these ballets. Certainly, he would have loved the big budgets the new productions reflect; he had a taste for opulence, which he would indulge whenever possible in productions of his work. He also appears to have held specific notions about visual style. The new, visually dazzling "Swan Lake" carries out his express wishes for an ice-cavern setting and black costumes for the corps de ballet. At a time when Tchaikovsky's first ballet was known to the American public chiefly by its second act, Balanchine composed his "Swan Lake" fantasy, drawing on sequences from the second and fourth acts of the traditional version—Ivanov's acts—and he required décor that would fit both the romantic mood of the second act and the tragedy of the fourth. The current production, designed by Alain Vaes, is strikingly and yet continuously beautiful to look at, the most effective of all the new décors. But does it go to the heart of Balanchine's meaning?

"Swan Lake" is a typical Balanchine conception in that it moves from one emotional state to another and demands scenery of a corresponding flexibility. The first solution, Cecil Beaton's elegant white-on-black calligraphic drawing of 1951, was really an evasion. In 1964, Rouben Ter-Arutunian met the problem head on and produced a split-level rendering, with a tall German pine forest in the foreground and a cone-shaped lunar ice cap way off in the distance. This was just peculiar enough to be unsettling, and it wasn't abandoned until last year, when the current production took its place. But Ter-Arutunian's set would also have done for Stravinsky's allegorical ballet on Tchaikovsky, "Le Baiser de la Fée"—perhaps the digest version, which Balanchine first produced for the Stravinsky Festival in 1972. In that version, Balanchine used no set and no plot, and he did not stage the ending in which the hero is drawn from his Alpine village to his fate in the regions of ice. Instead, he made a solo which suggested that the hero was under a fatal spell. The ending he eventually did stage had hero and heroine being drawn inexorably apart, like the lovers in "Swan Lake." Lincoln Kirstein has written that Balanchine always intended his "Swan Lake" to be "a personal abridgment which, while incorporating elements recalled from Ivanov, would be more his individual homage to Tchaikovsky than any 'authentic' archeological reconstruction." Balanchine is to Ivanov in "Swan Lake" as Stravinsky is to Tchaikovsky in "Baiser." And in his "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée' " Balanchine is giving "Baiser" the "Swan Lake" treatment. The mutual resonances in these two ballets seem to have got louder over the years. The "Swan Lake" ending to "Baiser" didn't come about until 1974, when Balanchine also introduced an Odette-Odile element into the ballerina's role. And the ice-cavern idea represented in the new "Swan Lake" is an even more explicit allusion to "Baiser" than the Ter-Arutunian set was. But is that all that Balanchine meant by it? Now that he is no longer here to tell us, we can only ponder the possibilities.

The ice cavern could also represent a hardening of Balanchine's thinking on the subject of "Swan Lake;" it could mean that he gave up hope for a flexible décor that would mirror the range of his conception or that he simply lost interest and settled on a fixed point of view. An ice cavern certainly does suggest fixity, and one could look at Vaes's set—or at Ter-Arutunian's, for that matter—and believe that Balanchine was concerned less with the tender truth of the lovers' emotion than with its cruel denial by fate. But if this was the case it is contradicted by the fidelity of his choreography to Ivanov's most tender passages and by his enhancement of those passages with inventions of his own. Balanchine's black swans descend from the black swans that appeared in Ivanov's fourth act. They may be Balanchine's way of stressing the evil spell of the sorcerer (who makes no significant appearance in this version) and the fact that in the fourth act evil triumphs. But if Balanchine wanted ice in "Swan Lake" it was not just for the sake of a cruel and fatal image, or even a cruel and fatal *resonant* image. It could very well have been because ice reflects light and can change color. That was the idea behind the permanent plastic-ice stage set that was installed for

MINE
THEIRS
Gahan Wilson

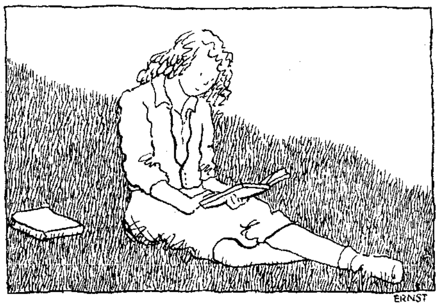
all the ballets of the Tchaikovsky Festival in 1981, and it was the idea behind the glass droplets reflecting different colors which decorated the stage in the tripartite ballet “Jewels.” These sets may have been unworkable or unlovely, but they were attempts to deal on a large scale with large conceptions.

And they were attuned to a poetic perception that lies deep in Balanchine’s work. Special events like the Tchaikovsky Festival and “Jewels,” which were designed to entertain us with variations on explicit themes, were extensions of Balanchine’s personal creative vision. His ballets characteristically exhibit prismatic change; they are *all* more or less explicit theme-and-variations constructions. This is what makes them such a great problem for scenic designers. And what Balanchine demanded in the line of décor often transcended his ostensible subject—it had to do, first of all, with his way of seeing and making ballet. He called his first version of “Symphony in C,” staged for the Paris Opéra, “Le Palais de Cristal.” It reinforced the hothouse metaphor he was then developing as an image of the Opéra. But crystal and ice palaces seem also to have figured in his mind as ideal ballet décor, right down to the “Rosenkavalier” scene in “Vienna Waltzes.” “Symphony in C,” of course, has always been given without a set; so have many other Balanchine masterpieces. The look of a pristine stage is often more appropriate than any décor could be. One might almost call that look Balanchine décor.

A Balanchine ballet typically has no locale; it takes place in the imagination and sweeps through a variety of moods and incidents, spells and changes. Even a relatively stable conception like “Liebeslieder Walzer,” which gives us four couples dancing in a mansion ballroom, needs the transfiguring touch that distinguishes Part I from Part II. In the old production, by David Hays, the roof lifted away and let in wind and stars. In the new one, by David Mitchell, the ballroom is much handsomer, and the doors open out to a garden, but, as Howard Moss noted in a grief-stricken review, we never see the nighttime sky. Static painted scenery that makes no changes as a ballet progresses is not for Balanchine. The cold blue fjord that becomes pale green in the course of “Swan Lake” is trying to tell us something. The multiple views of the Schönbrunn Palace in the new “Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet” suggest a panorama, which squares with the discursiveness of the choreography. Robin Wagner’s new treatment of “Jewels” is a modification of the original idea. His “Gounod Symphony” starts well, with a pastoral landscape seen through the (painted) glass walls of a crystal palace, but then becomes confining—literally so. The fourth-movement choreography seems to want to knock down the walls. (Among the most fluid elements in a Balanchine ballet is space.)

“La Sonnambula” is among the least typical and most outwardly conventional of Balanchine’s ballets. It has a plot, about a poet who comes across a sleepwalker at a masked ball, tries to seduce her, and is murdered by the host; it is set in a specific time and place; and its theatrical manners are practically a parody—if that is possible—of nineteenth-century revenge melodrama. One might have expected Mr. Vaes, a designer with a flair for surrealistic exaggeration, to eat it up. Yet his production is the most disappointing of the revival series so far. Its stolidly noncommittal air defeats the dancers’ attempts to conjure an atmosphere; it defuses the formerly fine smoldering performance of Stephanie Saland as the Coquette; it even squelches the story Balanchine is telling. A tale of sublimated passion becomes ghoulish claptrap.

The story turns on the identity of the Sleepwalker. Whether she is the Baron’s wife, daughter, or concubine is irrelevant; it matters more that we see her by the end of the ballet as an agent of the supernatural—an angel of death, if you like—who resists the Poet’s every attempt to possess her, until he dies, whereupon she takes possession of *him*. In the old production, the story had a death-and-transfiguration ending. The Poet and the Sleepwalker disappeared together and were dematerialized into thin air. But the old set, by Esteban Francés, never established a basis in reality for this fantastic event, and the volatile Balanchine compound of the real and the unreal was weakened from the start. Francés’s set, which supposedly depicted the façade of a great house, lacked a second story, and the spotlight that traced the entrance of the Sleepwalker with her candle had to descend from window to window of a tower that looked like an elevator shaft. Worse than that was the lack of somewhere for the Sleepwalker to go in the long moment after she disappeared carrying the Poet’s body and before we saw her light burning in the sky. With the whole company onstage watching, the spotlight traced the candle from no place to no place. (Francés did his own lighting.) What should have been ineffable was merely inane.



The new set overcorrects this fault. It has *two* stories above a ground floor. It has a fat round tower that does not look like an elevator shaft. The Sleepwalker makes a grand entrance. But there is no sky; the whole back wall of the stage is filled up with architecture. When the moment of dematerialization comes, the candle is still inside the building on its way to what we must assume is a bedroom on the top floor. The climactic event never takes place; the curtain comes down without the supernatural character of the Sleepwalker being revealed. Audiences new to the ballet may very well think this angel of death is a necrophiliac.

Darci Kistler plays the part in a toneless manner consistent with this thoroughly misguided staging. Sleepwalkers (Alexandra Danilova created the role; Allegra Kent took it in the New York City Ballet revival, then shared it with Violette Verdy, Patricia McBride, and Suzanne Farrell) have been helpless, driven, inscrutable, or implacable, but they have not been robots. Nor have they been blankly indifferent to the longings of the Poet—they’ve all had longings of their own. The quality that Balanchine wanted, I think, was magic—the sense of a being impelled by an exquisitely mysterious force, a moon worshipper like the Waltz girl in “Serenade,” lured on by psychic urges and the night’s perfume. The Poet who desires to share her secret and gets his wish in death was Ib Andersen, who has everything the role needs but the romantic presence that would make us believe such a catastrophe could befall him. Balanchine’s Poet is a daredevil, a Byron or a Pushkin. He commonly cast the role with short men, which led some to theorize that he saw himself in it. Vittorio Rieti, who wrote the libretto and composed the score on themes from the operas of Bellini, had in mind Bellini's personal life. When Bellini died, at thirty-three, a legend arose that he had been poisoned by a jealous husband.

For Balanchine, Rieti's libretto was a chance to evoke the style and substance of the Romantic era in ballet; it also awakened echoes of the lost work on which he had collaborated with Rieti for Diaghilev—"Le Bal." The ball in "La Sonnambula," as designed by Vaes, is none too festive, and the massive and literal set that deflates the party also dwarfs the dancers, so that the "little" divertissement that the Baron (Leonid Kozlov) serves his guests now seems picayune and flavorless. It is further neutered by the lack of character costumes for the dancers of the Pastorale pas de quatre (who formerly appeared as shepherds and shepherdesses) and by the camouflage that has been applied to the Blackamoors' dance. The Blackamoors, who held the boards all through the civil-rights revolution of the sixties and were never as offensive as the Moor in "Petrushka," have now had to give way to two impostors who dance their steps—a Balinese couple in the American Ballet Theatre production and a "Bayadère"-style Indian couple here. The last of the four divertissement dances was deleted in Balanchine's time; this leaves only the Harlequin to carry on the accustomed tradition. Damian Woetzel does it very well, though for some reason he substitutes pirouettes for high splits at the climax of his solo. A further point about the dancers of the divertissement which this production muddles is that they are entertainers hired for the delectation of the guests. Now they seem to be on the same social plane. In Balanchine's staging, when they ran on in a panic while the Baron was killing the Poet offstage, the women would have their hair loosened; one could imagine a segregated dinner or siesta suddenly interrupted. As for the guests, the same charges might be levelled that were heard when the 1960 revival was new—that the dancers were all too young to bring off the brittle, cynical fun of the party dances and the flirtations. The edge of corruption on the cordial surface of the ballet was not meant to glitter only in the performances of the Baron and the Coquette. A lot of "La Sonnambula" is lost without the suggestion of an invidious social code that affects everyone but the Sleepwalker.

The ballet has been fairly thoroughly overhauled. Only the Sleepwalker's nightgown, a garment painstakingly designed by Balanchine together with Barbara Karinska, has been retained. (The tendency in the other revivals has been to keep the costumes, maybe because Balanchine got his way with them more often than he did with the scenery.) Vaes's costumes, in the modified Directoire style of the previous ones (the designer was André Levasseur), are more sumptuous and tasteful. But scenery and costumes were never as crucial to any Balanchine production—at least, not while he worked in New York—as lighting was. He had, at the outset of his American career, the services of Pavel Tchelitchew, the greatest lighting designer of his time. Then, at the City Center, he worked with Jean Rosenthal. Her successor, Ronald Bates, was a City Ballet-bred technician who evolved in his final seasons (he died last year) into an artist. This "La Sonnambula" was lit by Mark Stanley, the company's new lighting director. It is the greatest of pities that, with one of the clearest mandates a Balanchine ballet can give to any lighting designer, Stanley was not allowed to do his job.

But for the disproportionate scale of the Vaes set, the company might have been wise to cast children in the Pastorale, following the custom of the Royal Danish Ballet. The School of American Ballet has the children. This year's workshop performances brought out a number of winners among the older students. The sophistication of the performing was astonishing. "Divertimento No. 15," "The Four Temperaments," and the Royal Navy section of "Union Jack," all by Balanchine, were danced, along with Bournonville's "Flower Festival" pas de deux. The latter has been dropped from the company's production of "Bournonville Divertissements" and the Pas de Six from "Abdallah" put in its place. What with an ensemble adagio, six solos, and a coda, plus constant intrusions by a trio from the "Napoli" section of the divertissement, this sextet seems endless. "Bournonville Divertissements" has also been fitted out with scenery by Alain Vaes, and Vaes has again been dismayingly literal. A dance studio patterned after one in Copenhagen has mud-colored walls that fade into postcard views of the city.

It is good to see Darci Kistler tak-

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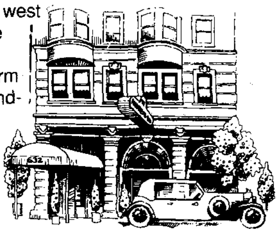

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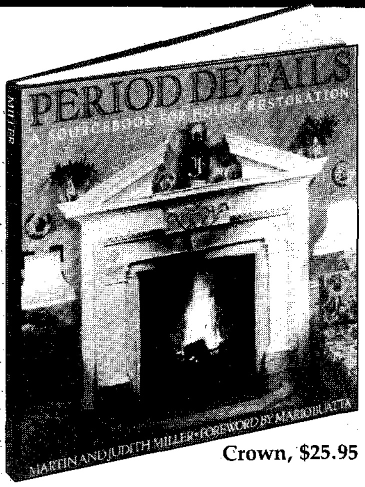
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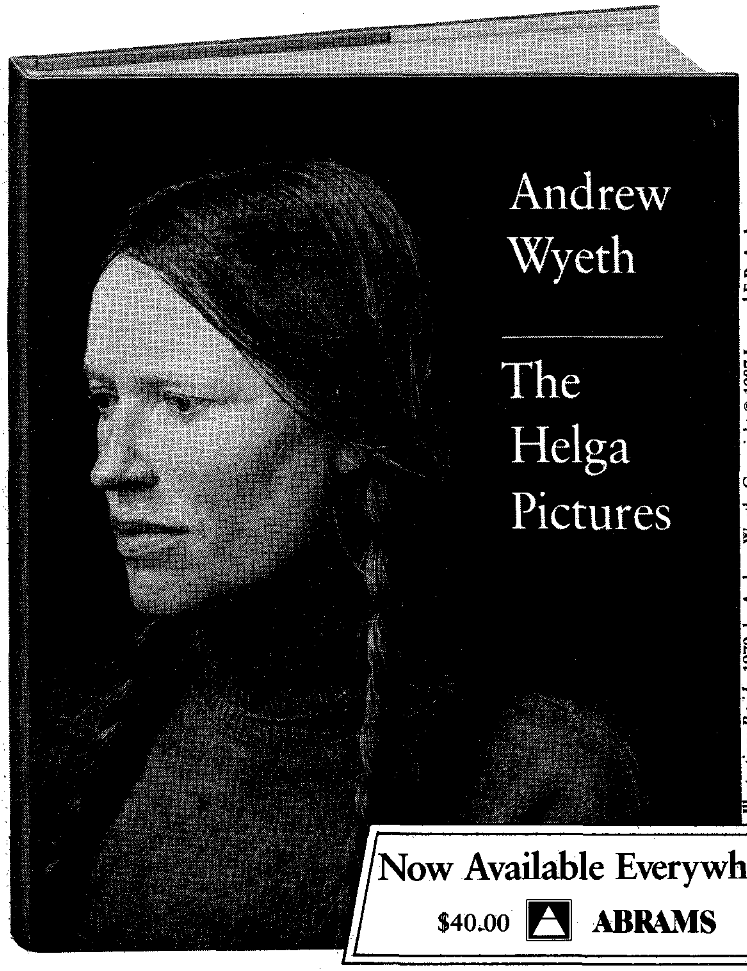

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ing major Balanchine roles once again. Up to now, she has been at her best in Robbins roles—in "Afternoon of a Faun" or in "In G Major," where she was partnered with extraordinary resourcefulness and sympathy by Robert La Fosse. Kistler has a temperament that responds to big occasions. Her Sleepwalker, beautifully danced, is not yet the luminous vision it could become, but it is thrilling to see her prolong the moment when she takes the Poet's body in her arms (Andersen is not a small man) and backs away unaided into the dark. Dancing the role created for Farrell and now done with great success by Kyra Nichols in "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," Kistler was strong and winsome, and she had another big theatrical moment in the "Witches' Sabbath" finale, when she entered doing piqué turns with a cloud of hair flying around her head. Kistler uses her hair in "Faun," too, but there she's the all-American nymph, and in "Walpurgisnacht" she's surrealistic, Max Ernstian. While these frissons of hers are only isolated effects, their daring hints at the kind of thing she's capable of and might produce as integrated art with the right encouragement. For now, she's showing all she can of the initiative it currently takes to develop true ballerina standing in this company. Nichols and Maria Calegari are self-launched, independently powered ballerinas; Saland has followed their example and renewed her career; and so it goes down the line of soloists and demis—Melinda Roy, Nichol Hlinka, Helene Alexopoulos, Lisa Jackson, Lauren Hauser. Merrill Ashley, never one to be outdone, this season penetrated the secrets of "Gounod Symphony," a ballet that gave her trouble when she first undertook it, two years ago. The long pas de deux, partnered by John Meehan, is now one of the highlights of her repertory.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

Featured work will be Bach's Cantata No. 4, "Christ Lay in Bonds of Bruckner.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer Journal.*

Bach was way ahead of his time.

•

Last weekend a party was broken up on the Peacock Hill Road. With the help of neighbors notifying us of these parties early enough, we can break them up before they get started.—*Police News in the New Gloucester (Maine) News.*

Maybe you could get on the invitation list.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 14

THE congressional hearings on the Iran-Contra affair have yielded up a great deal of new material on the events and the people involved, but the most important thing they have done is throw into sharper relief, and underline, the serious constitutional questions that the affair has raised. These questions were there before, but the first phase of the hearings, which has just been completed, through showing us a great deal more of what actually went on, has limned their seriousness. And so have the varying responses by the President and his advisers to the hearings: the responses show that the White House, for all its attempts to shrug off the hearings as inconsequential and uninteresting to the public, realizes that the President is being more damaged by them than had been expected.

Last week was a very bad one for Reagan. The hearings were having a cumulative impact; the economic summit in Venice did not go well for him; his new Persian Gulf policy was greeted with doubts by the allies and is still being sharply questioned on Capitol Hill. A decision was taken to "reflag" Kuwaiti tankers with United States flags before the political and military implications—and the military strategy—were thought through. The whole affair caused a very important senator, one whose opinion counts for much, to say to me recently that he no longer trusted the Administration at all. This is a view that is spreading here. Reagan's press conference at the end of the Venice summit was dominated by questions about the Iran-Contra affair and was disastrous. Reagan came across as tired and confused—as aging, and even slightly defeated. He inadvertently set off a brief run on the dollar, by saying that "there could still be some lowering" of its value; this was counter to the Administration's policy, and aides scrambled to reverse the effect of his comment. The Venice meeting was also marked by disarray among the President's aides. He and his aides obviously hope that his scheduled television address tomorrow night and the possibilities of an agreement with the Soviet Union on intermediate-range nuclear weapons and another meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev will give his Presidency (and him) a lift. His new top advisers, Howard Baker, the chief of staff, and Frank Carlucci, the national-security adviser, have not made the difference that many people here—since they knew and liked the two men, and because Baker and Carlucci were a big improvement over their predecessors—had expected. Perhaps too much was expected of them.

THE most important constitutional issue raised by the Iran-Contra affair is, of course, whether the President, or the executive branch, can simply decide that a law passed by Congress—in this case a law (the Boland amendment) prohibiting military assistance to the Contras—is inconvenient, and secretly establish an elaborate scheme to get around the law, and in the process deceive both Congress and the public. The secrecy is an important clue—if the Administration was perfectly within its rights to do what it did, why the secrecy? If such an evasion of the law can be carried out, if the safeguards in our system of government can be so easily subverted, our constitutional system is finished. The Iran-Contra affair was a constitutional breakdown.

When the hearings began to show that the President had not only been aware of the large-scale violation but had also taken part in it, the White House offered the extraordinary and radical theory that since the law did not specifically mention the President, he was not bound by it. The implications of this are, of course, immense. And it takes us a long distance from the Constitution's charge to the President to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Also, in the past we have gone by the theory that the President is accountable for the acts of his subordinates. (This was, in fact, the grounds for one of the articles of impeachment against Richard Nixon adopted by the House Judiciary Committee, in 1974.) It must quickly be said that the idea of impeachment has not been very much in the air here these days, for a number of reasons; the mood could change as the hearings proceed, but as of now members of the House and Senate select committees conducting the joint hearings say that the public could not stand the trauma of a second impeachment proceeding so soon after the last one, and that they do not detect any great public ground swell for impeachment. They rule out proceeding against the President absent any public clamor. They say that Reagan is already paying such a price for the Iran-Contra affair that future Presidents are not likely to repeat his mistakes. Also, they say, the fact that Reagan is nearing the end of his second term dilutes the need for such drastic action. One thing that

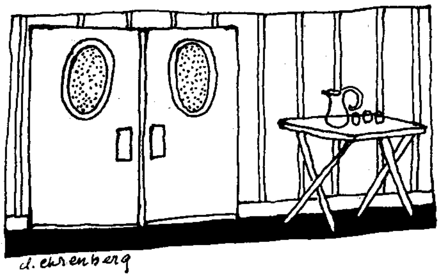
"I've changed the company's name, Edith. Ours, of course, will remain the same."

confuses some people's thinking about this affair is the Nixon standard: anything less than a President being driven from office appears ordinary. But what has been happening to Reagan is not at all ordinary.

The basic idea of the Constitution—and its genius—is that of checks and balances, to keep us safe from both tyranny of the masses and of an unchecked executive (or a king). Another stabilizing force in our system of government is the idea of checks and balances within the executive branch—of various departments and agencies being involved in policymaking, or being aware of it, and in something of a position to check each other, and to bring competing views to the President. This, too, was overridden in the case of the Iran-Contra affair. The hearings pulled back the curtain on the secret government-within-the-government that was established to carry out the secret sales of weapons to Iran and to secretly get arms to the Contras. Since Congress was misled or kept in the dark in both instances, it could not act as a check on the executive. The government-within-the-government circumvented the departments of government that should have been consulted. Government departments are accountable to Congress—which was another reason they were avoided. The hearings have also shown us the considerable amount of sleaze involved in these operations—even Oliver North's beribboned chest got some mud on it—but this is only one indication that something was very wrong.

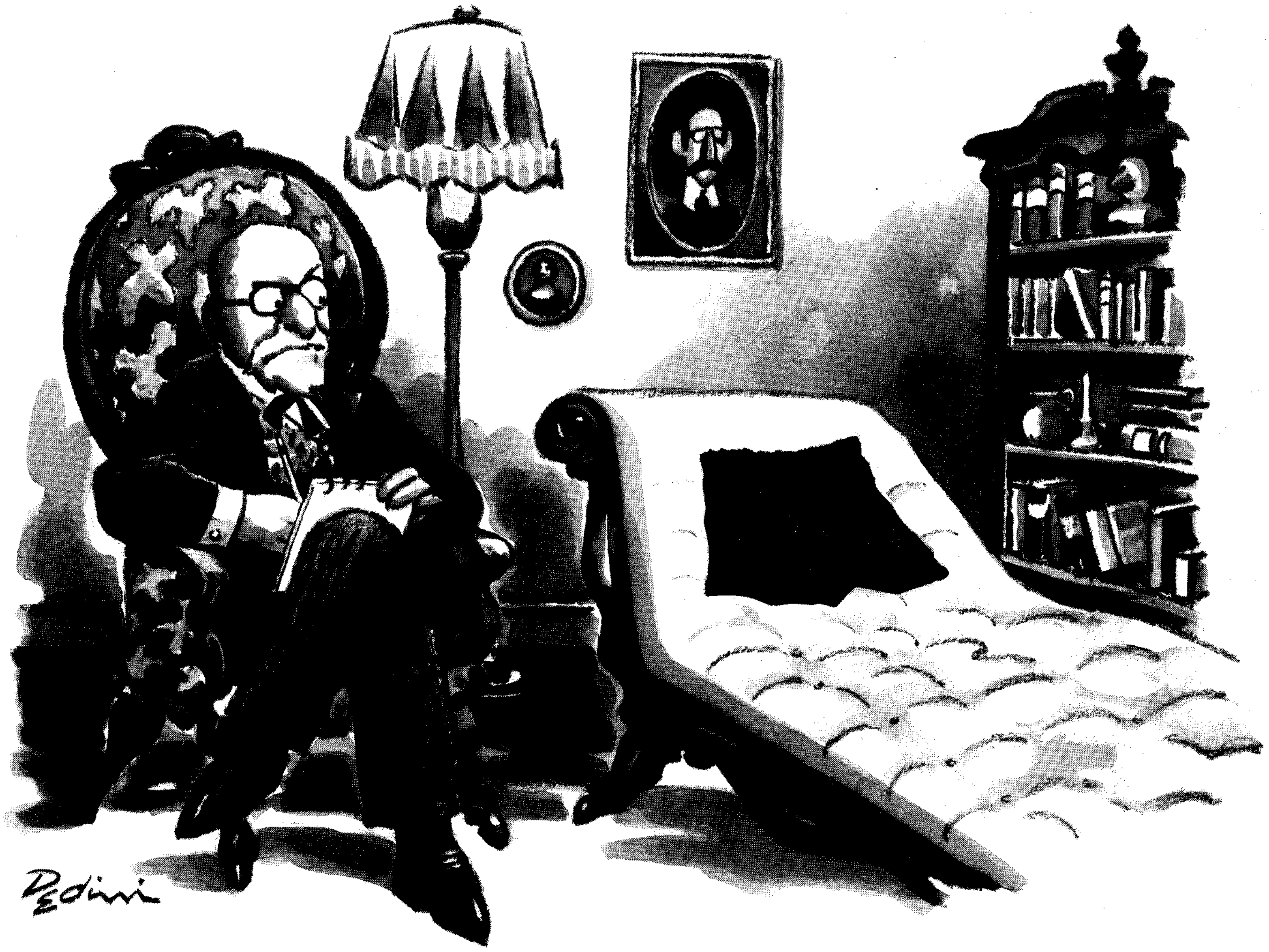
The hearings showed us how the government-within-the-government, using funds derived from profits on the arms sales to Iran and from donations to the Contras by other countries and from private Americans (through a shakedown scheme that involved North and may have gone higher), acquired its own planes and weapons and so forth, and ran its own secret foreign policy—one that extended beyond Iran and Nicaragua. (One way these operations were kept secret was through the use of highly classified communications equipment that North got from the National Security Agency, so that the people in the secret government could communicate with each other outside the range of the rest of the executive branch.) This secret government was at least aconstitutional, if not unconstitutional, since it skirted the systems of checks and balances—that was what it was set up to do. Some countries have a coup mentality, which is borne out in their history—a proclivity for deciding that the established civilian authorities can't get things done and having coups d'état that put the government in the hands of a group, usually the military, to cut through the tedious legitimate methods of governing. We don't have such a mentality, or such a history, but what we did have in these recent events was, in effect, a junta within the government.

Though the hearings are an investigation and not a criminal prosecution, they have already turned up evidence of a number of crimes that may have been committed, by a rather large number of people. But the committees stop short of drawing such conclusions, since, among other things, the independent counsel is also at work. Still, it is reasonable to conclude that several indictments will arise out of these events. Daniel Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii and chairman of the Senate committee, a calm and measured man, said in his opening statement, "We do not deal here with civil disagreements over the direction of U.S. foreign policy, or with the creative tensions between the branches of government. Those are normal and healthy, and they do not end in shredding of documents." He added, "Only a contempt for law leads to altered documents and perjured statements." The evidence not only of a substantial amount of document shredding—by North and by some of the "private" participants in these activities—but also of other forms of coverup shows that something was terribly wrong, and sordid: starting when Eugene Hasenfus's plane, taking military supplies to the Contras, was shot down over Nicaragua last October (during the ban on such military aid), and continuing through the time when the arms-to-Iran-for-hostages policy became public, and when the diversion of profits from the Iran arms sales to military assistance for the Contras threatened to become public, and through Reagan's early explanations of what had happened, and into these hearings. And there are offenses against our system of government that are not contained in the U.S. Criminal Code. An argument can be made that these hearings have done a great deal to demonstrate that the Iran-Contra affair raises constitutional issues of a greater magnitude than those we faced during Watergate.



THE emergence of the Boland amendment as the focal point of the first phase of the hearings resulted from a confluence of accident and logic. The hearings are taking the events in chronological order, and, in a sense, the inquiry backed into the constitutional issue. After all, the hearings were the result of disclosures last November about the sales of arms to Iran, and the astonishing news, announced by Attorney General Edwin Meese later that month, that profits from those sales had been diverted to the Contras. The diversion, which was learned about because North somehow neglected to destroy a document mentioning it, became the center of attention. The reaction to it was so strong because it added a whole new wrinkle to the Iran-arms issue, and because it was probably illegal. The profits from the arms sales, a legal theory goes, belong to the government of the United States; any diverting of those profits, or putting them to any other use, could constitute a conspiracy to defraud the United States government. (The independent counsel, Lawrence Walsh, is working on constructing such a case. Several other kinds of cases are also being considered. Any prosecution that the independent counsel brings is going to face a sharp challenge by the defendants and their lawyers. Still, before this whole thing is over a large number of people might go to jail. If so, Reagan would be remembered for that, too.) Thus, the big question on many people's minds was—and still is—whether the President knew about the diversion. It is always simpler, as we saw in Watergate, to deal in terms of the so-called smoking gun. But the preoccupation with exactly what the President knew about the diversion is in itself a diversion. There are other important questions about what the President presided over, and his responsibility for what happened.

The sequence of the witnesses has been affected by the committees' decisions on how best to tell the story, and also by agreements the committees have made with the independent counsel. Thus, the first two witnesses—



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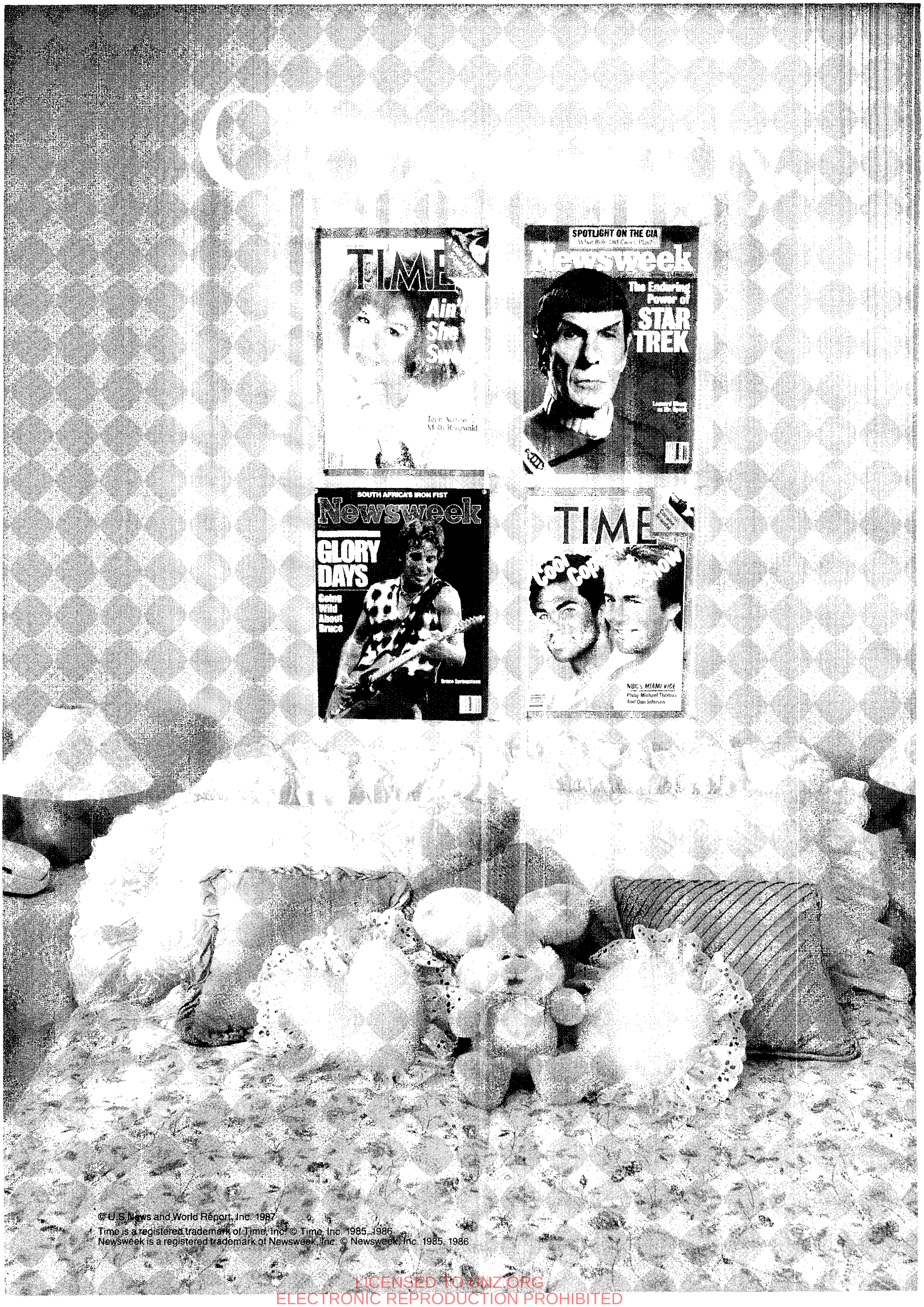
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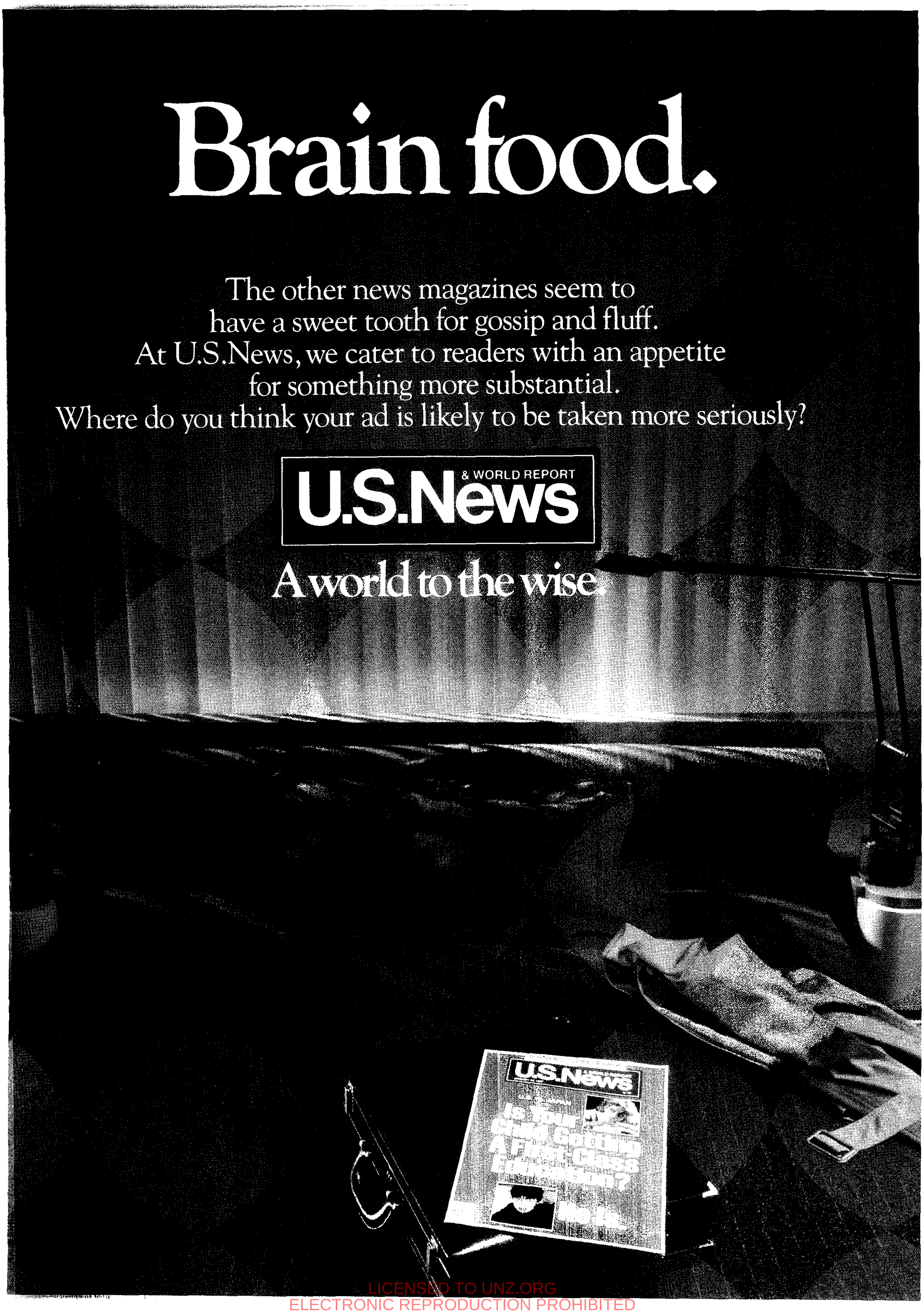
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Richard Secord, a former military officer now in private business who ran the Iran and Contra operations for North, and Robert McFarlane, who had been the national-security adviser during much of the activity involved—were chosen because they could provide an "overview" of the story. North and Rear Admiral John Poindexter, McFarlane's successor, who may have a lot to say, cannot appear until later, pursuant to agreements with the independent counsel to give him time to develop his potential cases against them before they testify publicly, under grants of immunity from prosecution for what they say to the committees. (These grants of immunity do not protect the witnesses from prosecution for perjury before the committees.) Under the agreements with the independent counsel, some of the committees' staff members have been questioning Poindexter, under strict security arrangements, and the committees could put him on the stand this coming week, but they chose not to, because they want to have questioned North in private beforehand, and North did not become available for even private questioning until this coming week. Because of this, and congressional recesses, Poindexter and North will appear in July.

What has come to be termed "the Boland amendment" was a legislative stricture, enacted in October, 1984, that prohibited the C.I.A. or the Department of Defense, "or any other agency or entity of the United States involved in intelligence activities," from providing military aid to the Contras, "directly or indirectly." The law was clear and simple enough, and so was its intent, and McFarlane, in his testimony, said that he had no question that it applied to the National Security Council even though the N.S.C. was not specifically named; he took this position in previous years, when certain congressional committees were trying to determine whether the law had been violated—he took this position so seriously that he misled them. The term "indirectly" was intended precisely to prohibit using third countries—it is a term that frequently is used in legislation; for example, in legislation on arms sales. Recently, the Administration has claimed that the restriction did not apply to the N.S.C., and that the law is an unconstitutional encroachment on the President's authority to conduct foreign policy. But if this was the case, the Administration did not follow any of the standard procedures for objecting to a law passed by Congress and trying to get it changed, or for clarifying its intent. The President signed the legislation into law; the Administration did not go to court to challenge its constitutionality—as it did in the case of the Gramm-Rudman law—nor did it go through any good-faith effort of pointing out to Congress what it claimed as the loophole. Had it done so, Congress no doubt would have closed the loophole.

In the face of overwhelming evidence, the White House stopped claiming that the Boland amendment was not being violated, and fell back on the argument that the amendment didn't apply to the N.S.C. or the President. The White House maintained that the legal justification for using the N.S.C. derived from a memo by the Intelligence Oversight Board's counsel. The I.O.B. is made up of three outsiders, primarily Reagan supporters, who serve part time and are to monitor intelligence activities. The staff of the I.O.B. consists of the counsel and a secretary, and it clearly doesn't do much overseeing. Even the Tower Commission said that this was "an odd source" for a legal opinion. At the request of some of the House Republicans, the I.O.B.'s counsel, Bretton Sciaroni, was called to testify before the committees last week—a tactic that backfired. But his appearance provided a forum for the committees to debate the Boland amendment. In the course of Sciaroni's testimony, it emerged that he had failed four bar exams before taking his current job (which requires admission to the bar), and finally succeeded by taking a bar exam in Pennsylvania, where he does not live. (He had previously worked for a couple of conservative think tanks.) It also emerged that the poor man's "investigation" of whether North was engaged in illegal activities consisted of a thirty-minute interview with the counsel to the N.S.C.—who withheld documents that McFarlane, in his own testimony before the committees, had called "problematic"—and a five-minute chat with North, a friend, who made a blanket denial that he was doing anything wrong. Under questioning by John Nields, the House committee's counsel, Sciaroni did say that the words in the Boland amendment "or any other agency or entity of the United States involved in intelligence activities" would, "on the face of it," seem to cover the N.S.C., but he went on to say that if that was the intent it should have been made explicit in the legislation. Under questioning by Nields and by Senator George Mitchell, Democrat of Maine, Sciaroni was backed into agreeing that by the logic of his opinion the President could turn intelligence activities over to the Drug Enforcement Administration or to the Agriculture Department, since they, too, weren't specifically named in the Boland amendment.

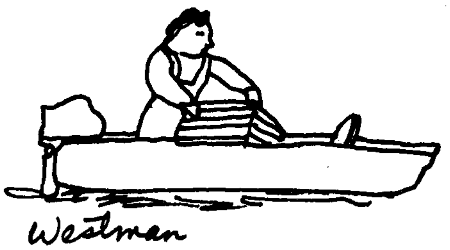
Actually, we already had learned from the hearings that two million dollars in funds donated for the Contras and profits from the Iran arms sales, both sitting in a Swiss account, were, at North's direction, used to finance an operation by D.E.A. agents to ransom American hostages held in Lebanon. The various funds in the Iran-Contra affair were treated fungibly, if not with abandon. Members of the committees were disturbed not only that this D.E.A. caper ran counter to U.S. policy but also that it was done without the legally required procedures for C.I.A. covert activities: the President must sign a "finding" authorizing such an activity, and the congressional Intelligence Committees must be informed. McFarlane testified that Reagan had approved the plan, without a finding. In Venice, Reagan said he didn't know the operation would involve bribes "until all of this exposure."

Representative Henry Hyde, Republican of Illinois and a strong defender of the President, said that Sciaroni's testimony simply indicated that "there are conflicting opinions," but not all Republicans agreed. Senator Warren Rudman, Republican of New Hampshire and the vice-chairman of the Senate committee, said that Sciaroni's opinion validated Dickens' view that "the law is a ass." As it turns out, Sciaroni's was apparently the only legal opinion on the Boland amendment that the Administration ever had. And McFarlane, to whom Sciaroni's opinion was supposedly sent, had told the committees that he could not recall receiving it, and that in any event he did not agree with it. In what was perhaps the strangest twist of all, the questioning of Sciaroni brought out the fact that North, in a memo to an associate, expressed concern that "our legal friend"—presumably Sciaroni—could cause problems if he wrote an opinion that the Administration *could*, under the Boland amendment, do the things it was doing: Congress might find out that the Administration was doing them.

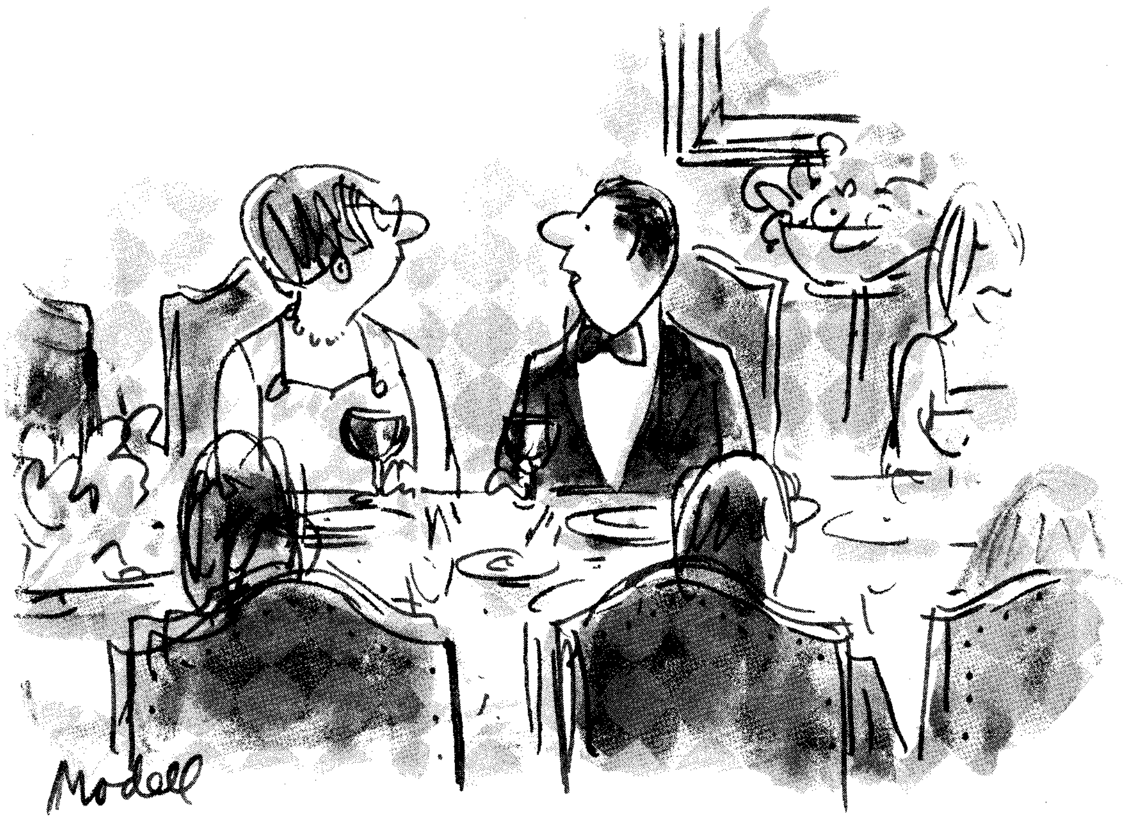
When Congress inquired about press reports suggesting what North was up to, the Administration lied to it. For example, in 1985 McFarlane responded to a query from Representative Lee Hamilton, Democrat of Indiana and then chairman of the House Intelligence Committee, "I can state with deep personal conviction that at no time did I or any member of the National Security Council staff violate the letter or spirit of the law." McFarlane's response shows that he was clear enough about the intent of the Boland amendment. At another time, he responded to another Hamilton query, "There is no official or unofficial relationship with any member of the NSC staff regarding fund raising for the Nicaraguan democratic opposition." North has been named a co-conspirator by the fund-raisers Carl Channell and Richard Miller, who have pleaded guilty to using tax-exempt funds, through "foundations," to get military assistance to the Contras. And testimony by some donors showed us how they had been hit up by North and Channell in what Rudman called "the old one-two punch." First, North would tell them about the dire straits the Contras were in, then Channell would talk about the specific donation. According to one of the witnesses, Channell told him that if he gave three hundred thousand dollars he would get to see the President. Reagan met with some of the donors. A former aide, David Fischer, who was essentially Reagan's doorkeeper, collected fees from Channell of twenty thousand dollars a month to set up these meetings. Reagan continues to maintain that he thought the donations were for spot ads to influence Congress to aid the Contras. McFarlane, in his testimony before the select committees, said that his responses to the various congressional inquiries about North had been "too categorical." (It also came out in McFarlane's testimony that North had drafted these responses.) And we also learned that he managed to keep an inquiring congressman from seeing the "problematic" documents. The Tower Commission report showed us that later, after North himself misled the House Intelligence Committee in the summer of 1986, Poindexter sent him a message saying, "Well Done."

The Administration's grand deception of Congress over the Contra-support program was part of the constitutional breakdown. This breakdown prompted Hamilton, now the chairman of the House select committee and one of the least flamboyant and most respected members of the House, to make some memorable remarks at the end of McFarlane's testimony. "I ask myself," Hamilton said, "how can the Congress find out what has happened? If the national-security adviser to the President of the United States and other high officials do not provide complete and accurate answers to the Congress, what can we do?" Hamilton continued, "How can our system of government work if the Administration is not candid in its answers to the Congress?"

Similarly, the false or misleading statements that Elliott Abrams, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, had made to congressional committees—he didn't tell them about the donation of ten million dollars by the Sultan of Brunei, and he maintained for three weeks after Eugene Hasenfus's plane was shot down that the government had had nothing to do with the supply flights—added to the congressional mistrust of the Administration. (So, obviously, did the discovery that the Administration had been selling arms to Iran at a time when it was publicly calling for a worldwide ban on sending arms to Iran.) In his appearance before the select committees a couple of weeks ago, Abrams maintained that he had been misled by other Administration officials, but a number of the committees' members made it clear, through their questions, that they felt that Abrams had shown a striking lack of curiosity about this and, according to his testimony, about the many activities of North, with whom he had worked closely—and of whom Secretary of State George Shultz was so suspicious that he told Abrams to, in Abrams' words, "monitor Ollie." (In most respects, Shultz was apparently uncurious about the Iran-Contra affair, and one wonders why he didn't raise a question about North with the President.) Abrams either knew a lot more than he let on or he was clever enough to take care not to know certain things—but it's hard to see how he could have been less informed than people who read about North's activities in the newspapers. Of course, if he did collaborate with North in the violation, he could have legal problems of his own. Abrams, combative as always and a very smart man—as well as a zealous supporter of the Administration's Contra policy (two of his predecessors had in effect been forced out for lack of sufficient zeal)—also countered the testimony of previous witnesses who had said that he had known about some of the activities to provide military support to the Contras during the ban. Abrams came on as the staunch protector of the Boland amendment. And, like many other witnesses, he claimed a lack of memory about certain key points. Many Administration officials—in all Administrations—find Congress a nuisance, but they recognize that it is part of the government and must be dealt with; Abrams' contemptuousness, which he could not mask in his appearance before the select committees, was beyond the pale. His testimony led Representative Dante Fascell, Democrat of Florida, who is the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee and a supporter of Contra aid, to say, sorrowfully, that "all of this is going to make it very difficult" for Abrams to work effectively with Congress when legislation providing for additional aid to the Contras comes up this fall. In the face of a number of demands from Congress that Abrams go (several of them from Contra supporters), Shultz defended Abrams and so, though not enthusiastically, did Reagan. But Abrams' future is uncertain.



ANOTHER argument that the White House and its defenders use against the Boland amendment is that there were actually several Boland amendments, and that congressional policy toward Nicaragua fluctuated to such an extent that it was hard to know what the law was. This argument is disingenuous in several respects: The tax laws change frequently, but no one in the Administration would argue that this means taxpayers need not adhere to whatever the law is at the time; and the intent of the pertinent Boland amendment was, as some former Administration officials have testified, quite clear. One reason there have been several legislative constraints on what the Administration could do for the Contras is that the amendments are attached as riders to annual authorization and appropriations bills for the C.I.A. and the Defense Department and must be renewed each year. All the amendments were designed to define and restrict military support of the Contras by the C.I.A. and other government agencies, and some of them were enacted after Congress learned that it had been deceived about the purpose and use of the aid it had approved. It was as if Congress had to keep chasing the Administration, cutting off its latest idea for avoiding the restrictions.



"Actually, I'm what you might call a non-practicing vegetarian."

In 1982, when it became clear to several lawmakers that the Administration's original stated purpose of aiding the Contras in order to interdict weapons being sent from Nicaragua to rebels in El Salvador was not the true story, the first Boland amendment—denying funds for the purpose of overthrowing the Sandinista regime—was enacted. Next, Congress put a cap of twenty-four million dollars on the amount of money that could be expended for the Contras by the C.I.A., the Defense Department, or other government agencies involved in intelligence activities. Then, in 1984, after Congress learned that, among other things, the C.I.A. had been involved in mining Nicaraguan harbors, the Boland amendment cutting off all help by those agencies—the one that has been the focal point of the hearings—was enacted. Representative Edward Boland, Democrat of Massachusetts and chairman of the House Intelligence Committee from 1977 through 1984, stipulated that this amendment also covered salaries. In 1985, Congress allowed the State Department to solicit other countries for "humanitarian" aid to the Contras. But the Boland amendment that is the subject of these hearings was also reënacted in 1985, and so was in effect for about two years.

Thus, the solicitation for ten million dollars from the Sultan of Brunei would have been legal if, as Abrams said, it was used for "humanitarian" purposes. The initial issue raised by members of the select committees about this solicitation was Abrams' failure, under questioning, to tell the Senate Intelligence Committee about it last year. Intelligence Committee members had asked many questions, but Abrams maintained that they didn't ask him the right question. In the Iran-Contra hearings, Abrams said that when he realized he may have misled the committee he asked for an opportunity to apologize, but David Boren, Democrat of Oklahoma and the current chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, pointed out that Abrams' apology came late in his testimony in the second Intelligence Committee hearings, after he had defended his earlier statements. Another question about the Brunei donation, ostensibly for "humanitarian" aid, was how, had it arrived in the account it was sent to at North's suggestion, it would have been put to use. (We know that, by mistake, it ended up in the wrong account.) It was to be sent not to the Contras but to a Swiss account called Lake Resources, which was used by Secord and Albert Hakim, Secord's business partner, for their various activities. We learned from the recent testimony of Hakim that Secord had directed that three million dollars of the Sultan's contribution go for weapons for the Contras. The other seven million, Hakim said, was to be set aside for other purposes to be delineated by Secord; they had all manner of schemes in mind—perhaps they would get involved in getting arms to the rebels in Angola. Rudman, in another context, remarked that the Lake Resources account was not exactly known for its humanitarian interests. Rudman was referring to funds that had been solicited from Taiwan by Gaston Sigur when Sigur was on the staff of the N.S.C.—the members of which were not authorized to solicit any funds. The two million dollars that Taiwan gave for what Sigur said was "humanitarian" assistance also ended up in the Lake Resources account.

Similarly, the soliciting of funds from Saudi Arabia, which gave thirty-two million dollars to the Contras during 1984 and 1985, was probably illegal. McFarlane was at great pains to say that Saudi Arabia hadn't really been solicited—despite the fact that he had met both with the Saudi Ambassador to the United States and with

King Fahd around the time of the Saudi commitments to donate funds, and that the President had also met with the Ambassador, and had had special meetings with King Fahd when he visited Washington. (McFarlane also said that Shultz was not told of the Saudi contributions.) The various statements by McFarlane and the President that no soliciting of Saudi Arabia had taken place led Senator William Cohen, Republican of Maine and a member of the Senate select committee, to say it seemed to him that there was "a metaphysical exercise" about the meaning of "solicitation." As these disclosures were made, in the second week of the hearings, the President at first denied that he had personally asked third countries for contributions for the Contras, and then, after McFarlane revealed in the hearings that Reagan's diaries contained a reference to the donation Fahd had agreed to, he said that he had not solicited it, that Fahd had brought up the donation, and that he, Reagan, had expressed his "pleasure." (Marlin Fitzwater, the President's spokesman, told reporters that week, when he was asked about the solicitation of third countries, that the President was "aware of the legal ones and not aware of the illegal ones.") Of course, in these instances certain things do not have to be said by the people at the top—the arrangements can be made by those who serve them.

Also in 1985, after a long fight over an Administration request to resume military assistance, Congress authorized twenty-seven million dollars for "humanitarian" assistance for the Contras, and last year, finally worn down by Reagan's persistence, it approved military assistance to the Contras. The votes on these issues were often close, and the shifting policy and various legislative compromises reflected Congress's own ambivalence about aiding the Contras, and the residual fear on the part of many members of opposing Reagan on this issue. Other members, of course, consistently supported aid to the Contras because they thought it was the right thing to do. Congress's shifting policy is often cited by the Administration and its supporters in their response to charges that the Administration violated the key Boland amendment, but the moral and legal equivalence is not there.

THE President, who at first said that he would not comment on the hearings, has now taken a variety of positions, sometimes in response to specific things the hearings have turned up—for example, the Saudi contributions. He also responded, in several ways, to the plain fact that the hearings have shown that he was more involved in the Contra-support program than he had admitted. The hearings turned up, through McFarlane's testimony, the fact that Reagan had told McFarlane to keep the Contras' "body and soul together" after the Boland amendment was enacted; and that Reagan had telephoned the President of Honduras to persuade him to release some weapons for the Contras that Honduras had seized.

In fact, the hearings have already gone a long way toward shattering the myth of Reagan as—at least in this instance—the absentee President. Before the hearings began, Inouye said publicly that they would show that the President was more engaged in these matters than people had thought. One basis for this conclusion, Inouye said, was the excerpts from the President's diaries which the counsel for the committees had been permitted to see. The White House allowed representatives of the committees to see relevant portions of the diaries—to be selected by the President's counsel, in order to protect Reagan's privacy. The diaries—leather-bound, with the Presidential seal on them—are said to contain daily handwritten entries by Reagan. The Tower Commission report (it essentially concentrated on the arms sales to Iran, which was its assignment) did much to perpetuate the idea of Reagan as the hands-off President, and a number of people here think that the White House deliberately embraced this version of events so as to absolve the President of having taken part in them. Also, the Tower Commission was to some extent misleading. It did say, "President Reagan's personal management style places an especially heavy responsibility on his key advisers." But while this is definitely the case, it does not mean that the President was never involved; a more accurate description would be that he deals in selective engagement. Reagan's "management style" does not, from all reports, involve his asking a lot of searching questions, or necessarily reading memos. Some subjects interest him more than others, and among them—way up there, in fact—were the American hostages being held in Lebanon, and the Contras. And Reagan is not one for digging into the complexity of things or dealing in many subtleties; for him, issues resolve themselves into slogans—balance the budget, remove all nuclear weapons from the face of the earth, free the American hostages held in Lebanon, aid the Contras. We know from McFarlane, and from the Tower report, that the hostage-arms initiative was the result of a Presidential decision—that Reagan wanted to pursue the initiative when McFarlane, disgusted with the go-betweens and the lack of results, wanted to close it down.

McFarlane has, in fact, told so many versions of the events that it is not clear whether he is any longer in touch with the truth. He is one of the sad cases in this whole affair: someone who was in over his head, trying to play with the big boys in the big time, and ending up all but destroyed. In his testimony before the committees, McFarlane gave a revealing glimpse of the atmosphere within the Reagan Administration: he said that he didn't try to dissuade the President from engaging in the Contra-support program because "if I'd done that, Bill Casey, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and Cap Weinberger would have said I was some kind of Commie." Even after McFarlane left the government, in December, 1986, he could not let go: he kept a computer in his home with which he could continue to communicate with North—and, of course, he took that bizarre trip to Teheran. He even mused, in a computer message to North, about their joining up outside the government to keep carrying out the sorts of missions they had been engaged in. McFarlane was an example, like Poindexter, of Reagan's penchant for putting people in the job of national-security adviser who were a long way from being equipped for it. (Carlucci is an exception—but he is having his own problems.) McFarlane, in his testimony before the select committees, continued to be unable to face the truth—unless he was being devilishly clever. When confronted with one reality or another, he would say, "I take your point," and "I accept your version of that," and so on. Sometimes he would try to evade what he'd already said.

Reagan's varying responses to the hearings have caused considerable unease among some of his advisers, and raise some very serious questions. After it was no longer possible for the President to maintain that he did not know about the Contra-support program, his aides did an about-face and in their briefings with the press said that the Boland amendment did not cover the President, and also that only the President had the constitutional authority to conduct foreign policy. Smiling, affable people were suggesting radical, frightening ideas. Congress of course has a role in conducting foreign policy—among other things, through its power of the purse, its "advice and consent" on treaties, and its sole authority to declare war. The respective roles of Congress and the President have been a source of tension between Administrations and Congresses over the years which only a coöperative approach can work out; also, Supreme Court decisions—including one by William Rehnquist, now the Chief Justice—have held that Congress has a role in foreign policy. Moreover, when Congress is properly consulted on foreign policy, and flattered, and especially when it feels that a President is popular, or fears that its objection to a Presidential policy won't look good in history, it tends to give the President the benefit of the doubt and go along. (The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. And Reagan even got support for his stationing of marines in Lebanon, which ended in disaster.) When either institution overreaches, there is a problem. The White House's assertion that the President is not covered by the Boland amendment is even more disturbing to a number of people here. Technically, it is true that the law does not specifically mention the President; because it was attached to an appropriations bill for the C.I.A. and the Pentagon, it proceeds from a prohibition that "no funds available" to the C.I.A., the Defense Department, "or any other agency or entity of the United States involved in intelligence activities" could give the Contras military support, but obviously Congress never dreamed that the President would hold himself exempt from this—or any—law.

Reagan himself about a month ago told reporters from some weekly news magazines that "there is nothing in the Boland amendment that could keep me from asking other people to help" the Contras, which is incorrect. (On another occasion, he got wrong the answers to questions about whether the Secretary of State was authorized to solicit funds that could be used for military assistance—he said that the solicited countries could designate how the funds could be spent.) He also said to the newsweeklies, "I believe the N.S.C. is not an intelligence operation; it's simply advisory to me." Then, on the following day, in a meeting with regional editors, he went even further, and, in response to a question about McFarlane's having told the select committees that he had briefed the President "dozens" of times about his staff's efforts to get aid to the Contras, said, "There's no question about my being informed. I've known what's going on there, as a matter of fact, for quite a long time now. . . . And to suggest that I am just finding out, or that things are being exposed that I didn't know about, no. . . . Yes . . . I was kept briefed on that. As a matter of fact, I was very definitely involved in the decisions about support to the freedom fighters—my idea to begin with."

Somewhat later, Reagan told some foreign journalists that he had not known who the private contributors to the Contras were or how the contributions had been arranged, and denied again that he had solicited funds. He added, sounding a note that he had sounded after the Iran story broke last fall, "The damage that's been done to my credibility . . . has not been by anything that has been proven—quite the contrary." He said, "It has been the image that has been created by our own, particularly, Washington press corps."

Even to some of the President's advisers, his statement to the regional editors that he had known what was being done to help the Contras came dangerously close to his saying that he was above the law. (One adviser said that Reagan's aides tend to like to place him before regional editors, in the belief that they won't be as tough and cynical as the Washington press corps—but these sessions don't always go so well, either.) I'm told by one Reagan associate that often Reagan's seemingly off-the-cuff remarks are carefully planned, but that in his response to the regional editors he went much too far. This person also said that the President is "very much chomping at the bit to respond and clarify and defend himself" in the

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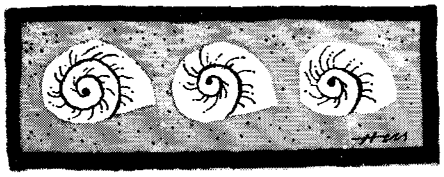
course of the hearings, but that, in this person's view, this is "not a wise strategy." He said, "We need to know what the complete story is before he does that," and added, "Getting into the legal niceties at this stage of the game is a very dangerous game to play—we don't know what cliffs there are to walk off of." He also said that the plan had not been for Reagan or his aides to completely reject the Boland amendment as applicable to the President. The real worry, this person said, was that Reagan himself could be caught in the net of a "conspiracy" to violate the Boland amendment—that he could, like Nixon, end up as an "unindicted co-conspirator."

A number of present and past Reagan associates were appalled by Reagan's response that he had known what was going on. Some saw it as Howard Baker's first big mistake. One Reagan associate told me recently that the new approach would further undermine Reagan's status with the public, since he was in effect saying that what he had been saying up to that point—that he did not know anything about the activities of his aides which might have been contrary to the Boland amendment—had been untrue. This person said that survey after survey conducted for the White House in Reagan's first term demonstrated that one of Reagan's strongest points was people's belief that he was steady in his policies and that he was honest. "It's a terrible idea," this person said, referring to that particular strategy. "People have to think that he was lying to them before." The polls show that a majority—a growing one—believes that Reagan is not telling the truth about the Iran-Contra affair.

One Reagan adviser has told me that a problem the White House was running into was that its own surveys over the past couple of months have shown that, in the public mind, the words "diversion of funds to the Contras" had taken on a wider meaning—that the phrase now was linked to anything having to do with the Contras, and that anything having to do with the Contras and Iran was considered illegal. Therefore, the White House tried to draw some distinctions between the diversion and what it said was the encouragement of "private citizens" to make contributions to the Contras. But, this adviser conceded, the tactic had been handled poorly, and the outcome was very damaging. He said, "The trouble is, the line in the sand that the White House tried to draw doesn't mean much in the public perception." He went on to say, "All this scurrying around and getting money is viewed as just as damaging as the diversion." Reagan has, of course, flatly denied that he knew about the diversion. (Hamilton, a careful man, said today that if it was found that Reagan did know about the diversion, there would be a "demand for impeachment proceedings.") This adviser added that the President's appearing to assert that he is above the law is additionally damaging because of the current context: Michael Deaver's legal problems; the legal problems of Lyn Nofziger, another former White House aide, who, like Edwin Meese, has been caught up in the spreading Wedtech scandal—of alleged payoffs and possible violations of the code of ethics. The Reagan Administration has been marked by a rather large number of officials who had to resign, or even went to prison, for ethical transgressions, and there has been a veritable swarm of independent counsels in Washington—investigating current and former Reagan Administration officials. The Reagan adviser said, "The coverage of all of these things has created the impression that this Administration has played fast and loose—and that the President behaves as if he is above the law." He added, "Anything that brings more focus on the President in this regard is very damaging to him." This person said that after all this, even if Poindexter and North say the President didn't know about the diversion, it might not be enough to "wipe the slate clean."

One thing that has been most perturbing to the White House is that the President is in the grip of events beyond the Administration's control. Administrations in general like to establish themselves as controlling the time clock, and, if possible, the agenda—and the Reagan White House has been particularly dedicated to this. One Reagan adviser told me recently that the Iran-Contra affair "is qualitatively and quantitatively different from anything the White House has faced before." He continued, "The White House doesn't have any idea of what is coming down, and that puts the President and the White House at a real disadvantage." During the first two weeks of the hearings, the people around the President joked—somewhat morbidly—about their good fortune in terms of distracting events: Gary Hart's extramarital problems and withdrawal from the Presidential race occurred during the first week of the hearings, when Richard Secord was testifying; and during subsequent testimony the attack on the frigate U.S.S. Stark, in the Persian Gulf, dominated the news. But even the White House people understood that the record was being inexorably built on Capitol Hill.



And then, at his press conference in Venice last week, when he was asked whether he thought the Boland amendment applied to him, Reagan, in still another version, said: "I not only think it didn't, but I don't think that the law was broken. We're talking about a case of people that on their own—individuals and groups in our country—sought to send aid to the freedom fighters. This has gone on for quite a long time in other areas. We can go clear back to the Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. I did not solicit anyone ever to do that. I was aware that it must be going on, of course, but never solicited either countries or the other, and would point to the law that is being cited—one of the five versions of the Boland amendment—that that specifically suggested that the Secretary of State should solicit help from our friendly countries, friendly neighbors."

THE first phase of the hearings painted a devastating picture of the implications and consequences of turning over the management of foreign policy to private entrepreneurs. We already knew that the Administration had contracted out to a private network the covert getting of arms to the Contras and the covert trading of arms to Iran for hostages, but the hearings provided the reality effect: we actually saw the kinds of people who were relied on to deal with very sensitive matters—and the picture was not very pretty. In fact, it was frightening. Very questionable people who had more than the national interest in mind were in and out of the White House Situation Room (one of the most secret of places in the government), were buying and selling hostages, were using the most secret of communications equipment (KL-43s), and, we learned from Hakim's testimony, were conducting negotiations with representatives of the Iranian government (or some part of it). And, at North's direction, they were using the proceeds from the arms sales, plus various donations for aid to the Contras, not only to get weapons to the Contras while the Boland amendment was in effect but to carry out other foreign-policy ventures. The secret government had its own foreign policy, and the money to finance it. We now know from the testimony that among the other secret ventures were: using Drug Enforcement Administration employees to try to ransom the hostages; purchasing a ship to broadcast anti-Qaddafi propaganda from off the Libyan coast (a project that the C.I.A. and the Defense Department apparently rejected); a mysterious purchase of radios for some Caribbean country (the committees' staff says that it would be too embarrassing to say what these were for). Thus, all manner of harebrained schemes involving the United States, some of which were, or would have been, rejected by the legitimate bureaucracy, were possible through the private government that North established—and that others approved.

"I'm aiming for boyish charm, but I don't want to appear vulnerable."

• •

Hakim's testimony provided a dramatic example of the private government substituting for the legitimate one in the conduct of foreign policy. According to Hakim, Secord, with Hakim and North and a retired C.I.A. operative (acting as a translator) present, pledged to "fight the Russians in Iran" in the event of a Soviet invasion (thus potentially starting the Third World War), and to "depose" the President of Iraq, Saddam Hussein. (It is to be remembered that before the arms sales to Iran, and afterward, United States policy has been to "tilt" toward Iraq in the Iran-Iraq war, though we are officially neutral. This is one of the reasons the Administration is getting more involved in the Persian Gulf. And the Administration, apparently without embarrassment, is once again trying to pressure other nations to not sell arms to Iran.) Hakim told the committees that during the negotiations it was his "impression" that "the President of the United States was supporting this mission, it was cleared with him."

At a later point, Hakim, under pressure to get hostages out before the 1986 elections, himself drew up a nine-point agreement with Iranian representatives, adding two points to the agreement that North had drawn up. (It was clear after the Iran-hostages story broke that the Administration had accelerated its efforts to get back as many hostages as possible before the election. Hakim's testimony simply confirmed this.) The "Hakim accords," as they were dubbed by Representative Ed Jenkins, Democrat of Georgia, were drawn up last October, and Hakim's embellishments were made after North had gone back to Washington. Hakim's nine-point agreement was less demanding of the Iranians than McFarlane, on his trip to Teheran, in May, had been, or than North had been before he left these latest negotiations to return to Washington. McFarlane had demanded that all the hostages be released in exchange for certain weapons and, with the approval of Poindexter, who had succeeded him, left the country when the Iranians did not come through; North's proposal had also been for the return of all the hostages. Hakim agreed to send the Iranians more weapons in exchange for one and a half hostages—the half standing for an effort to get a second one. Another of Hakim's changes was a pledge that the United States government would pressure the government of Kuwait to release seventeen Shiite terrorists (who had bombed the United States Embassy in Kuwait) it is holding in prison; this contradicted a position the Administration had been quite firm about. Hakim, under questioning by Arthur Liman, the chief counsel of the Senate committee, said that North, back in Washington, approved this deal; Hakim said that North had invoked the President's name. (North apparently invoked the President's name frequently.) This approval was followed by the release of one of the hostages, David Jacobsen, two days before the election. Three days after the election, when Jacobsen appeared with the Reagans at the White House, Reagan said the reports that the United States was trading arms for hostages had "no foundation." In a subsequent televised address to the nation, Reagan said the reports were "utterly false."

We also saw, in the testimony of Richard Secord and Albert Hakim, that pockets, including their own, were being lined, and that at least an effort was made to corrupt North—an effort that, according to Hakim, North made no effort to stop. The tales of corruption and double dealing, the colorful figures who have been parading across the stage, are so literally wild and often funny that it is all too possible to forget what this story is really about. Inouye, referring to the fact that the Hakim testimony had on occasion provoked laughter, said at its end, "This was not funny business, this was tragic business." Inouye and Hamilton, both dignified men themselves—this is among the reasons they were chosen by their respective chambers' leadership to head the committees—have strived to keep the proceedings dignified, and also as bipartisan as possible. That the committees are even working jointly is close to amazing, and there is less partisanship than there might have been, both because of the chairmen's efforts and because some of the Republicans, particularly among the senators, obviously are taking an independent view of the events being investigated—and believe that the future of the Republican Party is better served by getting at the truth than by protecting the President at all costs. Some of the toughest questioning has come from Republican senators.

It is also all too possible to get caught up in the secret world of Richard Secord and Albert Hakim and forget that these things happened under the aegis of the government of the United States—and that they happened under the aegis of the President of the United States. Did Reagan never inquire, or order any of his officials to inquire, into who these people were and what they were doing? We learned from Secord's testimony that what had until then seemed a minor and unexplained change in the finding that Reagan signed on January 17, 1986, authorizing the covert activity of selling arms to Iran (until then, there had been no legal authorization), was designed to get Secord into the act. (The change was the addition of the words "and third parties.") Secord, who had no security clearance, was in the White House Situation Room when this finding was being discussed by North and other Administration officials. Later, in another meeting, the President signed the finding; this was a meeting from which the Secretaries of State and Defense, who opposed the Iran gambit, were excluded. Secord and Hakim and their associates knew about the finding and the Iran arms sales, but the Secretaries of State and Defense were not shown the finding (contrary to practice), and the finding also stipulated that Congress was not to be informed. (All such covert activities must, by law, be reported to Congress; this exception, among other things, relieved the Administration of having to inform Congress about the arms sales, as required by the Arms Export Control Act.) The addition of the three words to the finding set the stage for Secord and Hakim, who had already been at work getting arms to the Contras. Secord said he was to act as a "commercial cutout," since the United States could not legally sell arms to Iran.

The network of North, Secord, and Hakim, like most networks, originated in previous shared experiences. Some people went to school together; this crowd had been in the arms-selling business together. North and Secord had known each other from working together, in 1981, on the Reagan Administration's sale of AWACS planes to Saudi Arabia. At that point, Secord was an official in the Pentagon, handling, as it happens, arms sales. Secord knew Hakim from having been stationed in Iran, handling our military assistance program there in the days of the Shah. Hakim was an Iranian businessman, engaged in representing American defense contractors seeking business in Iran; he is now an American citizen. Secord and Hakim had also worked together on the ill-fated hostage-rescue scheme approved by President Carter. Perhaps it was destiny that they once again ended up trying to get American hostages out of Iran, for another President. Secord also brought into the operations colleagues from his old Pentagon days—among them Robert Dutton, who appeared before the committees. Similarly, Donald Gregg, Vice-President George Bush's national-security adviser, knew Felix Rodriguez, a Cuban-born adventurer, from their old C.I.A. days in Vietnam. A Vietnam thread also runs through this story. Rodriguez, who went by the name Max Gomez, helped out with getting military supplies to the Contras. In his appearance before the committees, he recalled all the points in a conversation with Gregg in August, 1986, except one, which appeared in Gregg's notes of their conversation and said, "A swap of weapons for $ was arranged to get aid for the Contras." Rodriguez also maintained that he did not expect Gregg to pass along to Bush, whom Rodriguez knew, his urgent messages about problems in the Contra-supply program, and that he had not talked to Bush about the Contras' problems.

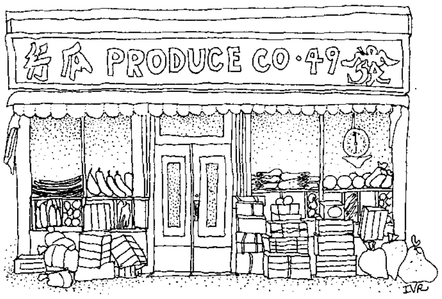
Hakim, in other words, was a fixer, and not the substantial international businessman even many of the committees' members respectfully treated him as, and he was a master at creating dummy corporations and shuffling money around so as to throw any investigators off the trail. He was brought in to open what has been termed the "second channel"—referring to an unnamed member of the Iranian government—after the first one had failed. Hakim, in his appearance before the committees, made no bones about the fact that he sought to profit from the arms sales to Iran ("As a businessman I never pretended to undertake the tasks I was asked to perform for philanthropic purposes") and from the large amount of business that would result if the United States reëstablished normal relations with the Iranian government. Liman, in his interrogation of Hakim, established that he had followed the Iranian practice of handing over "baksheesh" in order to get things done—and suggested that there was a connection between this and Hakim's thoughtful concern for the financial well-being of North and his family. Hakim's testimony brought out that he also engaged in payoffs to open the "second channel" to Iran. At one point, Liman said to Hakim, "You can get an impression here that North is hustling you, that you are hustling North, that the Iranians are hustling you, that you are hustling the Iranians and that it really is, as you said before, a commercial type of environment. Is that an unfair impression that I have?" Hakim replied, "That is accurate."

Another thread of connections runs through the world of Edwin Wilson, the former C.I.A. official now in prison for selling explosives to Qaddafi: from that network, Secord brought in Thomas Clines (who was involved in both the Contra and the Iran undertakings, and who shared in the profits, and who had left the C.I.A. under pressure), and Rafael Quintero, who worked in Central America. (This set of connections was one of the matters that sent Rodriguez to complain to Gregg; Rodriguez knew these people—Clines and Rodriguez had been together in the Bay of Pigs invasion, as well as in other C.I.A. projects.) It was the Wilson association that apparently led Secord to leave the government; although he was never legally tied to Wilson, he testified in his defense and had had dealings with him—and because of this his career was at a dead end. Secord, in his testimony before the committees, bristled at any suggestion that he had been tied to Wilson, and, in an effort to persuade the world that his involvement in the Iran-Contra affair was entirely unselfish, said that he had forsworn any profits from the various dealings because he wanted to go back into the government (he was thinking of heading covert operations for the C.I.A., he said). Dutton, who worked closely with Secord, said that Secord had never mentioned this to him, and Hakim said that he continued, with Secord's knowledge, to put money for him in a Swiss account, code-named Korel Assets, in case Secord didn't get the government job. (The account is now worth over one and a half million dollars.)

The revelations of Hakim's efforts to get money to North clearly led some of the committees' Republicans to begin to paddle away from North. No one, not even Hakim, believed that Mrs. North would have gone to Philadelphia to meet with Willard Zucker, Hakim's Swiss-based lawyer, who was seeking a way to funnel money to her, without telling her husband; there is also the question of whether Hakim would have set up the meeting without any indication that it would be welcome. After all, North was in a position to turn him in for offering him money (as the law seems to require) and cut him out of the action. According to Hakim, no money actually changed hands; he said he had "put the wheels in motion." We do know that Hakim assured North that he would take care of him financially: Hakim told the committees, "I remarked to him, 'Ollie, you are a part of the family. For as long as one of us is alive, you need not to worry about your family.' " And Secord, who knew about Hakim's efforts to get money to North, and was very close to North, evidently made no attempt to stop Hakim.

The committees' investigators brought out in the course of testimony by Adolfo Calero, a Contra leader, that North had cashed some two thousand four hundred dollars' worth of blank traveller's checks that Calero had sent to him—he had sent ninety thousand dollars' worth in all, in a kind of reverse Contra-aid program—and purchased some small items, such as groceries and snow tires, for himself. North may have an explanation for this, and for other matters (he has the advantage of knowing many of the things he must respond to), but his explanations will have to be considered in the total context of what he says and what he did. These alleged transactions may seem minor, but they still may involve illegalities and are emblematic of something much larger. And, according to the testimony of Robert Owen, who had enlisted to help North, North gave Owen traveller's checks worth a thousand dollars as a wedding gift. The testimony of Owen, who raced about getting cash and distributing it to various Contra leaders, provided an alarming portrait of the handsome, well-groomed, well-educated zealot. There is also reason to wonder whether Hakim, who made no bones about the fact that he was in these things for the buck, would have on his own made a will in which an account worth two million dollars he set aside from the arms sales to Iran would go, in the event of his death, first to Secord and then to North—both of whom had helped him get the arms-sales business. He set aside another two-million-dollar account to be left to Secord. One theory among the investigators is that Hakim was following Secord's directions. Hakim also set aside two hundred thousand dollars in an account (called "B. Button," for "Belly Button," for reasons the investigators will not divulge) for North; he had proposed setting aside five hundred thousand dollars, but Secord said that was too much. The account still exists, and is drawing interest.

IN agreeing to be the committees' first witness, on May 5th, and to testify without immunity, Secord took a big gamble. (He actually wanted to be first, apparently so that he would not be faced with the testimony of others.) That he had lost was clear at the end of his testimony, and the subsequent testimony by Hakim only added to Secord's troubles. Hakim, who is still Secord's business partner, did not willingly tell the committees things that would damage Secord: the committees' investigators had obtained a large number of Hakim's business records before Secord testified. Secord had blocked the committees' access to his records, still being held in Switzerland, and only last week waived the Swiss secrecy laws. He said he had done so because of all the pressure the hearings had generated. The committees' investigators hope this will lead them to Zucker. The documents Hakim turned over were murky, and largely written in code. At first, the investigators had no idea what "Korel" meant, nor did they know what was meant by the references to the "B. Button" account—the trail that led them ultimately to Hakim's various efforts to get some money to North. The investigators were able to get more out of Hakim in their interviews with him in the ten days or so before he testified publicly as a result of their having had a major audit of Hakim's records done by the General Accounting Office and Price Waterhouse.



The committees succeeded in flushing Secord out by letting it be known that they had no interest in granting him immunity from prosecution based on his testimony. (He had taken the Fifth Amendment before other committees last year.) So Secord, aware that the independent counsel was working away on him, gambled that he could come across as such a heroic and patriotic figure that no jury would indict him. He sat there proudly and maintained that he had undertaken his labors as a "private citizen" who had received no profit from them. Secord said indignantly, "There was no intention of profiteering. I know that some people were tossing this word around right now and I resent it." These were not minor points. If Secord could be shown to have used profits from the Iran arms sales for his own purposes, or for any purposes, rather than return the profits to the United States Treasury, the independent counsel might try to charge him with a conspiracy to defraud the United States. And if he was acting not as a private citizen, as he insisted, but as an agent of the government, as the committees' investigators set out to show, he would have been required to account for the funds generated by the arms sales to Iran. And if Secord and Hakim claim that the money belongs to them, and they are free to dispose of it as they choose, the independent counsel could bring a tax case against them. By the time Secord had finished testifying, he seemed to have been trapped. Some members of the committees were worried about putting Secord on first, and their worries were not eased by his proud, smooth, and, to many, sincere testimony, as John Nields, the House select committee's counsel, took him through the opening testimony. But the cross-examination by Arthur Liman, the Senate committee's counsel, shook both Secord's composure and his story.

Liman showed that Secord had used the profits from the arms sales to Iran for a number of purposes unrelated to the sale, and made the first nicks in Secord's argument that he had not taken any profits from the venture. The investigators turned up the fact that a substantial amount of the profits—the markups on the arms sales to Iran were as high as a hundred and thirty per cent and a hundred and forty per cent—went into the accounts controlled by Secord and Hakim in Switzerland. Secord did admit that "the enterprise"—a large array of companies and bank accounts, mostly in Switzerland, controlled by him and Hakim—made profits from the sales of arms to the Contras, but insisted that the profits were the standard markup for arms deals: "an average" of twenty to thirty per cent, which, he said, "is quite low in the arms business." But the questioning of Hakim showed that the profits on sales of arms to the Contras were sometimes from fifty to sixty per cent. In the committees' questioning of Secord, his argument that he had acted as a private citizen was undermined both by the fact that he had been written into the finding and by the fact that, as Senator Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia, pointed out, a memorandum by Poindexter that accompanied the finding specifically mentioned the need for "an authorized agent" to carry out the arms transactions with Iran. In effect, Secord and Hakim were both the buyers and the sellers of arms to the Contras, and made this a profitable business. Earlier testimony of Retired Major General John Singlaub showed that North had muscled Singlaub out of the business of supplying arms for the Contras and had turned it over to Secord and Hakim, even though Singlaub had charged lower prices. When Calero testified, he said that the hearings' disclosure that Hakim and Secord had charged such a markup "was a revelation to me." (The investigators brought out in the course of Hakim's testimony that in at least one transaction Hakim and Secord charged the Contras a markup of sixty-one per cent.) Donors who appeared were surprised to learn that planes they thought they had purchased for the

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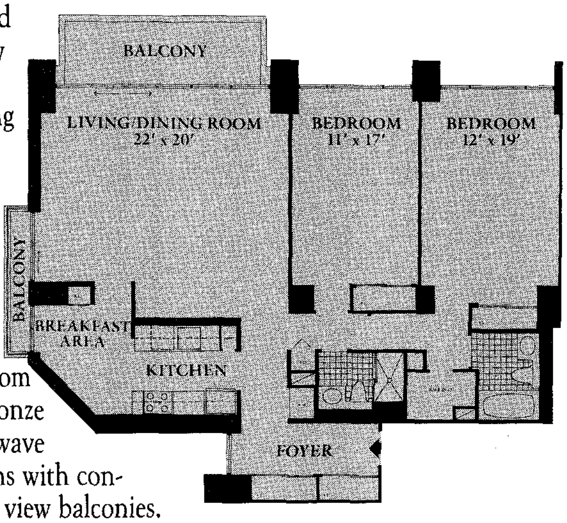

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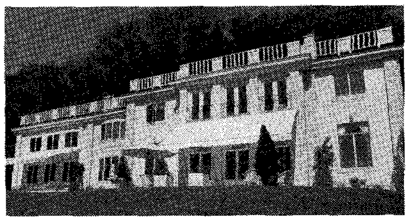

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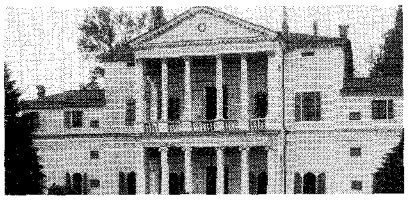

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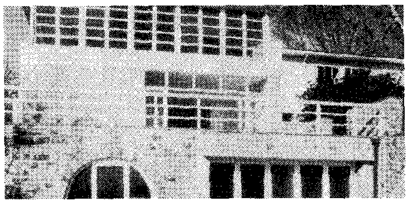

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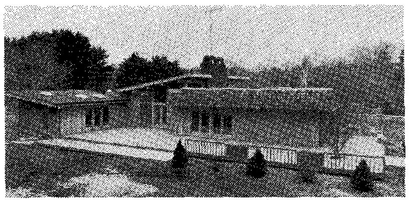

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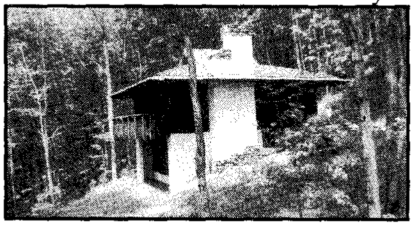

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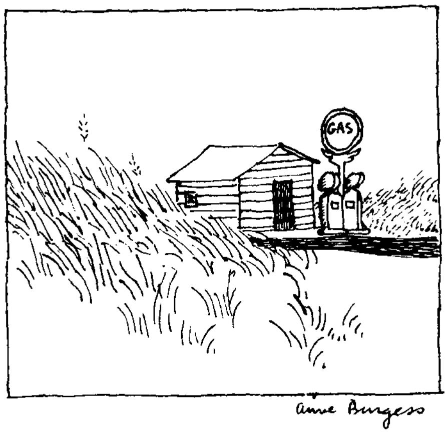
Contras ended up in the hands of Secord and Hakim. Hakim's testimony brought out that Secord had withdrawn more than two hundred thousand dollars from his Swiss account—to, among other things, buy a Porsche and an airplane, and also to make some business investments. Secord insists that these were “loans.”

Both Secord and Hakim rejected suggestions by Liman and several committee members that they return to the United States government the roughly eight million dollars still left over from the Iran arms sales. (They say that another six and a half million dollars in profits from the sales went to cover other expenses of the Iranian arms sales, to some of North's other projects, such as the ship off Libya and the radios for the Caribbean country, to investments, and to other unidentified expenditures. The United States government was reimbursed the twelve million dollars that the arms originally cost, and Secord and Hakim, after paying two and a half million dollars for expenses incurred by the sales, in effect kept the balance of the thirty million dollars that the sales of arms to Iran had brought in.) Secord, in maintaining that he had carried out these projects as a private citizen, resisted, unsuccessfully, the idea that he had acted on North's orders. We also learned that Secord and Hakim used some of the profits to invest in other businesses, and that they considered selling their assets—the planes, the ship, and so on—to the C.I.A.

And it turned out, as we learned from Secord's testimony, that it was through Hakim's and Secord's companies that the diversion took place. The diversion, it turned out, was (with a small exception) not a transfer of money but a “donation” of goods, services, and assets (for example, an airstrip in Costa Rica, the cost of the airdrop of weapons) from “the enterprise” to the Contras. And the amount involved, roughly three and a half million dollars, was far lower than the amount (twelve million dollars) stated in the memorandum North neglected to destroy. The fact that the amount diverted turned out to be small is irrelevant: there was a diversion. It may well be that North expected a larger diversion and that he was among the throngs of those who, in the course of these events, were snookered.

IT is already clear from the testimony that a good amount of collusion has been going on, along with other efforts to cover up what happened. Poindexter and his lawyer dropped in to see Secord, in the course of Secord's testimony before the committees, for what Secord termed a “social” call; Secord also said that North had joined him “more than a month ago” to, as he put it, “haul some wood.” Secord said that they had talked about the case “only in general terms, because . . . we are both concerned it is not going well.” Various parties to these events met in the course of Meese's investigation, both before he announced the diversion and afterward. We also know, from McFarlane's testimony, that an effort was made by him and White House officials to “gild” the story of the President's involvement in the Iran arms sales, in the course of preparing a chronology of the events. And we also know that much that the President said, in his speech and his press conference after the Iran story broke, was untrue. One lawyer, Thomas Green, for a while was advising Secord, North, and Hakim (Green appeared before the committees as Secord's attorney), and twice met with all three of them around the time of Meese's investigation. A number of the members of the committees are perturbed that the lawyer-client privilege has been invoked about these meetings. It also came out, in Hakim's testimony, that Green had received “many thousands of dollars” as a “finder's fee” in connection with the sales of weapons to the Contras. Perhaps this added to Hakim's shocked reaction when Rudman told him that Green had told the Justice Department that the diversion had been Hakim's idea. McFarlane met with North in the course of the Meese investigation, and failed to tell Meese, whom he saw just afterward, either about the diversion or about North's just having told him that he was going to have a “shredding party.” McFarlane said that he had failed to mention these things to Meese because “he was asking the questions.”



And we learned from Fawn Hall, North's secretary and the last witness to appear before the committees recessed, the lengths to which she and North went to destroy evidence. The “shredding party” was so strenuous that the shredder broke down. Phone logs and hundreds of documents were destroyed, in a process that began the day the President—at Meese's suggestion, we are told—directed Meese to try to account for the varying accounts Administration officials were giving the Senate Intelligence Committee in that committee's first stab at the subject of the dealings with Iran for the hostages. (William Casey, the C.I.A. director, was to give testimony that Shultz had complained to the President was incorrect. But we also know that by then some Canadian businessmen involved in the Iran arms sales were upset about not being paid and were threatening to Casey that they would blow the whistle.) So, late in the day and evening on Friday—Justice Department investigators were to come in the next day—North and Hall shredded documents having to do with both the Iran initiative and the Contras, obviously fearing that the link would be found. The “problematic” documents were altered. The heroic marine apparently hadn't the slightest concern about involving his secretary in potential legal offenses. But, as the fates would have it, North and Hall were neglectful and unlucky. Copies of some key documents had already been sent to other offices, and copies also existed on a computer backup system that North was apparently unaware of, and Hall had not finished substituting all the copies of the altered documents for the originals still in her files. After North's office had been sealed off for the F.B.I. investigation that followed Meese's initial probe, Hall, with North and Thomas Green in attendance, smuggled more documents out of the building; when Hall assured Green that if she was asked about the shredding she would say that shredding takes place every day, Green said, “Good.” Green now has some problems.

And, as we already knew, a copy of the memo talking about the diversion of profits from the arms sales to funds for the Contras was overlooked in the panic. (North told McFarlane, “I missed one.” North also told McFarlane, according to McFarlane's testimony about the diversion, "It was approved. You know I wouldn't do anything that wasn't approved.") The questioning of Hall before the committees brought out the fact that the copy of the diversion memo that was found had already been edited by Poindexter (thus, we now know for certain that Poindexter saw it); and Hall testified that it was doubtful that a memorandum that had gone through more than one draft was not sent out in its final form. The memorandum asked for the President's approval. When Hall was asked if it was in fact sent out, she said that she did not recall. Actually, her testimony was riddled with lack of recall and contradictions. The members of the committees were obviously thrown off at first by Hall's lanky beauty and by her initial deference. But as her testimony went into the second day, she showed a hard edge, and some of the members were emboldened to ask her some difficult questions. One thing they wanted to know was whether someone as obviously intelligent as Hall really had as little familiarity with what North was doing as she claimed. Fanatically loyal to North (North, a fanatic himself, seemed to inspire fanaticism), Hall said that she had helped him destroy evidence not, as a committee member suggested, to cover up but to "protect" what she called "the initiative." And, in the face of questions about whether she understood the illegality of what she had done, Hall said something that she later tried to recant, but it still stands on the record as emblematic of an attitude that lay behind the whole affair: "Sometimes you have to go above the written law."

It is also obvious from the large amount of contradictory testimony before the committees that a good bit of lying is going on. Some of the witnesses may face perjury charges, in addition to their other troubles. (And their immunity from prosecution for the things they disclosed in their testimony does not preclude their being charged for things the independent counsel had already established.) In the view of some investigators, the efforts to cover up information in this affair have been more extensive than those during Watergate.

WHEN the President was asked in Venice about the testimony of Secord and Hakim that they believed that North had acted with his blessing and authority, he replied: "Well, however they got that impression—and I've heard some of the testimony also and so much of it was hearsay—one person saying about the other that I—'I thought they had.' I told you all the truth that first day after the—everything hit the fan, that how we had opened the negotiations that led to the things that were going on there having nothing to do with the Contras, the freedom fighters in Nicaragua, and that word had come to me that I had not been kept informed. So, evidently, maybe some people were giving the impression that they were acting on orders from me. Well, I wasn't giving those orders because no one had asked or had told me what was truly happening there."

This story is a classic case of people setting out on a corrupt venture that ended up corrupting all who touched it, or had anything to do with it—or didn't do enough to stop it. The corruption went beyond Porsches, lined pockets, or a wife's trip to Philadelphia. It extended to the careers of people who have left the government or are still in it. Besides North and Poindexter, other current and former high officials will be called after the hearings resume. William Casey's death, on May 6th, obviously cut off an important source of information; his exit from the scene is of almost Shakespearean proportions. It is clear now that many people, some to protect themselves, are wont to place a great deal of the responsibility for what happened on Casey. (McFarlane seemed eager to tell the committees that he thought that North had worked "under the aegis" of Casey.) We know that Casey and North were close, and that they both loved derring-do. Nobody seriously thinks North was on automatic pilot. But though it is clear that Casey played a role in these events, and probably an important one, and that he was a powerful figure who was close to the President, we know, from North's prolific memos to McFarlane and Poindexter, that North was keeping the national-security advisers informed. The first phase of the hearings established that, in addition to the constitutional breakdown, a great deal that was illegal or corrupt went on; the extent to which, beyond what we already know, the President was involved in the constitutional breakdown and in any of these activities, or created an environment in which illegalities and corruption were encouraged or condoned, will be the subject of the next phase of the hearings.

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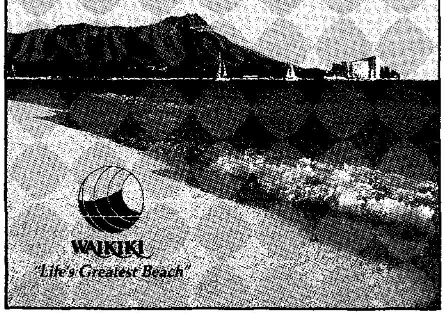

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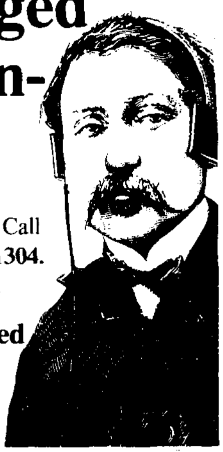

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BOOKS

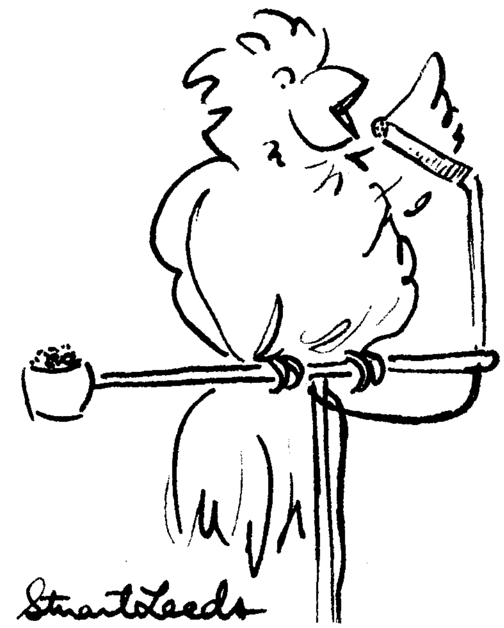
Inventing Flaubert

At his death, in 1980, Jean-Paul Sartre left unfinished "The Family Idiot: Gustave Flaubert, 1821-1857," in which he set out to uncover all the reasons that Flaubert became the man who wrote "Madame Bovary." The first volume appeared in English in 1981; the University of Chicago Press has just published the second ($27.50), studiously translated, as was its predecessor, by Carol Cosman. (There are two more yet to come.) In its scale and ambition, Sartre's investigation of a man who is the model of a writer dedicated to art, and who thus embodies a challenge to Sartre's own choice of political engagement, is almost absurd. It is also grand, inventive, compelling, and in some sense true: Sartre's readings give us both a Flaubert who never was and a Flaubert who surely was. Sartre's last major work is an epitome of its gifted, complex, opinionated, and original author, and, like him, it is sometimes exasperating but never insignificant.

Sartre tells us that he undertook this work to answer his own question: "What, at this point in time, can we know about a man?" (He assumes that we know the biographical facts concerning Flaubert—that he was born in 1821, published "Madame Bovary" in 1857, and so on—and that we have read Flaubert's fiction.) Readers trained in the skeptical, English tradition of philosophy might reply that, since we cannot logically prove even the existence of another person, strictly speaking we can *know* nothing—we only infer or invent. Sartre's philosophical traditions—his tools in this study—are existentialism, Marxism, and psychoanalysis. However, as he frequently admits, he has nonetheless found it necessary to infer and invent. I doubt whether all his inventions are true—or true of Flaubert—but they are true as artistic creations. This biography reads like an anthology of novels, stories, and dramatic scenes slipped into the hypothetical narrative of a psyche.

In its claustrophobic closeness, which fostered both dependence and ambivalence, Sartre's Flaubert family is reminiscent of another nineteenth-century bourgeois family, the Buddenbrooks. Sartre argues that the Flauberts, parents and children (Gustave had an older brother and a younger sister), unconsciously conspired to make Flaubert a passive, neurotic personality—the family idiot. He insists that Flaubert's seizure in 1844, which his father and his brother, both doctors, thought was epileptoid, was really a "refusal to become an adult": a neurotic or hysterical tactic to keep him from retaking the law examinations he had already failed and to allow him to retire into family-supported invalidism, so that he could write. Even as a boy, however, Gustave fell into trances or absences, and Sartre's refusal to accept the evidence of organic illness seems intellectually wayward.

Sartre's thesis—a fairy tale about the mistreated child who becomes a neurotic and a great man—requires a witch, and he gives us one. He makes the infant Flaubert the victim of a destructive mother. He fancies that Mme. Flaubert, having produced one son, wanted a girl instead of Gustave. (In his autobiography, "The Words," Sartre supposed that his own mother would rather have had a daughter than him.) Besides the three children who lived, Mme. Flaubert bore three boys who died in infancy, and Sartre says, melodramatically, "The death of those three young males has always seemed suspect to me." His Mme. Flaubert is less brutal than unloving; she tends her baby Gustave with mechanical, glacial conscientiousness. The Mme. Flaubert of this volume is strikingly old-fashioned, a personage probably formed by masculine fears—the icy monster of a mother whose coldness destroys her children. I think it more likely, though less dramatic, that Mme. Flaubert and the rest of the family were baffled by a child with undiagnosed neurological problems; Flaubert's difficulty in learning to read suggests dyslexia, which was unrecognized in the eighteen-twenties.



But Sartre's Mme. Flaubert is a splendid literary specimen of a "wife by vocation . . . a mother out of duty," and many of Sartre's invented interchanges between mother and son are taut dramas; for example, his portraits of the period when the infant becomes a child and his mother is bewildered by the emergence of his will, and of the moment when the boy, who does not understand why he is less lovable than the baby he recently was, tries—clumsily and unsuccessfully—to regress, only to find his fake babyhood unwelcome.

Another impressive imaginary scene, set at a later period, shows his father trying to destroy the boy's religious faith. Achille-Cléophas Flaubert, the chief surgeon of the Rouen hospital, was regarded as a first-rate doctor and teacher; his colleagues and students forgave his irritability, his irony, and his rages. The world reinforced his sense of his own importance; Sartre says Dr. Flaubert "would have been astonished not to be adored." However, he was the son and brother of rural veterinarians, and was the first of his family to qualify in medicine; and, as both a social newcomer and a public employee, he had to be careful about expressing what were in Gustave's boyhood, under the Bourbon restoration, subversive opinions. Dr. Flaubert conformed outwardly, and had his children baptized and given religious training, but Sartre imagines him attempting to undermine that training, and trying to convert Gustave to his own enlightened disbelief—by indirection, because even within his family he could not risk attacking Christianity openly. Sartre envisions Dr. Flaubert applying to Christianity the same irony he regularly employed in attacking his insecure young son and the son's unsatisfactory performance, with the result that young Gustave not only was ungrateful for his father's efforts at illumination but felt this derisive assault on religion as an assault upon him. Sartre reminds us that children find irony more savage than beating; he also engages our imaginative sympathy for "an entire generation tormented by the need to believe and dechristianized by their parents' agnosticism."

Flaubert's generation inherited the intellectual debris of three demolished systems—the ancien régime, the First Republic, and the Napoleonic Empire—but while Sartre is as harsh as Flaubert himself in appraising the mental furniture of the provincial bourgeoisie of nineteenth-century France, he never lacks empathy for individuals. He is generous in his approach to Gustave's brother, Achille, for example. The older boy was the perfect son, a brilliant medical student who followed the lines traced for him by his father and inherited his father's position at the hospital. Achille became at the same time a success and a nullity; his attainments were always his father's, not his own.

Sartre remarks that as an adolescent Flaubert could not think through or reflect upon his misery as the family idiot; instead, he wrote stories. He calls that procedure "reflection through imagining." Sartre's own method is the reverse: he seems to need reflection—abstract thought—to spur his imagination. He occasionally takes his abstractions too concretely, but several of his theoretical disquisitions are fascinating, among them his discussion of the relation of acting and writing to reality. In any case, Sartre's theories do not infect his characters; the Flauberts and their world do not read as if they had been constructed out of doctrines.

In his second volume Sartre has included two entirely credible novellas about dominance between friends. The characters in the first are Gustave and Alfred Le Poittevin, a friend of his youth, and in the second they are Gustave and Edmond Laporte, a friend of his later years. Most biographers think that Flaubert felt betrayed by Le Poittevin's marriage and that he quarrelled with Laporte about money. Sartre uses the same research but elicits the theme of rivalry hidden beneath amity. Since no one, and no friendship, is all of a piece, the tacit struggle for supremacy he sees may have coexisted with the sentiments that other biographers descry. Whatever the historical reality, in Sartre's minute tracking of the shifts in feeling between friends analysis becomes narrative: he has created a story about the pleasure of a disciple (Gustave) who feels he has surpassed his master (Alfred), and a story about the fury of a celebrity (Gustave) when a subordinate (Edmond) asserts independent judgment.

There are areas in which, I think, Sartre has unmistakably caught the bedrock Flaubert. One is the pervasiveness or inclusiveness of Flaubert's anger. Sartre notes that in Flaubert's juvenile writings—tales that work off the lad's rage at his kinfolk—everybody loses, every character is punished. There is no winner, no endearing little hero who represents the unappreciated self, the dreamer and author. Sartre's emphasis on Flaubert's rejection even of himself points to a source of the strength of "Madame Bovary." The desolation in that work is painful, total, and bracing. As in "King Lear," we face the worst. Flaubert's example, we know, freed other writers to feel their own anger and to make their own rejections, allowing (for an obvious instance) Sherwood Anderson to call the denizens of Winesburg, Ohio, "grotesque;" without Flaubert he might have had no way to understand them except as lovable eccentrics. And the dissatisfaction in "Madame Bovary" is a force that denies any evasion. Thoreau, who was, like Flaubert, a middle-class dropout from the nineteenth century, and more dependent than he admitted on the society he rejected, found nature an antidote to a life of quiet desperation. Flaubert's letters express his pleasure in nature, but he would not let the fact that grass grows in Normandy console Emma or the reader. His rage becomes the extremism that makes art: it takes us to, or beyond, the limit.

A second area in which Sartre seems exact is his emphasis on Flaubert the actor, who never ceases dramatizing himself. Sartre rightly notes that in his letters Flaubert writes "to produce a resonance in the ears of his correspondents." He writes letters not only to inform or to keep in touch but to plead his case, to sway his reader. Sartre thinks that the plays Flaubert wrote and acted in as a child were a struggle for acceptance: "*On stage* Gustave . . . receives a guarantee that his conduct is justified. 'Off stage' he is always criticized." As an adult, Flaubert cherished the notion that he could have been an actor, and liked to play comic roles he invented (the Garçon and St. Polycarp) to entertain his friends. Occasionally, Flaubert's per-

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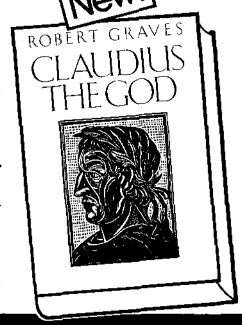

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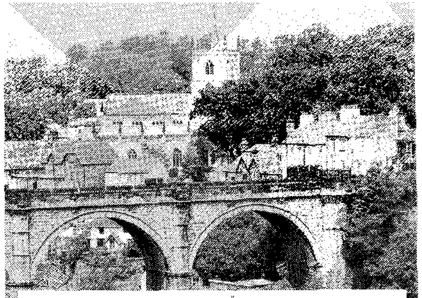

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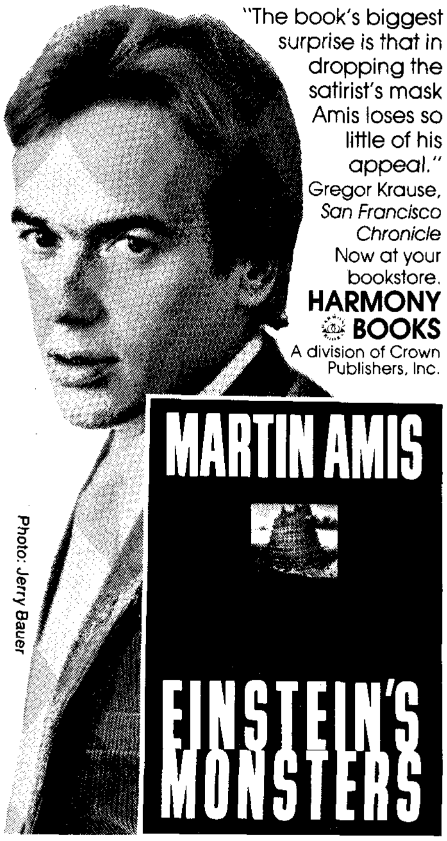

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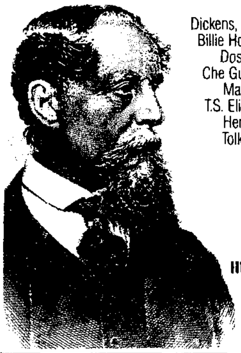

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formance in his letters is obviously exaggerated—Sartre notes that as early as 1848, when Flaubert was twenty-six, he was agonizing about being, or feeling, old—but most of the time the character he projects is so genuine that we all recognize it. Flaubert invented, or acted—or was—the modern writer, begging to be taken seriously as someone laboring at something important: literature. Though humanity lives in and on words—lives in and on literature—society has never settled on a role for the writer: he has been cast as a wandering bard, a courtier, a hack, an ethical teacher, a celebrity (in ancient Greece and modern America not much different from an athlete), a press agent for the king or the people, and so on and on. Flaubert, the modern writer, is a man who sits down to write not knowing who will read him, for in his day, as in ours, literature takes its chances on the market. Flaubert sold well because he was prosecuted (and, luckily, acquitted) for having written an "immoral" book, "Madame Bovary." His theatrics are in earnest—Sartre at one point calls his sincerity "clandestine"—and they continue to encourage and stimulate readers and writers in our own time. In fact, Flaubert's performance has evoked some of Sartre's best writing.

At present, Sartre has passed into that middle distance which seems the fate of the illustrious dead. The personal recollections and obituaries have appeared; the scholarly appraisals are yet to come, and will be made by posterity, a ruthless consumer society that pillages the past for what it can use and discards the rest. One wonders how the future will assess the multiplicity of roles Sartre chose to play: which of his philosophical issues will preoccupy future generations, and how they will judge his compulsive activism. I suspect that scholars seeking Sartre in "The Family Idiot" will find, in his encounter with a man who would be nothing but an artist, the very artist that Sartre was not content to be. The older man dominates: you might say that Sartre's Flaubert became Flaubert's Sartre.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

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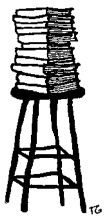

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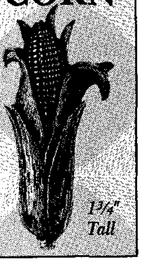

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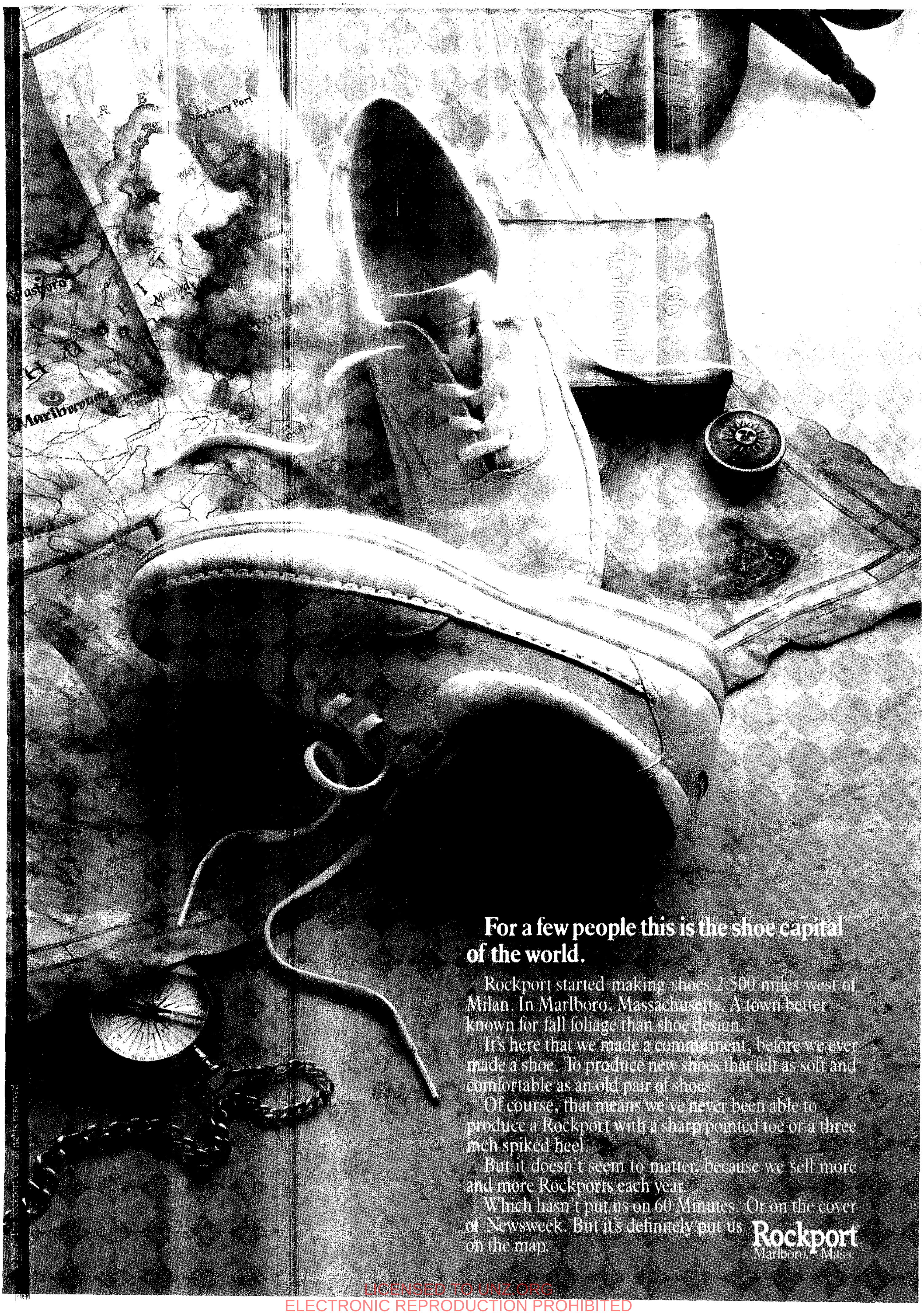

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Rockport started making shoes 2,500 miles west of Milan. In Marlboro, Massachusetts. A town better known for fall foliage than shoe design.

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